HOURS WITH EMINENT IRISHMEN

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EMINENT IRISHMEN

AND A

GLIMPSE OF IRISH HISTORY

BY

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HOURS WITH GREAT IRISHMEN.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

A DIM stone upon the darkened wall of St. Patrick's Church in Dublin sums up in words at once cruelly bitter and profoundly melancholy the story of a great man's life. That mouldering inscription, niched in high obscurity, which sometimes stray pilgrims from across the seas strain their sight to decipher in the gloom, is the self-uttered epitaph of Jonathan Swift.

Hic depositum est corpus
JONATHAN SWIFT, S. T. P.
Hujus ecclesiæ cathedralis
Decani.
Ubi sæva indignatio
Cor ulterius lacerare nequit.
Abi viator
Et imitare si poteris
Strenuum pro virili libertatis vindicatorem.

"Here resteth the body of Jonathan Swift, Dean of this Cathedral Church, where fierce indignation can vex his heart no longer. Go, traveler, imitate if thou canst a champion, strenuous to his uttermost of liberty."

A little way apart, shadowed by his name in death no less than in life, lies Stella. The pale, dark-eyed child whose wide eyes filled with strange fire as they followed the poor and lonely scholar through stately Shene or the prim rococo epicureanism of Moor Park, sleeps as she lived at her master's feet. She dedicated all the days of her life

to Swift with a devotion which is well nigh without a parallel in the history of woman's love for man. As we stand, awe-struck and reverential in the quiet presence of the dead, our senses seem troubled by a haunting influence as if a phantom, vague, veiled, impalpable, were flitting by us in the twilit air. It is the haunting influence of the secret of those two tortured lives, the secret that lies buried between their graves.

Never, perhaps, before or since, has the ordinance of heaven brought two such entities together to play the part of the patron and the patronized as Sir William Temple and Jonathan Swift. To Moor Park, trim, stately, formal, a piece of not displeasing sham classicism in the midst of the pleasant Surrey hills and woods and waters, Sir William Temple, Baronet, and one time Secretary of State, had betaken himself to rest his mind and body from the ungrateful toils of statecraft. His mind he soothed in an amiable and sufficiently facile commerce with the Latin muses, in a diplomatic assumption of acquaintance with bewildering phases of the Grecian Grammar, which led him to ludicrous shipwreck over the Letters of Phalaris, and in the not ungraceful exercise of his wit in the composition of essays, of which posterity still remembers at least the names. His body he solaced with the pippins of Shene and the peaches of his sunny walls, with philosophic promenades between yew groves adorned with the busts of Pagan wisdom, with a deferential care of his gout, and a reverential eye to the precepts of the Ancients.

To this well-meaning, pompous, blameless, periwigged pedant, the most eminently respectable medley of sense and nonsense that even his age produced, there came, in the later years of the dying seventeenth century, a young suppliant from Ireland, a penniless, remote kinsman and patron-seeker. His baronetship's most humble, obedient

servant to command—and, unhappily, his servant at times dedicated himself to the adoration of Temple in terms more complaisant, more servile than these—was Mr. Jonathan Swift, a young student from Dublin, with much wit, less learning, and infinitessimally little means. The great man was gracious. He received the dark, awkward young Irishman into his service; allowed him to drudge for him, flatter him, fight his battles for him—most notably that immortal "Battle of the Books"—wait upon his humors, swallow his sonorous platitudes and tinsel learning, and be in most things, mental and physical, his decorous and delighted slave. In return for so much homage the stranger was allotted some twenty pounds a year, a place at the servants' table, the run of the miscellaneous agglomeration of literature which Temple called a library, and the companionship of Hester Johnston.

For the rest of her life Hester Johnston—she was presumably, indeed almost certainly, Sir William Temple's daughter—devoted herself to Swift. There never was in all the world, or out of it, in the illimitable kingdoms of fancy, a more famous pair of lovers than these two. Lelia and Majnun, Romeo and Juliet, Diarmuid and Grainne—repeat what names you please of famous lovers, that the fancies of poets have ever adorned by the Tigris or the Avon or the Blackwater, the names of Swift and Stella are to the full as famous, appeal no less keenly to heart and brain, to the imagination and to pity. Happy they were not, could not be. My mind always turns when I read of Swift and Stella to that luckless pair of lovers whom Dante saw in the third circle of hell, blown about forever on the racking wind, and finding comfort through the lapse of eternal twilight in the companionship of their common doom. They, too—Swift and Stella—seem driven by the pitiless wind of fate; they have fallen upon evil days; they

are greatly gifted, noble, greatly unhappy; they are sustained by their strange, exquisite friendship, by the community of genius, by a tender affection which was out of tune with the time and with their troubled lives. So long as Stella lived, Swift was never alone. When she died he was alone till the end. I remember nothing in literature more profoundly melancholy than Swift's own eloquent tribute to the memory of his dead wife, written in a room which he has moved so that he may not see the light burning in the church windows, where the last rites are being prepared.

The chief events of Swift's life may be mentioned well nigh in a breath. He was born in Hoey's Alley, in Dublin, on the 30th of November, 1667; his scholar days at Dublin University were days of poverty, of moroseness, of what those who thought themselves wise called misapplication. He wrote and read what pleased him best, cultivating his genius, walking his own wild way whither it led him—and failed to get his degree. Then poverty compelled him, like most men of genius of his time, to seek a patron. Swift found him in Sir William Temple, a distant connection, by his marriage with delightful Dorothy Osborne, of Swift's mother. Sir William was affable enough, accepted Swift's services, and with Sir William for some ten years Swift lived in a decent bondage, broken now and then by fits of fiery insubordination succeeded by humiliating self-surrender. It was during one of these revolts that Swift took orders. Like Hamlet, Swift lacked advancement. He had known the honor of half-intimacy with royalty, had trod the walks of Shene with William of Orange, and been instructed by the Dutch king in the Dutchman's method of cutting asparagus, and had even been flattered with promises of royal favor. But when Sir William Temple died, and the muses had duly mourned for the peri-

wigged seventeenth century Roman, Swift found that his hopes from the King were vain. He prompted most fruitlessly the regal memory; then in despair he accepted the chaplaincy to Lord Berkeley, one of the Lords Justices of Ireland, and received the two livings of Laracor and Rathbeggin, in the diocese of Meath, worth jointly some two hundred and sixty pounds a year.

To Ireland and to Swift in Ireland came over soon after Stella, with her companion, and friend, Mrs. Diugley. Stella's youth and beauty and wit made her many friends, and won her many admirers. One gentleman, indeed, pressed her so hard to marry him that he came near to carrying his point. The friendship between Hester Johnston and Swift, however much the heart of each may have throbbed with a warmer feeling, was in its form only friendship. Even the scandalous tongue of a scandalous age recognized so much, and spoke with a most unmodish decorum and respect of him and her. That she was in love with Swift it would be folly to doubt, but she seems to have once thought of marriage with her earnest and eager suitor. Swift, however, dreading the thought of losing her, while seeming to acquiesce in the proposed marriage, put so many ingenious obstacles in the way that the match was broken off. Poor Stella! She might have been happier with that honest Irish gentleman, the companion of his quiet life, the sharer of his small ambitions, his partner in obscure content during life, and in the world's oblivion after death. But she could not escape from the spell of the curse of Swift's genius. Who now remembers the name of her luckless lover or heeds where he sleeps? But the world will never forget Stella and her sorrows, or think of her without a pang.

Suddenly Swift became famous. His writings have attracted attention in the great world of London. His destiny

carries him there. He becomes the companion and counsellor of statesmen, of scholars and soldiers. He becomes the most remarkable man of an age of remarkable men. Of all the brilliant figures that crowd the Court and the drawing-room of St. James' none is more brilliant than that of the Reverend Jonathan Swift, of Laracor, in the county of Meath, in Ireland. Out of that galaxy of genius and wit and statesmanship which has earned for the age of Anne the imperial epithet of Augustan, Swift shines like a kind of central sun, within whose orbit lesser luminaries circle. The poor Irish parson crosses St. Georges' Channel, and in a moment he takes the lead in that wonderful London world, is recognized at once as the peer, and more than the peer, of Bolingbroke and Harley, of Pope and Arbuthnot and Gay, of Addison and Steele. Three names stand out conspicuously in English history during the age of Anne. The name of a statesman, the name of a poet, and the name of one who was both statesman and poet—Bolingbroke, Pope and Swift. It is one of the fanciful amusements of the historical student to speculate on the course which Bolingbroke might have run, and the fame he might have earned, if his career had been traced under happier auspices, or if his life had been guided by more fortunate stars. As it is, Bolingbroke must be remembered as the politician whose schemes failed, and whose political career concluded at an age when, in our time, men would be thought almost premature in entering upon public life; as the adventurer, the plotter, clutching at the skirts of fortune; as the unlovely manufacturer of a false philosophy. Pope was famous in his life, and his fame only increases with the widening generations. But neither the political genius of Bolingbroke nor the literary genius of Pope, had the same influence upon their time and upon posterity as the genius of Jonathan Swift.

That reign in London was Swift's summer. It was during this time that Swift wrote for Stella's eyes that immortal journal wherein, with more than the skill of the Egyptian embalmer, the whole of that many colored, fantastic age is preserved for us; wherein, too, we see something more of the heart and soul of Swift than we are ever privileged to find elsewhere. It was during this reign in London, also, that Swift for the second time made the complete conquest of a woman's heart, and that Stella found her only rival. Vanessa is scarcely less famous than Stella. Poor Miss Vanhomrigh is yet more unhappy than Hester Johnston. There is no need to linger over that pitiable tragedy. It was Swift's fate to bring misfortune on those who loved him, and starcrossed Vanessa's last memory of Cadenus is of his raging eyes as he breaks in upon her in her retreat at Marley Abbey, near Colbridge, where the poor soul was cloistered amid her congregated laurels, flings, in awful silence, on her table the letter she wrote in the anguish of her heart to Stella, and so mounts and rides furiously away out of her sight and out of her life forever. The world will always speculate as to which of the two women really won such affection as Swift had to offer. To my mind, Stella was the true star of his life, and poor Vanessa's passion a flame he had never meant to kindle.

Swift's bright resplendent rule in London came to an end with the crash of the Queen's death, and the utter rout and ruin of the Tory party. He returned to Ireland, to his Deanery of St. Patrick's, to write the "Drapier's Letters," to become more famous in the land of his birth than he had been in England, to marry Stella in secret, to lose her and the light of his life, to outlive her for seventeen years, and to die at last in 1745, the year of the Young Pretender, after five darkened years of disease, madness and decay, having outlived his genius, his friends, his love, a human ghost, a shadow's shadow.

There is no greater and no sadder life in all the history of the last century. The man himself was described in the very hours when he was most famous, most courted, most flattered, as the most unhappy man on earth. Indeed he seems to have been most wretched; he certainly darkened the lives of two women who were so unfortunate as to love him. But we forget the sadness of the personal life in the greatness of the public career. He was the ardent champion of freedom; he was the good friend of Ireland; he was always torn with "fierce indignation" against oppression and injustice. Thackeray, whose reading of the character of Swift is far too generally accepted, finds fault with the phrase, and blames somewhat bitterly the man who uses it, "as if," he says, "the wretch who lay under that stone waiting God's judgment had a right to be angry." But it is certain that Swift, from his own point of view, did feel a fierce indignation with all wrong doing, with all injustice, with all dishonesty. He was an erring man, but he had the right to be wrath with crimes of which he was not guilty. His ways were not always our ways, nor his thoughts our thoughts; but he walked his way such as it was courageously, and the temper of his thoughts was not unheroic. He was loyal to his leaders in adversity; he was true to his friends who were sometimes untrue to him; his voice was always raised against oppression; he had the courage to speak up for Ireland and her liberties in some of the darkest days in our history. To Thackeray he is only a "lonely guilty wretch" a bravo, and a bully, a man of genius employing that genius most evilly. To soberer and more sympathetic judgment, Thackeray's study of Swift is a cruel caricature. He may have been "miserrimus," but when Grattan appealed long after to the spirit of Swift he appealed to the memory of one of the truest champions of Ireland's rights and liberties that Ireland ever had

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

THE years immediately preceding 1848 were years of great revolution and counter-revolution. The thrones of Europe were toppling like ninepins. Kings were fighting for their lives, flying for their lives, or clasping eagerly at the red hand of democracy in the desperate purpose of warding off destruction by an assumption of brotherhood. Insurrection stirred in other than Continental capitals. In London, on Kennington Common and elsewhere, pale-faced, flame-hearted men were clamoring for the six points of their charter and wildly talking of an appeal to arms. Over in Dublin Young Ireland, romantic, rebellious, its lips touched with the fire of Vergniaud, its heart throbbing with a new hope, was speaking, writing, preaching, propagandizing, striving passionately to quicken the inert body of the country with a transfusion of its own hot blood. The office of the *Nation* newspaper was the focus of all this fiery energy; round the *Nation* all that was best and bravest in Ireland rallied; in its pages week after week the noblest voices appealed to the noblest emotions, the love of country and the love of liberty. The list of those who made the *Nation*, of those who kept touch with it, of those who taught in its columns or who practiced what is taught, is the roll-call of some of the brightest names in Irish history. All these men were wild, ardent, passionate politicians—all save one. As we read the record over, from Davis who founded to Mitchel who broke away because his strenuous, unyielding spirit found even the *Nation* lacked gall to make oppression bitter, one name stands out in strange contrast to the rest—the name of Clarence Mangan.

Men still live who knew Mangan. The good priest who soothed the struggle of dissolution between that tortured body and troubled soul still ministers to a generation to whom Mangan is but a memory. And yet he is scarcely more foreign to us of to-day than he was to his friends. I was going to add, to his companions, but that desolate spirit had no companions. He walked the dark way of his life alone. His comrades were strange shadows, the bodyless creations wherein his ecstasy was most cunning. Phantoms trooped to him from the twilight land, lured, as Ulysses lured the ghosts from Hades, by a libation of blood. But the blood was the heart's blood of their master, and their pale lips drained it till he died. These spectres were more real to his eyes than any of the warm-hearted, strong-handed humanities across whose busy, restless, feverous life he sometimes flitted. We seem to see him hurrying, on his life's most melancholy journey, as they saw him gliding through the Dublin streets, like some embodiment of the weird fancies of Hoffmann, a new student Anselmus haunted by the blue eyes of a visionary Veronica, or buried among books as Mitchel first found him, his brain, like a pure flame, refining all he read, and transmitting it to something rich and strange. An eccentric phantasmal figure tightly girt in its quaint black cloak, the fine gold of his unkempt black hair, as delicate in its texture as a woman's tresses, escaping from the shapeless hat, which shadowed a face as parchment pale as that of Richter's "Siebinkaes." Like Jean Paul's immortal "Poor's Advocate," the eyes of Mangan were ever in the stars and his soul in the blue ether. He seemed a creature too fantastically compounded for the common life and the work-a-day world. The Persian poet, Omar-i Khayyam, declares in one of his verses his belief that when first his clay was fashioned some property of the vine-tree, some flavor and perfume of the grape, was subtly

intermixed with it. Applying this fancy of the Persian star-gazer to poor Mangan's story, it might almost seem as if the sands that had fused to form his glassy essence grains of a gold unknown to earth, drop of some elixir compounded of no earthly juices, had oddly blended. His inexplicable spirit seems more affined to the vaporous presences that hover around Faustus in his study, and that seem to hover around Mangan in his garret, than to the eager, active men who were striving to break up an old world and mould a new one out of its pieces.

Such was the amazing exterior of a great poet. Mangan is the brother—the intellectual peer—of Moore and of Davis. Certain of his poems are among the most precious possessions of Irish literature. The "Time of the Barmecides" is perhaps the best known of all his writings; it is, to my thinking, unquestionably the most beautiful. It professes to be a rendering from the Arabic; but the Oriental student will ransack in vain, for its original, the divans of any of that bright constellation of courtly poets who clustered around the throne of the Barbarous Kalifeh Haroun Er Resheed or his illustrious successor. He will pore in vain over that vast anthology of Eastern verses which star the lengthy course of the "Thousand Nights and One Night." The Arabic from which the "Time of the Barmecides" was taken, never yet flowed from a reed poised in the cunning fingers of a scribe in Cairo or Stamboul or Damascus, never ran from right to left in the fantastic strokes and curves and the dots of Eastern script across the yellow surface of some sweet-scented and gilded skin. Clarence Mangan was not an Orientalist. He needed no knowledge of the "tongues of the sunrise" to bring his fine spirit into sympathy with the fascination of the East. A man may be a poet and a scholar, too, of Oriental sciences. Sir William Jones yesterday and Edwin Arnold to-day are

proofs that slumber on divan of Hafiz or sojourn in the rose gardens of Saadi lays no spell for silence or for stammering upon lyric lips. But Mangan pressed the pillows of the couch of Hafiz, and breathed the perfume from the up-turned roses of Saadi's garden by the right of his fine genius. The liberty of the cities of Shiraz, and Bagdad, and Grand Cairo, and Istamboul was his without crossing the Seven Seas or treading a mile of desert. The shy, blue-cloaked student could touch all common things with the talisman of his marvellous imagination, and life was for him an enchanted phantasmagoria; he lived, not with what he saw, but what he wished to see. The turbid Liffey creeping beneath the civic bridges became in his eyes the Tigris, reflecting in its shining stream the thousand lights from the Kalifeh's windows, or the Nile above whose yellow bosom, starred with Lotus blossoms, the lordly iris winged its way, or Rocknabad reflecting the cypress groves of Mosella and echoing along its silver ripples the ghazels of Hafiz.

"I see rich Bagdad once again,
With its turrets of Moorish mould,
And the Khalif's twice five hundred men,
Whose binishes flamed with gold;

I call up many a gorgeous show,
Which the pall of Oblivion hides—
All passed like snow, long, long ago,
With the Time of the Barmecides."

The dreamer and poet of those verses had no need of travel or of grammars to unlock for him the secrets of the East. So potent a fancy could convert, without an effort, the Dublin quays into the teeming, glittering bazaar, the Four Courts into the Mosque of the Sultan, the distant trees of Phœnix Park into the palm grove, ending where the yellow desert

widens out into immensity. It could transform the passers-by into Mecca pilgrims, merchants from Moussoul, masquerading Kalifehs and melancholy Khalendeers. It could conjure up the long caravan of camels in Grafton street, and transmute the drone of the ballad singer in the kennel to the rise and fall of a melody sung long centuries ago by the Prince of Persia beneath the golden lattice of Schemzelnihar.

The bare facts, the meagre outlines, of Mangan's life are familiar to most students of Irish literature, and need not be here re-enumerated. Of the real life, the existence burning itself fiercely out behind that ghostly mask, few knew anything, none knew much. He once wrote to Duffy, "How little do you know of the man in the cloak," and the words read even now like an enigmatic epitaph upon the being who wrote them. Not long before his death he agreed to write his autobiography, and did pen a handful of pages full of painful interest as a morbid study of his own diseased mind, but valueless, and worse than valueless, as a picture of his life. Goethe, when he wrote his autobiography called it "Truth and Poetry," to warn a credulous world that they must not take all it tells as rigid history. So Mangan in his fragment weaves truth and fancy into a glittering, bewildering web—weaves for a little, and then his fingers fall from the loom, and so De Quincy's "Opium-Eater" remains without its true companion.

I have said in the earlier part of this paper that Mangan was not a politician. Nor was he in any active sense, in the sense in which his colleagues on the *Nation* were politicians, in the sense in which the impetuous brotherhood of Young Ireland were politicians, but if his student spirit shunned the fervid works and days of those who followed Smith O'Brien, who hung upon the burning words of Meagher, and who coined their youth and their energy into prose and verse, and public speeches all devoted to the one purpose of re-

generating Ireland, it must not be for a moment imagined that Mangan was indifferent to his country or oblivious of her cause. He served her well with songs that breathe a spirit of patriotism as pure and as passionate as that of Davis. He was prepared to serve her to sterner purpose still if he were called upon. In 1848, when rumors began to circulate of the Government's intention to suppress the *United Irishman*, Mangan immediately wrote a letter to John Mitchel, which Mitchel quotes as the only expression in prose of Mangan's political sentiments which he had ever seen or heard of. I make no apology for quoting it again as a proof that the lonely, retiring spirit did not shrink from struggle, that the wretched body could knit itself together to face and to brave peril:

"My Dear M.—There is a rumor in circulation that the Government intend to commence a prosecution against you. Insignificant an individual as I am, and unimportant to society as my political opinions may be, I, nevertheless, owe it, not merely to the kindness you have shown me, but to the cause of my country, to assure you that I thoroughly sympathize with your sentiments, that I identify my view of public affairs with yours, and that I am prepared to go all lengths with you and your intrepid friend, Devin Reilly, for the achievement of our national independence. I mean to write you in a few days, a long letter explanatory of the cause which, I think, it becomes the duty of every Irish patriot to pursue at the present eventful epoch. Meanwhile you are at liberty to make what use you please of this preliminary communication.—Yours in life and death,

"James Clarence Mangan."

Such is Mangan's political confession of faith, strong enough to satisfy the most devoted disciple of Meagher, or Fintan Lalor or Mitchel himself. It is the only one we

have. The "long letter explanatory" which Mangan somewhat naively promises to Mitchel with a sweet unworldly simplicity, never came to hand, never took definite shape, never more was heard of. By the time that the rising took place, Mangan's career was rapidly running to its close. His fame was shattered, his glorious mind enfeebled; the last months of his life are a pitiable record of squalid and sordid debauchery. Seldom has the flame of a rare genius flickered down more lamentably to its embers. Poor, miserable, abased, defying all the efforts of the few true friends who remained to him to lift him from the horror of his destruction, he drifted from degradation until at last the sea-sick, weary barque of his ruined body and dethroned mind floated into the final harborage of the hospital, where on the 20th of June, 1849, he shook the yoke of insuspicious stars from his world-wearied flesh.

Strangely enough, there died also across the Atlantic in the same year, and also in an hospital, another poet whose gifts were curiously akin to Mangan's, who had found inspiration for much of his own music in Mangan's writings, and whose life, like Mangan's, became at the last a chronicle of ignominy and of decay. Edgar Allen Poe has been supposed, and not unnaturally supposed, to have found in the repeated burdens of such poems as the "Time of the Barmecides" and "Dark Rosaleen" the suggestion for those complicated and slightly varying repetitions which lend such a weird melody and charm to "Ulalume" and "Lenore." The two poets had much in common, their wild, erratic genius, their hopeless subjection to the treacherous inspiration of wine and of brain-destroying drugs, their untimely deaths, and their common ending in an hospital ward. But of the two Mangan is the most to be pitied. Poe's career was dark enough, but it was not all unhappy. He had loved and been loved; there were

moments in his wasted existence, even long intervals, of calm and peace. But Mangan's life is one of almost unmitigated gloom. The days of his youth were darkened, it is said, by a hopeless passion, his heart's manhood withered into premature old age. We are told that it was her fault; she seems to have been cruel; she blighted his life, but she made him a poet. The price was hard for the man to pay. The poet who in the Persian legend gains the gift of song by a patient vigil for forty sleepless nights, paid a lighter penalty for his immortality than his Irish follower. Life was to Mangan one long denial. "No one wish of his heart," says Mitchel, "was ever fulfilled; no aspiration satisfied." He was as passionately Oriental in his dreams and in his thoughts as Beranger was Hellenic. His soul thirsted for the desert, for blue domes and white walls and the shade of tropic trees, as the French poet thirsted for the clear sky and the pellucid air and the olive groves of Attica; and both thirsted in vain. Mangan's whole life was passed within the gloomy streets of a populous city. His soul longed for freedom, but his body was bound forever within the limits of the town where he was born; where his miserable life dragged out its course; where he died and lies buried. If he could have faced the denials of destiny with an austere renunciation, if he could have opposed a monastic fortitude to the buffets of the world, his might have been a serener if not a happier story. But the passionate longing after the ideal drove him to those deadly essences which fed for a time the hot flame of his genius at the price of his health, his reason, and his life. Genius and misery have been bed-fellows and board brothers often enough, but they have seldom indeed been yoked together under conditions more tragic than those which make Mangan's story a record of despair. I am at a loss which most to marvel at, the brightness of his genius or the darkness of his ruin.

MILES BYRNE.

In the early years of the *Nation* newspaper, when "Young Ireland" was scarcely yet recognized as the name of the new movement, there came to Gavan Duffy a remarkable letter from abroad. The letter hailed from France; it was written by a distinguished officer in the French service, and it expressed the warmest sympathy with the National agitation which was just beginning to make itself felt throughout the length and breadth of Ireland. The sympathy of that soldier of France was especially dear to Irishmen just then, for he had taken a prominent part in the two insurrections of 1798 and 1803, and his name was Miles Byrne of Wexford. Miles Byrne was at that time more than sixty years of age. He survived the destruction of "Young Ireland" for fourteen years, and died in Paris in the January of 1862. Many brave and famous Irishmen sleep their last sleep in foreign soil. The European continent, and the new world beyond the Atlantic, are studded with their graves. No one of all these tombs, the illustrious shrines of Irish Nationality, should be dearer in the eyes of Irishmen—not even the twin graves of the Roman Janiculum, where Tyrone and Tyrconnell rest from their labors, nor the grave of Thomas Addis Emmet, in New York—than the monument in Montmartre which records the resting-place of Miles Byrne.

Nothing in the history of Ireland is more impressive than the honor and glory earned by Irishmen in foreign military services. The long succession of disastrous wars which drove Irish officers and soldiers to seek service across the seas and beneath other than their own banners has enriched

the roll-call of Spanish, of Austrian, and of French regiments with some of their best and bravest leaders. There are men at this moment holding high military rank in Madrid and in Vienna who are the bearers of names most characteristically Irish, and who are the descendants of gallant refugee ancestors who carried their bright swords into the ranks of foreign states. In France the deeds of the Irish brigade have become a part of her National history. Patrick Lucan, of Sarsfield, and the gallant gentlemen who followed him beneath the lilies of France from the fatal walls of Limerick, Thomond, and Lally and Dillon, and all the rest of the bright names that star its record, taught France that she had no better soldiers beneath her standard than the exiled and impoverished Irish chieftains. For more than two generations the story of the Irish Brigade shines with ever-increasing splendor in the annals of France. We hear of it no more, however, after the French Revolution, after the old order of things had been so fearfully shattered in the cataclysm of 1789-1794. The Irish Brigade expired with the latest of its illustrious leaders, with Daniel O'Connell, the uncle of a man who was destined to make the old name yet more famous.

The extinction of the Irish Brigade in nowise deprived the French armies of the support of the Irish soldiers seeking for a field of honorable action; in nowise decreased the desire of the exiled Irish gentleman to wear the French uniform, or the eagerness of the military authorities of France to accept and appreciate his services. The whiff and wind of the revolution overthrew many things at which it did not directly strike, and the Irish Brigade happened to be one of these. For a time there was chaos. While the ragged armies of the Republic were trampling over half the battlefields of Europe at the heels of leaders nameless yesterday, and striking the terror of the tricolor into the

hearts of the disciplined armies of Austria and of Italy, there was neither time nor fitness for the formation of special foreign legions. But with the establishment of the Consulate, and the gradual composition of order out of anarchy, the old system revived under a new form and under a new name. The Irish Legion which the First Consul called into existence carried out the military traditions of the old historic Irish Brigade. Only the military traditions, however. The Irish Brigade was an eminently monarchical institution. It was largely composed of the scattered adherents of the House of Stuart, and men who drained their glasses to the health of King James the Third and of Charles Edward, of men whose hearts were loyal to St. Germains, and who hated the white horse of Hanover, not merely because it was the standard of England, but because it was the emblem of George the Elector who had supplanted James the King.

The new Irish Legion was composed of men inspired by widely differing feelings. Its members acknowledged no allegiance to the House of Stuart; were swayed by no deep-seated belief in the principles of absolute government. Their opinions were generally Republican; their theories of statesmanship had been born behind the bayonets of the American Volunteers, had been fostered by the first impulses of the French Revolution, and if shaken for a time by the excesses of the Mountain and the spectacle of the revolutionary Saturn devouring its own children, had been reassured and encouraged by the political order and military fame of the First Consul. Their devotion to Ireland was devotion to her alone, unmixed with any affection for any English dynasty; their antagonism to England was to the dark mother of the Penal Laws, and not to the upholder of the House of Hanover and the enemy of the House of Stuart. The men of the Irish Legion wished a

plague on both their Houses as heartily as Mercutio. They rallied beneath the red, white and blue of the Republic with the same passionate enthusiasm that spurred their ancestors to serve the Bourbon lilies, but they did so, not at all because France had been the refuge and shelter of the Stuarts, but because France promised to be the friend of Ireland.

In the November of the year 1803 the First Consul, Bonaparte, issued a decree for the formation of an Irish Legion. The Legion was to consist of three regiments—one of cavalry, one of infantry and one of artillery. There was a young Irish gentleman then in Paris who was eager to seize the opportunity of serving France. He had only just reached France, under circumstances of the greatest difficulty and danger, and after playing for the second time a prominent part in a desperate and unsuccessful insurrection. Young Miles Byrne—he was barely twenty-three years of age—only three months earlier had waited with a beating heart and high hopes at the Coal quay for the signal from Robert Emmet which was to place Dublin Castle in the hands of the insurgents and herald the establishment of a Provisional Government. Little more than a month had elasped since the execution of Emmet before Miles Byrne received his commission as a Lieutenant of Infantry in the French service in the Irish Legion.

At the same time when the young Wexford gentleman was receiving his first commission, another distinguished Irishman, another and more famous actor in the drama of Ninety-Eight, was appointed to one of the highest grades in the French army. This was Arthur O'Connor, Lord Longueville's rebel nephew, the Protestant champion of Catholic liberty in the Irish House of Commons, the dear friend and comrade of Edward Fitzgerald. After the failure of his trial and his release from his long imprisonment, he came over to France and entered its service. The year

after the decree for the formation of an Irish Legion he was made a General of Division, and appointed to the staff of General Augereau, the General-in-Chief of the projected Irish Expedition. It is curious to note that when the Irish movement of 1845-1848 began Arthur O'Connor was still alive, and that he too, like Miles Byrne sent his welcome words of cheer and courage to the young men who were striving, after a generation and a half, with a new courage and a new hope, to accomplish what Arthur O'Connor and Miles Byrne and their peers and comrades had striven unavailingly to do in the dark years in which the eighteenth century ended and the nineteenth century began.

The great expedition which was to afford the exiled rebels one last chance of striking a blow for Ireland never came to anything. Everything else that could be done to secure the adhesion and the affection of the Irish Legion was done. Napoleon the Emperor was no less eager to conciliate his Gaelic soldiers than Napoleon the Consul. On the occasion of his coronation, when all the French regiments were being presented with colors and an eagle, the Irish Legion was not forgotten. They got their colors, bearing on one side the inscription, "Napoleon the First, Emperor of the French, to the Irish Legion," and on the other side an uncrowned harp with the words, "The Independence of Ireland." They got their imperial bird, too, and Miles Byrne records with not unnatural pride that the Irish Legion was the only foreign corps in the French service to whom Napoleon ever entrusted an eagle.

But in spite of eagles and colors and high pay the Irish Legion were sorely discontented at the delay of the long-promised expedition. One officer resigned his command in despair and went to America. Arthur O'Connor married the beautiful and gifted daughter of the illustrious and unfortunate Condorcet, a girl young enough to have been his

daughter. With her he lived in his pleasant place of Bignon, in the land of the Loire water, waiting and waiting in vain for the hour when he should be summoned to take a part in the great expedition.

He retained his rank as a general of division, though without a command, in expectation of the event.

So bitter, indeed, was the disappointment of the members of the Legion at getting no chance of being at odds with England, that on one occasion the Legion nearly lost a number of its officers in consequence. It was in 1806, when the Legion was at Quimper. The English landed some troops at Concarneau during the night, and the French commandant marched out to repel them with a detachment which included none of the Irish officers.

The next day Miles Byrne and every Irish officer in consequence called upon the commandant and deposited their swords with him, refusing to resume them until they had received satisfaction. The infuriated commandant ordered the impetuous officers into arrest; but their case was promptly put before the Emperor, who immediately expressed the highest approval of their conduct and ordered their swords to be at once returned to them.

Miles Byrne had plenty of fighting to do, though the great expedition never came to pass. He carried his bright sword through the long Spanish campaign—a campaign during which the brilliant exploits of the Irish Legion made Marshal Junot express his deep regret that such gallant soldiers had not a country of their own to fight for. In Germany and the Netherlands Miles Byrne followed the shining banner on which the delusive affability of imperial promises had inscribed the words, "Independence of Ireland." Many years later he served in the Greek campaign, and the eyes which in boyhood had rested lovingly upon the Wexford hills and woods and waters, might now behold

the olive groves and the majestic mountains and the haunted valleys of Hellas, of the one country which might best compare for beauty with the land where he was born. To that grave, handsome French officer the war shouts of the wild Klephts must have brought back strange echoes of the ballads of Ninety-eight. Their fierce, oddly-weaponed multitudes must have kindled in his heart something of the fire which flamed there when he first beheld the sunlight gleam along the levelled line of pikes. To him the cruelties of the Turk can scarcely have appeared unparalleled; for he remembered the yeoman and the officers and soldiers of Lake and Cornwallis.

He retired at last, full of years and honor, to pass the remainder of his life in Paris, happy in the companionship of his wife, in the admiration and affection of the society in which he most delighted—the society of cultivated men and women, in frequent intercourse with his old brothers in arms. To the end his love for Ireland was the most passionate feeling of his heart. Even at the last, when the wizard fingers of eighty long and stormy years had transformed the Wexford lad into a grizzled, gaunt, stately old man, his pulses would always beat quicker, and his keen gray eyes grow brighter, at the thought of Ireland's injuries and the prospect of her regeneration.

His epitaph, after recording the honors he had earned in the service of France and his Irish birth, pays to his memory a simple and touching tribute, none the less impressive because it was penned by the wife to whom he was devoted, and who has rendered Ireland so great a service by the preservation and publication of her husband's memoirs. "In his long career he was always distinguished by the rectitude and the loyalty of his character, and by the nobility of his sentiments. Truly attached to Ireland, his native land, he faithfully served his adopted country, France."

These memoirs are one of the most important contributions that have ever been made to Irish history—certainly the most important that has been given to the period embracing the insurrections that preceded and succeeded the destruction of the Irish Parliament. It is only from the personal record of the actors in or the beholders of great political events that posterity is enabled to form any real living picture of the history of a period. London of the age of Anne lives in Swift's journal to Stella; Horace Walpole, with all his whimsicalities and modish follies, is worth more than half the grave historians of the later Georges; Pliny, the letter-writer, is more precious than Suetonius; and Mme. Junot and Mme. de Remusat give greater vividness to the life of Napoleon than Bourrienne or Lacretelle. No history that has yet been written of the rebellion of Ninety-eight can possess quite the same peculiar interest that belongs to the memoirs of Miles Byrne.

Ireland owes Miles Byrne much, for he loved her well and served her with all his heart and soul in 1798 and 1803. But not the least part of her debt of gratitude is for the service he rendered to his country and her cause by these memoirs. In their enchanted pages the student of Irish history seems to conquer time and to stand in the presence of the resuscitated dead. The mighty shadows appear to throng about him as the phantoms of his former companions-in-arms crowd around Æneas in the Virgilian story. As he reads of the actions and of the heroes of the time told by one who witnessed those actions and who is himself a hero, history ceases to be a dim, uncertain record, a d becomes instead a living, moving drama. The story of the Rebellion of Ninety-eight by one who played a brave part in the Wexford campaign, the story of the Rebellion of 1803 by one who was a sharer in the plot from the beginning to the end, and was one of the last to see the friend

whom he so touchingly calls "dear Robert Emmet" on his fatal return from the mountains after the failure in Thomas street—must not such a chronicle naturally and rightfully take its place amongst the most precious possessions of Irish national literature?

GEORGE BERKELEY.

In the year 1723 there died in Ireland, at a place called Marley Abbey, some ten miles from Dublin, one of the most miserable women then in the world. Her death disclosed the denial of her fortune to one great Irishman with whom she had been on terms of close friendship, to whom she had offered up years of passionate devotion, and its bestowal upon another great Irishman with whom she had never so much as exchanged a word. On that fatal afternoon when Swift, with a legion of wild passions tearing at his heart strings, rode over to Marley Abbey to fling back at Vanessa's feet the letter she had written to Stella, Hester Vanhomrigh received her death-blow. But she lived long enough to inflict a curious little piece of vengeance, the only vengeance in her power, except the lofty vengeance of forgiveness, upon the false Cadenus. She had left by will all the property she possessed to the man she had so madly worshipped. With the hand of death upon her, with the raging eyes of the Dean still burning upon her brain, she performed the one little pitiful act of retaliation which is the saddest spot in all her sad story; she altered her will, and disinherited her idol. For the name of Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, she substituted the name of another great Irishman, another great Churchman, another great thinker and teacher, the name of George Berkeley, Dean —only nominally so, indeed,—of Dromore.

The legacy, this strange gift of chance born of a man's insult and a woman's sense of injury, was in some respects a turning point in the life of the amazed legatee. His amazement is very frankly and simply expressed in a letter

to his friend and patron, Lord Percival, a few days after the unexpected bequest. "Here is something that will surprise your lordship as it does me. Mrs. Hester Vanhomrigh, a lady to whom I was a perfect stranger, having never in the whole course of my life exchanged a word with her, died on Sunday night. Yesterday her will was opened, by which it appears that I am constituted executor, the advantage whereof is computed by those who understand her affairs to be worth £3,000; if a suit she has be carried, it will be considerably more." Berkeley's first idea on receiving this unexpected windfall was to employ the money thus almost miraculously placed at his disposal in carrying out a scheme which had long been dear to his heart. This scheme was that he should emigrate to Bermuda, should settle there and devote the rest of his life to "the reformation of manners among the English in our Western plantations, and the propagation of the Gospel among the American savages." Bermuda was to Berkeley what the Happy Isles were to the hopeful eyes of the visionary Greek sailors. He was nobly convinced of the nobility of his dream, and, which was more remarkable, he succeeded in awaking a latent nobility in unexpected places and in arousing an enthusiasm by his dream of a Bermudan Utopia in callous hearts and unsympathetic bosoms.

Bermuda became the *mode* in the marvellous medley of London society over which the first of the Georges reigned. People talked Bermuda, thought Bermuda, wrote Bermuda. The wits and gallants of the Scriblerus Club, who had met together to rally Berkeley on his poetic and apostolic fancy, were so stirred by the ardent eloquence of the missionary that, fired with wine and the warmer intoxication of the charm of Berkeley's words, they rose with one accord and shouted lustily encouragements to each other to accompany the Dean of Derry on his crusade. With the morning, when

the sparkle of Lord Bathurst's champagne had faded from their jaded brains, we may assume that their enthusiasm for Bermuda had faded too. At least one thing is certain, that we never find the name of a single member of the fellowship of Scriblerus on the passenger list of that ship on which Berkeley did trust himself and his hopes, and which sailed with him into the West, indeed, though not to the "still-vexed Bermuthes" of his dreams.

Who was the remarkable man whose missionary zeal and eloquence could make Bermuda as popular in London with the voice of religion as ever the voice of greed had made the South Sea popular in Change Alley, or the turbid floods of the Mississippi appear a new Pactolus to the wranglers in the Rue Quincampoix? Who was the man who touched for a moment the cynical nature of Bolingbroke with something of the fire of his own enthusiasm; who induced Walpole to swell from his own pocket the subscription list that was raised to further Berkeley's schemes; who actually succeeded in touching the callous organism which the Elector of Hanover and King of England called a heart, and whose one joy on hearing of the Vanessa legacy was at the aid it afforded to his voyage, and his pure unselfish aspirations.

George Berkeley was born on the 12th of March, 1685, by the Nore water, in the county Kilkenny. His father was an Irishman of English descent, William Berkeley. The founder of the family in Ireland had come to the country in the early part of the reign of Charles the Second in the suite of the first Lord Berkeley of Stratton. George Berkeley seems to have been distinguished for unusual abilities at Kilkenny School. In the first year of the eighteenth century he went, a lad of fifteen, to Dublin to Trinity College. In Trinity College he remained for thirteen years, studying, thinking, dreaming, bewildering most of the collegians, his colleagues, who seem to have been un-

able to make up their minds whether he was a genius or a blockhead. They may well have been puzzled by a youth who allowed himself in his earnest pursuit of truth to be half and something more than half hanged by a fellow student, that he might learn the emotions of man on the point of a violent death. Within the walls of Trinity he worked, gradually and laboriously piecing together and thoughtfully shaping out his theory of the metaphysical conception of the material world about him; poring over Locke and Plato, breathing an atmosphere satured with Cartesianism, his active mind eagerly investigating, exploring, inquiring in all directions, and his hand recording day by day the notes and stages of his mental development.

His early philosophical writings rapidly earned him a reputation in the great world of London, to which at that time the eyes of all men, divines, wits, statesmen, philosophers and poets, turned. It is not my purpose here to dwell upon the nature of those philosophical writings or to enter into any study of the great theory of idealism in which he affirmed that there is no proof of the existence of matter anywhere save in our own perceptions. Byron, in his light-hearted way, more than two generations later, dismissed Bishop Berkeley and his theory in the famous couplet—

> "When Bishop Berkeley said there is no matter,
> It clearly was no matter what he said,"

—a smart saying which Byron did not intend, and which nobody would be likely to regard, as a serious summing up of the mental work of Berkeley.

To London Berkeley's eyes naturally turned, and to London Berkeley came in the first winter month of 1713. The Dublin he quitted and the London he came to were vastly different cities from the Dublin and the London of to-day. The Irish Parliament stood, indeed, in College Green,

but its home was not in the building which is now used as the Bank of Ireland, but in Chichester House, the building which George Carew had set up as an hospital toward the end of the sixteenth century, and which adventurous Arthur Chichester made his dwelling-place after the Ulster plantation. The change of Patrick's Well lane to Nassau street was as recent to men then as the change of Sackville street to O'Connell street is to the Dubliners of to-day. Dawson street was the newest of the new streets. Molesworth street was not, but the name lived in a great piece of waste land on the site known as Molesworth Fields.

If Dublin was small then compared with what it now is, London was relatively still smaller. When the young Berkeley dined with his brilliant, loveable, happy-go-lucky countryman, Richard Steele, at his house in Bloomsbury Square, all that is now London to the North of Bloomsbury, a network of narrow streets, a gloomy world of bricks and mortar, was smiling country. St. Pancras was in the country, and Tottenham Court, and Marylebone, and Sadler's Wells, places all of them now black with the daily smoke of a thousand chimneys, and encircled with a wall of houses ten, aye twenty times thicker than the Great Wall of China. But little as seems to us that London of the Augustan days of Anne, as we look back upon it through the lapse of more than a century and a half, it seemed a mighty big place then in the eyes of its inhabitants, and a mighty big place we may assume that it seemed in the eyes of the young Irish scholar and gentleman whose reputation had preceded him and predisposed the society of the day to take kindly to his handsome face, and listen willingly to his golden tongue. Swift was a great patron of Berkeley's in those early London days. The greatest genius of his age, Swift was always eager to recognize the genius of other men; the most powerful man of the hour, he was always

anxious to employ his power in doing a good turn to somebody, in lending a helping hand to unappreciated talent, or giving the jog of his generous patronage to modest ability in danger of being unrewarded and unnoticed by reason of its modesty. Berkeley did not stand in the same need of help as many who found Dr. Swift a true friend; but we may well imagine his services were as welcome as his companionship must have been delightful. Swift took Berkeley to Court and introduced him or spoke of him to all the great Ministers, and pushed his fortunes by all the ways—and they were many—in his power. He wrote in that journal which was meant only for the sweet eyes of Stella, and which has since become the priceless property of mankind, his high admiration for the young philosopher, and kindly adds, "I will favor him as much as I can." That was a promise Swift often made, mentally or to Stella, about those who were in need of help; it was a promise he always fulfilled, and he kept his word to Berkeley, not merely in the letter, but in the spirit. Berkeley, with the aid of Swift, was soon made free of the wonderful republic of letters which then held sway in London, and which numbered amongst its members such men as Steele and Addison, Bolingbroke and Harley, Gay and Arbuthnot and Pope. Berkeley was in Addison's box at the first performance of *Cato*, and tasted of the author's champagne and Burgundy therein, and listened with curious delight to the mingled applause and hisses that greeted Mr. Pope's prologue. He made Arbuthnot a convert to his *Three Dialogues* over a pleasant dinner at his lodgings in the palace at Kensington, which still to-day preserves to a swollen city some picture of the simpler peace of days before the Elector of Hanover ever set foot in London. It was a dazzling, intoxicating society of poets and statesmen, philosophers and wits, for a young man to freely mingle in; but at its best and brightest,

Berkeley could only find himself in the companionship of his peers; his superior would have been, indeed, hard to discover, either there or elsewhere.

A little later Berkeley went to Italy as the traveling tutor, the bear leader, of the son of Ashe, Bishop of Clogher. In Italy he passed some four enchanted years, reviving the ancient world among the ruins of Rome, reconstructing the lost Parthenope by the blue waters of the Tyrrhene sea, and repeopling the crags and rocks of Sicily with the brown-limbed boys and violet-crowned girls who tend their herds and pipe away their peaceful lives forever in the honeyed Greek of Theocritus. Berkeley came back to England in 1720 to find all England writhing in the welter and chaos of the South Sea crash. The shame and misery of the time appears to have inspired him with a kind of horror of the hollow civilization of the age, and to have given him his first promptings towards that ideal community in the remote Atlantic to which his mind turned so strongly a little later. He left England speedily and came home again to Ireland after an absence of eight years. It was in Ireland that the Vanessa windfall came to him and amazed him, and encouraged him in his Bermuda vision. Bermuda ever remained a vision for him; but in 1728 he set sail for Rhode Island in the company of his young wife, Miss Anne Forster, whom as he quaintly tells us he choose "for her qualities of mind and her unaffected inclination to books." For more than three years he dwelt in America a simple, happy, earnest life. But the mission was a failure. To Robert Walpole, Berkeley's plans and hopes would naturally seem about as deserving of the attention and aid of practical men as the ambitions of Don Quixote. The grant promised by the Government was never sent out, and in 1731 Berkeley came back to England. How many, I wonder, of those who are familiar with the line, "Westward the course of

empire takes its way," which has been taken as the motto for one of the best and best-known frescoes that adorn the Capitol in Washington, know that it comes from the last verse of a poem which Berkeley wrote as he was striving to realize a new Atlantic in Rhode Island:

> "Westward the course of empire takes its way;
> The first four acts already past,
> A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
> Time's noblest offspring is the last."

Two years of literary and philosophic life in London succeed to the Rhode Island idyll. In 1734 he returned to Ireland for the last time, and dwelt for eighteen years in his Bishopric of Cloyne in studious seclusion with his family, wandering among the myrtle hedges his own hand planted, reading Plato and Hooker, teaching his cherished daughter, suffering from domestic losses, and proclaiming to an astounded world that tar-water was a panacea for all human ills with all the fervor which Dr. Sangrado devoted to the merits of water without the tar. Berkeley's genius and eloquent prose made tar-water as popular as both had made Bermuda some twenty years earlier. The later years of his life at Cloyne are tinged with melancholy. His mind began to be agitated again with the dream of an academic retreat by other though no lovelier streams than the Blackwater and the Lee, and in 1752 he journeyed again to England and set up his tent for the last time beneath the shadow of the Oxford spires. It was mellow autumn when he came to the City of Scholars. In the chill January weather of the following year he died quite suddenly and quite peacefully in the midst of his family. He was a great and a good man. The serene purity of his life, his lofty purposes, his nobility of nature, cause him to stand out very conspicuously in the strange, cynical, cruel world of English life

and English thought during the first half of the eighteenth century. He was in that world, but he was never of it. His friends were either noble of life and mind or else he saw in them only their nobler qualities, and took no thought of or no harm from the rest. He seems to have been most happy—and the fact is characteristic of the man—in the society of the sweet, simple and studious women who made him a loving wife, and of the children whom he loved with an affection for the excess of which he sometimes reproached himself. "All his contemporaries," says Sir James Mackintosh, "agreed with the satirist (Pope) in ascribing 'to Berkeley every virtue under heaven.' Adverse factions and hostile wits concurred only in loving, admiring and contributing to advance him." We may say of him as of the Roman Brutus, that his life, indeed, was gentle. He is an abiding example of the genius and some of the highest virtues of the Irish race.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

Lord Beaconsfield, in one of his novels—"Coningsby," or I do forget myself—dwells with graceful melancholy which he could readily assume, and which at all times became him, upon the number of rarely-gifted beings who died in or about their thirty-seventh year. The "fatal thirty-seven" he calls it; and he enumerates a long list of bright abilities who were its victims. Raphael, Byron, Mozart, Mendelssohn, these and many others whose spirits were untimely quenched he mentions, paying to each his due meed of mourning. One name will be at once missed by all Irishmen from the list, the name of Gerald Griffin.

It may well be maintained that in all the brilliant brotherhood of youth recorded by the English novelists, Gerald Griffin would have found only his peers. In none did the fire of genius burn more fervently, to none was fortune kinder or more cruel, by none was the too early death faced under conditions of loftier dignity or serener virtue.

The story of Gerald Griffin's life is exceedingly simple and straightforward. He was born in Limerick, and his boyhood was passed within the sight and sound of the lordly river which races at its swiftest there between its crowded banks. In very early youth he showed not merely those passionate aspirations for literary distinction which are inevitable to all finely-tempered boyhood, but abilities of the rarest kind for gratifying those aspirations and gaining the coveted laurels. His keenest desire appears to have been for dramatic fame; he longed to see the creations of his brain taking their place with Cato and Anthony, and the

hero of "Venice preserved;" and while still in the very dawn of manhood he crossed the Irish Sea with a manuscript play in his pocket wherewith to conquer London and win immortal fame. The lonely young Irishman fought the old fight in the great city, with poverty, with indifference, with the chilling influences of apathy and disdain. The old, old story of genius and the giant, of the war that is as ancient as the mountains, and that will outlast the cataract. Griffin, with his heart on fire, flung himself against London. His was not the patient merit which takes the spurns of the unworthy humbly. The consciousness of his great gifts informed and inspired him, and he battled strenuously, desperately, with evil fortune. London, swollen with something of the oldAthenian pride and of the exclusiveness of mediæval Florence, regards all those who come to it from outside, be they Saxon or Gael, as "barbarians" and "strangers." It has to be wooed and won, like the Amazon Brunhilda of the German epic, by force of arms; the wooing is desperate, the winning difficult in the extreme. Gerald Griffin wooed London bravely, but he did not win. For three years he struggled and suffered, painting his proud ambitious nature with failure. Then he came back to Ireland to find there the fame whose phantom he had pursued in vain in the foreign city. He wrote much marvellous prose-fiction, he wrote one masterpiece which must endure as long as literature lasts. Suddenly in the warmth of his youth, on the threshold of his fame, his whole soul became imbued with a profound sense of the vanity of all worldly triumphs and the insignificance of all earthly ambitions. He joined the Christian Brothers, and died in the ranks of that order. After his death his play *Gisippus*, which he had carefully preserved at a time when he destroyed all his other papers, was acted in London, and was successful at a time when success was valueless for its author.

Gisippus has not held the stage, but it is dear to all lovers of lofty dramatic literature.

"The Collegians" is one of the most remarkable, as it is one of the most delightful additions that have ever been made to Irish fiction. Some little time ago Mr. Ruskin, in a letter which expressed a sympathy and even an enthusiasm for Ireland not often manifested by English writers, declared that for the proper appreciation of the Irish Nation and the Irish character a serious study of Miss Edgeworth's fiction was absolutely essential. To my mind, without in any way desiring to underrate Miss Edgeworth's genius, Gerald Griffin's "Collegians" is the work in Irish prose fiction to which the foreign student of our country might be most advisedly referred. Englishmen have for too long drawn their ideas about Ireland from the pages of Lever's novels, have too long deluded themselves into the belief that that grotesque carnival of riotous dragoons, of comic peasants, of Castle hacks, and practical jokers from Trinity makes up the sum and substance of Irish life and Irish character. As a matter of fact, the "Arabian Nights," in spite of their wizards and witches, their incantations and enchantments, their roc's eggs and magic lamps, present a far more faithful picture of the Egypt of to-day than Lever's novels do of the Ireland of his time or of any time. They are fairy-tales, pure and simple, full of wild animal spirits, of rough, good-natured horse-play, of love and battle and adventure. They are excellent as studies of Irish and English life in foreign Continental cities; they are amusing, entertaining, very good company, indeed, but they no more present a faithful picture of Ireland than the Bardic accounts of the dwellings of the Feni resemble the London Dublin of to-day. Lady Morgan with all her faults understood some phases of Irish life and of Irish nationalism better than Lever. Her "O'Briens and O'Flahertys" has fallen into

curious obscurity of late; it deserved, and still deserves, a better fate for the sake of its one study of the rebellious chieftain of an ancient Irish house, the last of his line, and for its skillful and cruelly sarcastic study of the blended corruption and frivolity of Castle society. But "The Collegians" is far and away the best of all. Ireland, unfortunately, has not yet found her Walter Scott, but if Gerald Griffin had cared or chosen to write more, if he had given Ireland and the world a series of novels which should have borne the same relationship to "The Collegians" that the Waverley novels do to the first of their race, Gerald Griffin would undoubtedly have made himself the Walter Scott of Ireland. From one cause or another, "The Collegians" has never won the success it deserved. Even in Ireland it is not read as much as it should be, and outside Ireland it is practically unknown. Yet curiously enough, there is not a character in the book whose name is not perfectly familiar wherever the English language is spoken. Danny Mann, Hardress Cregan, Eily O'Connor, Anne Chute, Kyrle Daly, have all been made everyday acquaintances to the theatre-goer everywhere, through Dion Boucicault's "Colleen Bawn," and through the opera taken from it and called "The Lily of Killarney." But, for the thousands and tens of thousands to whom the music of the opera and the incidents of the melodrama are familiar, how many hundreds have gone to the original of the one and of the other and have studied for its own sake "The Collegians" itself? To the Englishman who desires to have a faithful picture of what Ireland was like at the time in which "The Collegians" is laid, to the Irishman who wishes to appreciate what must be called the greatest triumph of Irish prose-fiction, "The Collegians" will not be merely a pleasure, it will be an essential of education.

It is a curious and ironic fact that Gerald Griffin's name

should be best remembered in most English-speaking countries through that very dramatic art in which he feverishly thirsted for success. But it is not by *Gisippus*, the heart's love of his youth, that his memory is kept green. It is by the adaptation of his great novel made by other hands long after Gerald Griffin was laid in his quiet grave that the dramatic triumph came, and the laurels that were to have crowned *Gisippus* have been awarded with full hands to the "Colleen Bawn."

Gerald Griffin is not merely one of the most masterly of Irish prose writers; he is further entitled to a place, and a proud one, among the poets of Ireland. If he had chosen to devote himself to verse writing alone, or had even dedicated his talents chiefly to verse writing, he might have easily taken rank with the foremost of his country's poets, with Moore, Davis and Clarence Mangan. As it is, the mere handful of perfect verses which he has bequeathed to us entitle him, by their flawless beauty of thought and form, to a place only second to that of the three stars in the Orion belt of Irish song. The verses he did write are comparatively few in number. The whole of them might be included in such an anthology, such a flower harvest and blossom garland as Meleager and his rivals gathered in ancient days from the violets, and anemones, and narcissus blooms of the Hellenic Parnassus. Scholars pore in rapt admiration over the epigrams of Rufinus or Agathias, as minute and as finely wrought as Greek gems—pore over them and sigh to think that so little of such honeyed sweetness has been spared to us by cormorant, devouring time. Yet, well nigh as much is preserved of Rufinus as would outweigh in bulk the poems of Gerald Griffin, and the most impassioned admirer of the Grecian lyrist must recognize that for delicate perfection of workmanship he has found at last his peer in the sweet and melancholy singer whose

Ilissus was the Shannon and whose Athens was the City of the Violated Treaty.

The verses that star the sombre pages of "The Collegians," lighting up its tragic beauty with their serene, fixed lustre, are, perhaps, the very highest proofs of his literary genius. Where is there to be found in the literature of the English-speaking races a lovelier lyric than that which Hardress Cregan wrote for Anne Chute, and which begins—

> "A place in thy memory, dearest,
> Is all that I claim,
> To pause and look back when thou hearest
> The sound of my name."

Lofty passion, and pathos, and brave resignation were never expressed in more melodious numbers. The pangs of despised love have been the fruitful theme of poets ever since man first discovered the magic of rythmic measures. Mimnermus sighing for Nanno in plaintive Ionian by the blue waters of Smyrna Bay, the Persian telling the cypress groves and sparkling waters of the Sharazi maiden whose night-black tresses he may not hope to touch, Ronsard rhyming innumerable sonnets to innumerable lady-loves, Petrarch building for Laura a monument more enduring than brass, never surpassed the simple beauty of form, never approached the lofty dignity of purpose which belong to the lines of the pure-minded and melancholy genius of the Irish singer.

SARSFIELD.

In Limerick city there stands a statue of one of the greatest of Irish patriots and one of the most gallant of Irish soldiers. There are not a great many statues in Irish towns of the heroes and the martyrs of her cause. The country has been too oppressed, and too busy battling with oppression, and too poor, to be able to adorn her public places with many monuments to the illustrious dead. Perhaps for this very reason such statues as have been put up possess an added interest and impress the spectator with a profounder significance. No Nationalist Irishman can ever pass without a thrill of deep emotion that effigy of William Smith O'Brien which stands in one of the busiest centres of Dublin life. Little more than a generation ago the man whom that carved stone commemorates, was sentenced by the hideous formality in which the law then expressed itself to be hanged, drawn and quartered for the offence of treason against the British Crown—in other words, for loving his country well. It is a curious proof of the greatness of the Young Ireland movement, and of the gratitude which Ireland left to the brave, gentle man who led that movement, that the statue of Smith O'Brien, a convicted and condemned rebel, is to-day one of the proudest ornaments of the city which servility has christened with the epithet of Viceregal.

But the statue of which I was thinking when I wrote the opening lines of this paper was not the statue of a Young Irelander, not at least of a Young Irelander of the nineteenth century. It is the statue of Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, and never was statue more appropriately situated

than that of the heroic soldier within the compass of the city of the Violated Treaty. All that a man could do to secure the rights of his country, and the civil and religious liberties of his countrymen, was done by Sarsfield. His conduct of the immortal defence has been told a thousand times, but every fresh repetition of the familiar tale only serves to confer an added lustre to the genius and the courage of Sarsfield, and to add a darker stain to the treachery of those in whom Sarsfield, with the generous simplicity of a soldier and a gentleman, had been induced to place a mistaken confidence.

The seige of Limerick is one of the most famous events in history. Seldom have the fortunes of two countries and of two kingly causes depended more definitely upon the result of one single episode in a great campaign. The fight by the Boyne water, the capture of Athlone, the rout of Aughrim, all these defeats and disasters might yet have been repaired if only the seige of Limerick had ended otherwise, or, ending as it did, had been followed by faith from the faithless. The cause of King James looked gloomy enough, but the cause of Ireland was hopeful. The Stuart prince had promised much, had performed somewhat. Poyning's act had been repealed. A measure had been passed restoring the dispossessed Irish to their property. But the King lost heart and head in the hour of adversity, and abandoning the Irish and the French, who had served him so well, he fled with more than royal rapidity to France, and left the last act of the great drama to be played out without him by the Shannon River and behind the walls of Limerick. The Stuart princes, with all their faults, were not wanting in personal courage, although actual heroism was not included among their virtues then or thereafter. But James lives in the Irish ballad literature, which has preserved so well and so truly the salient features of her

story at a time when any other kind of chronicling was well nigh impossible, as "Craven Shemus," and under the burden of yet more uncomplimentary epithets.

But James had fled and St. Ruth was dead, and the last hopes of Ireland were hidden behind the walls of Limerick, where Talbot of Tyrconnell and Patrick Sarsfield were making the last stand. The two men were widely different. Richard Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnell, witnessed as a boy the Cromwellian massacres in Drogheda. The memory of those horrors never left him, we are told. We may easily imagine that the light-hearted Irish nobleman, who plays so considerable a part in the De Grammont "Memoirs" of the Court of the second Charles, could not easily banish from his memory the fearful political baptism of his boyhood. Even in merriest and maddest hours, at Whitehall, while conversing with the "languishing Boynton," whom he afterwards wedded, or jesting with Killegrew and Hamilton and Buckingham, or losing money to his Merry Majesty, we can readily believe that often and often thoughts came across his brain which turned the lustre of the flambeaux to the glare of burning houses, the chatter of the courtiers to the cries of Cromwell's Ironsides, the soft speech of Lely's painted beauties to the groans of murdered women, and the shining Thames beyond to the Boyne, rushing fearful of its bloody foam to the sea. Talbot, of Tyrconnell, had always been faithful to the Stuart cause. He had followed the young prince of the house to exile over seas; the historical "twenty-ninth of May," when "the king did enjoy his own again," was a glorious day in his eyes, as in the eyes of hundreds of other cavalier gentlemen. Under the restored Stuarts he had been appointed to the Governorship of Ireland, the first Roman Catholic who had held the post since the introduction of the Protestant faith into the country. His rule was characterized by his strenuous efforts to

undo the anti-Catholic legislation of the Ormond Administration. As I have said elsewhere, the fact that he, a Catholic and an Irishman, should wish to see justice and religious liberty allowed to his countrymen and the companions of his faith, has made his name too often the obloquy and the scorn of historians who are unwilling to see liberty, either political or religious, enjoyed by any but themselves and their own people or party.

When the war between James and William broke out, the Stuart king found his fastest and best ally in the Duke of Tyrconnell. Talbot had been the Duke of York's closest friend and confident; he was now, in the hour of stress, for a time the prop of his hopes and the buttress of his tottering throne. The Catholics in Ireland fought for the Stuart monarch less for that monarch's sake than for love of Talbot, of Tyrconnell, and the name he bore. But victory went with William, and so in the course of time Talbot, of Tyrconnell, found himself shut up in Limerick to make the last stand for a lost cause, with only one man to help him in the inevitable hour. But that one man was worth a hundred, for his name was Sarsfield.

Sarsfield's courage and daring, his military genius, his ready enterprise and unfailing resource had kept the flag of Limerick flying in the face of disaster after disaster. His famous midnight raid, which resulted in the destruction of the Williamite siege train, is one of the most gallant as it is one of the most desperate deeds recorded in history. Perhaps, however, the qualities which most especially deserve our admiration in Sarsfield are the patient dignity and soldierly composure with which he consented again and again to take a secondary place to men of abilities and capacities infinitely below his own. The young Duke of Berwick, indeed, might complain that Sarsfield's imperial tongue, like that of Shakespeare's Suffolk, was sometimes

"rough and stern, used to command, untaught to plead for favor," but the marvel rather is that a man of the military genius of Sarsfield should have played so long and so patiently a secondary part to commanders so much his inferiors?—and a man might be a very able soldier, indeed, and yet remain inferior to Patrick Sarsfield—with no further display of impatience than an occasional rough word to a royal or semi-royal duke. But a little while and Sarsfield was practically alone in Limerick. Tyrconnell, whose body had long been wasted by disease, died suddenly of apoplexy. Death behind the walls of Limerick was a not unfitting close to a career that had practically begun behind the walls of Drogheda. Between those two fatal sieges how much that strange, brilliant, fitful life had experienced. Exile in Flanders, faithful adherence to what seemed a ruined cause, triumphant return, flight from Popish plot, phantasm, and Titus Oates' accusations, the glitter and riot of an evil court, rule in Ireland, once again a struggle for the Stuart cause, this time going out for ever, and then the end. A month and a half after Tyrconnell's death, the treaty was signed, the city was surrendered, and Sarsfield marched out with all the honors of war.

All the world knows the eventful scene which followed. The standards of England and France, set up outside the city, wooed the Irish soldiers with a choice of foreign service. Out of 15,000 men only 1,000 turned to the banner of the Boyne. The great bulk of the Irish army, with the exception of a few who chose neither service and sought their homes, rallied beneath the lilies of France. The Dutch General, Ginkle, who had been most eager to swell the ranks of William with the heroic defenders of Limerick, was bitterly disappointed at the failure of his hopes. He endeavored in vain to induce Sarsfield to remain in Ireland. Promises of all kinds were plentifully proffered, but Sars-

field was not to be tempted. He crossed the sea and laid his bright sword at the feet of King Louis. The French monarch, who thoroughly appreciated the value of his Irish adherents, welcomed the hero of Limerick, and immediately appointed him to the command of the second troop of the Irish Guards, the first troop being under the command of the impetuous young Duke of Berwick.

The rest of Sarsfield's record may be thus briefly summarized from O'Callaghan. On the defeat at Steenkirk in July, 1692, of the allies under William III. by the French under the Marshal De Luxembourg, the marshal complimented Lord Lucan, as having acted at the engagement in a manner worthy of his previous military reputation in Ireland. The marshal wrote to Louis XIV. of the Duke of Berwick's bravery and added—"The Earl of Lucan was with him; in whom we have particularly noticed the valor and the intrepidity of which he had given proofs in Ireland. I can assure your Majesty that he is a very good and a very able officer." In March, 1693, in addition to his rank of Major-General in the service of James II., he was created Marechal-de-Camp in that of France; and at the great overthrow, in July, of the allies under William by Luxembourg, at the battle of Landen, he received his death wound. Everyone knows the sad and lovely legend according to which the dying soldier, putting his hand to his wound and drawing it back wet and red with his best blood, sighed out the heroic aspiration that that blood had been shed for Ireland. He died of his wounds a few days after the battle. His wife, Lord Clanricarde's daughter, married some two years after his death that very Duke of Berwick whose hot youth had protested against Sarsfield's superior judgment. It is one of the curiosities of history that almost all the women who were loved by the great heroes of Ireland married after the deaths of their lovers — Lady Lucan, Lady

Edward Fitzgerald, the wife of Wolfe Tone, and Sarah Curran. Historians of all schools agree in praise of Patrick Sarsfield. Macauley, who had little love for Ireland and for any champion of the house of Stuart, admits that he was "a gentleman of eminent merit, brave, upright, honorable, careful of his men in quarters, and certain to be always found at their head in the day of battle." A Williamite historian quoted by Mr. O'Callaghan, says—"Arminius was never more popular among the Germans than Sarsfield among the Irish. To this day his name is venerated—*canitur adhuc*. No man was ever more attached to his country or more devoted to his king and his religion." It may indeed be declared that all Irish history does not boast a nobler gentleman than the gallant soldier, great of mind as he was gigantic of body, whose brave heart ceased to beat in the little town of Huy in 1693.

BRIAN BOROIMHE.

MANY persons of playful temperament and unincumbered by any wealth of historical or other information are accustomed to allude to Brian Boroimhe in all lightness of heart as a more or less mythical individual whose deeds and words are to be placed on the same footing as those of Cucullain or Finn MacCoul. I am not at all prepared myself to abandon the right to distinct historical recognition of so distinguished a warrior as Cucullain or so eminent a monarch as Finn. In an age which excavates Troy Town and unearths from the dusts of Mycena the mouldering remains of the King of Men, the scholar would be rash, indeed, who denied to the Feni and their forefathers the respect due to the heroes of Homeric epic and Athenian tragedy. But while we may frankly admit that the case for the historical existence of Oisin or Dermat is not yet conclusively made out, we must insist, wherever such insistance is necessary, upon the very different degree of authenticity which attaches to the memory of the famous and fearless king who made himself the terror of the Danes. Brian Boroimhe is as historical a personage as O'Connell or Grattan, or Silken Thomas or Shane O'Neill. To relegate him in any way into the ghostly company of Ossianic heroes who haunt the twilight regions of romance, is to commit a grave offence of *lese majestie* against that most high and potent prince.

Brian Boroimhe, or Brian of the Tribute, was the greatest king of the old Dalcassian line, which was founded by Cormac Cas in the third century. In alternation with

the princes of the Eugenian line the Dalcassian princes had ruled over Munster for seven centuries, when a son was born to Cinneidigh, who was christened Brian. Before I explain the signification of the surname which was afterwards given to the glory of the Dalcassian House, I may not inappropriately quote a passage from O'Curry's delightful lectures, in which one valuable social reform, in itself enough to illuminate a kingly reign, is set forth:

"Previous to the time of the Monarch Brian Boroimhe—about the year 1000—there was no general system of family names in Erin; but every man took the name either of his father or of his grandfather for a surname. Brian, however, established a new and most convenient arrangement—namely, that families in future should take permanent names, either those of their immediate fathers or of any person more remote in their line of pedigree. And thus Murie Adhach, the son of Carthach, took the surname of MacCarthaigh (now MacCarthy), 'Mac' being the Gaelic for 'son.' Toirdhealbhagh, or Turloch, the grandson of Brian himself, took the surname of O'Brian or 'the grandson of Brian'—O' being the Gaedhlic for 'grandson;' Cathbarr, the grandson of Donnell, took the name of O'Donnell; Donnell, the grandson of Niall Glendubh, took the surname of O'Neill; Tadgh or Teige, the grandson of Conor, took the name of O'Conor of Connacht; Donogh, the son of Murchadh, or Murogh, took the surname of MacMurogh of Leinster; and so as to all the other families thoughout the kingdom."

Brian was born in the year 941. When he was ten years old his brother Mahon succeeded to the kingship. At that time the Danes were the scourge and the dread of the native Irish princes. Their wild Vikings came from the far north in their long ships and settled eagerly upon the smiling Irish shores, plundering and devastating in all directions, and

ever encroaching more and more upon the soil, and pushing the lines of the settlements farther and farther away from the sea. From his earliest boyhood Brian seems to have been animated by the fiercest hatred against the invaders, and by consuming indignation at the humiliation involved in the presence of the marauding encampments on Irish soil. Hitherto no prince or league of princes had been found strong enough to drive the Danes back over the swan's bath to their homes in the frozen North. The desperate courage, the vast physical strength, the gigantic frames of the Northmen, made them exceedingly dangerous adversaries, and moreover, they settled upon the country in such numbers as made any attempt to overthrow them difficult in the extreme. Brian's patience seems to have given way when Mahon, in his sovereign capacity as King of Munster, withdrew from what looked like a hopeless struggle with the Danes, and entered into a solemn treaty with them. The treaty could not bind Brian. He rallied around him a mere handful of the bravest and most desperate chieftains, and fought the hostile Danes wherever and whenever he could, and to such good purpose that he succeeded in restraining their onward advance. Fired by the courageous example of Brian, his brother Mahon and other princes took heart and joined together in a comprehensive bond against the common enemy. Limerick, in which the power of the Munster Danes was massed, was assailed and carried after some hot fighting, and the Irish found themselves masters of many prisoners and a vast quantity of treasure. Still, in spite of this signal victory, such was the power of the Danes, and such the strength of their arms from constant reinforcements, and such the dread of their desperate reputation, that after a while they were permitted to re-enter Limerick as traders, and become masters of the town again.

The reinstated Danes were full of bitter feelings towards Mahon as head of the great enterprise which had for a time struck so heavy a blow at their influence, and they determined on revenge. A conspiracy was formed between Ivar, head of the Danes of Limerick, and a renegade Irish prince, Molloy, son of Bran, Lord of Desmond, who had long been a jealous rival of Mahon, whom Mahon had expelled from Desmond, and who was thirsting for revenge. Between the pair a scheme was laid for the assassination of Mahon, which was carried out under conditions of peculiar and revolting perfidy. Molloy summoned Mahon to an amicable conference, at which the claims of the two rival princes might be discussed and settled. The meeting was to be held at the house of Donovan, a Eugenian prince. Mahon went to the meeting without any suspicion of the meditated treason; he was immediately seized, made prisoner, hurried to the mountains, and slain. The manner of his death was particularly horrible, for it is told that when the murderers drew their weapons the betrayed king caught up a copy of the holy gospels and placed the open volumes as a shield against his breast. But neither the sacred book, nor the presence of two priests, who had courageously followed the doomed king, stayed the murderous hands. The assassins closed round the king, a ring of levelled points, and plunged their weapons again and again through the book into his body. Mahon fell to the ground dead; the priests caught up the sacred volume, its pages torn with treason's swords and blackened with Dalcassia's noblest blood, and hurried from the scene of slaughter to bear the news of the murder far and wide. Whether even such assassins were unwilling to lay hands upon a holy man, or whether they wished the news of Ivar's vengeance and Molloy's treason to be bruited abroad as soon as might be, they seem in no wise to have interfered with the departure of the priests. Perhaps the

murderers deemed that in slaying Mahon they had sapped the strength of Munster. But they reckoned without the young chieftain who had been foremost in the late war, and whose courage and genius made him a far more dangerous enemy to the Danish strength than the monarch who had been so foully done to death in the Knocinreorin Mountains.

News of his brother's death was brought to Brian at Kinkora. Every historian has recorded the passion of grief and rage which seized upon the young prince; every historian has told how, like a leader in Israel or a Hellenic hero, he immediately seized his harp and sang the death-song of his brother and king; every historian has quoted the mighty words in which he pledged himself to vengeance:

> "My heart shall burst within my breast
> Unless I avenge this great king;
> They shall forfeit life for this foul deed,
> Or I must perish by a violent death."

Bravely and resolutely Brian fulfilled his vow. Rousing all his following, he flung himself first upon his Danish foes under Ivar of Limerick, and routed them completely. Ivar, the chief of the traitors, with his two sons, was slain. Then he turned the edge of his sword against the false Eugenian Donovan. Donovan raised a mighty power of his own people and of Desmond Danes, but they could make no head against Brian; they were scattered like chaff, and Donovan himself was slain. One alone now remained of Mahon's murderers, Molloy, son of Bran. Brian sent him a summons to fight, which Molloy answered by taking the field with a swollen armament. But these, too, like the others, were dispersed and scattered by Brian's army, and Molloy himself was slain in the thick of the fight by Murrough, Brian's valiant and high-spirited son. Such was the swift fate that overtook the slayer of Mahon.

While this blood-feud was being consummated Brian's dominions were invaded by Malachy Mor, the famous Malachy of the Collar of Gold. The precise cause of the quarrel between these two illustrious princes seems now to be somewhat uncertain, but it must have been fierce, indeed, when it moved so gallant a warrior as Malachy to the ungenerous action of cutting down the sacred tree at Adair, under which Brian himself, and the long line of his Dalcassian ancestors, had been crowned. As soon as Brian had his brother's vendetta off his hands he turned the strength of his arm against Malachy, by ravaging Westmeath. For some time the quarrel between Brian and Malachy raged with intermittent fury, victory sometimes inclining to one prince and sometimes to another. At last, however, a common peril and a common enemy united those hostile monarchs. The Danes, their decimated ranks stiffened by reinforcements from the far North, were again pursuing their old policy of aggression against the native Irish. Brian and Malachy clasped hands in amity, concluded a truce which proved to be a lasting one, joined their forces, beat back the desperate Danes, and entered Dublin. With this crushing defeat of the foreign foe came the hour of Brian's triumph. He claimed the kingship of Ireland, and called upon Malachy Mor to acknowledge him, a course which Malachy, after a little faltering and some unsuccessful attempts to stir up certain Irish princes to mutiny, finally adopted.

Why was Brian called Brian of the Tribute? The story is curious. O'Curry tells it at considerable length, and from O'Curry it may be briefly summarized thus: In the first century there appears to have been a very fierce land agitation. The Aitheach Tuatha, who appear to have occupied something of the position of the tenant farmers of our time, and to have been no less oppressed, issued a sort

of No Rent Manifesto, which they enforced by rising in swift and successful rebellion. The power of the landlord was overthrown, and the Attacots, as the Aitheach Tuatha have come to be correctly called, set up a ruler of their own, King Cat-Head. Cat-Head's successor was defeated and slain by a prince of the legitimate line some quarter of a century after the revolution. This prince, Tuathal Teachtmar, had two fair daughters whom he loved passing well. One of them was wedded to Eachaidh Aincheann, Lord of Leinster. This false prince, hearing that the second sister was fairer than the first, shut his wife into close confinement, pretended that she was dead, and obtained from Tuathal the hand of his second daughter. The first wife escaped from her prison, confronted her false husband and deceived bride. The new queen died immediately of shame and horror at her situation, and her sister followed her to the grave soon after. When Tuathal heard of the insult to his children and of their fate, he carried fire and sword into Leinster, ravaged the province from north to south, and imposed upon its people forever the payment of a triennial tribute, which, as it consisted largely of cows, was called the "Boromean" tribute, from the Gaedhlic word "Bo," meaning a cow. For five centuries this tribute was the cause of fierce and bloody wars until, in the year 680, it was abolished by Finnachta the Festive. Brian revived it as a punishment for the adherence of Leinster to the Danish cause, and hence his surname of Boroimhe.

Brian's reign as King of Ireland was brilliant and prosperous. Commerce, arts, education all flourished, and the wealth and peace of the country became proverbial. But the old hatred of the Danes, long smoldering, blazed at last into determined insurrection. Aided by treason among the Irish chiefs and princes, a formidable army was levied against the aged king. But age had not cooled the fiery

courage of Brian's nature. He raised all his power and met his foes at Clontarf on Good Friday, the 23d of April, 1014. The fortunes of that fight are a familiar story. The Danes were defeated, but victory was scarcely less terrible to victors than to vanquished, for in the very ebb of the battle a Danish chief struck down and slew the greatest prince who ever ruled over Ireland, one of the greatest monarchs whose name is recorded in the history of the world.

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

In the finest and most famous of the speeches of Thomas Francis Meagher, the orator appeals to "the ducal palace in this kingdom where the memory of the gallant and seditious Geraldine enhances more than royal favor the splendor of his race." There is not in the whole history of oratory a finer passage than that from which those words are taken. Demosthenes from his rock-stand beholding "unstable Athens heave her stormy seas" beneath him; Cicero defying the menaces of armed men within the sacred precincts of the Senate House; Vergniaud, lending to the passions of the French Revolution a lustre it was destined soon to lose, never uttered a more powerful appeal to the traditions and the emotions of a people than that in which the enthusiast of Young Ireland conjured his hearers and all the world to cast aside the "miserable maxim" of his adversaries. If it were permissible to suggest any possible improvement in such a rush of magnificent and immortal language—and I, for one, am so intense an admirer of Meagher's speeches that to hint at any alteration of them is scarcely less bold than a Mussulman proposition to amend the Koran—it might be suggested that there is a spot more intimately connected with the "gallant and seditious Geraldine," and more appropriate even than the ducal palace of his race, to point such an appeal to his countrymen That spot is the small room in Thomas street where Lord Edward fought so desperately against arrest; and where with his capture and subsequent death the last hopes of the United Irishmen were extinguished. A tradition common to many

countries is fond of declaring that in places where a great murder has been committed the blood of the victim has stained forever the floor with an ineradicable mark. Thus, in Holyrood the traveller who has come to the foot of Arthur's Seat is shown by his cicerone the darkened corner which is said to have borne ineffacable testimony of blood ever since the angry daggers of the Scottish gentlemen met in the body of the Italian favorite. Over in Hanover, in the ancient palace of the Guelphs, there is a blood-stained spot in the Hall of the Knights where Count Königsmarck met his death, at the hands, some say, of the dissolute Elector who afterwards became King of England under the title of George the First. The tradition which lingers around the scenes where the feeble Italian music-maker and the sinful Swedish adventurer were slaughtered has not been repeated for the gallant and seditious Geraldine. No trace of his brave blood stains the walls where he made his last stand, and where the short struggle raged so fiercely that all the narrow place was splashed with his life current. But in the mind's eye of the pilgrim to that shrine those sordid walls are still reddened and sanctified by the bravest blood that ever yet was offered up in the cause of national liberty.

My thoughts have been specially turned in the direction of that room and of Lord Edward Fitzgerald this week by a letter which has just come into my possession, and which has a special bearing upon his story, and most of all upon the closing scene of it. The letter, which comes from New South Wales, was written in the December of last year by a grandson of the soldier named Ryan who was chiefly instrumental in effecting the capture of Lord Edward, and who died of the wounds he received in the struggle with the Geraldine. Yeomanry Captain Ryan's grandson objects very strongly to the description given of the scene in which Mr. Froude's "English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Cen-

tury," wherein he represents Major Swan as "being wounded through and through, and clinging to Lord Edward." The Mr. Ryan of to-day appeals against this to the statement of his father, yeomanry Captain Ryan's son, as given in the memoirs and correspondence of Viscount Castlereagh, edited by Lord Londonderry, and to the account given in Haverty's History to maintain his case, that to Captain Ryan, and to Captain Ryan alone, is it due that the arrest of Lord Edward Fitzgerald was effected. As Mr. Ryan is exceedingly anxious to have the actual facts of the tragedy of Thomas street made known, and as it is the historian's duty to seek for accuracy even in the minutest details, I cannot do better than set forth and give publicity to those portions of Mr. Ryan's case upon which he most strongly relies:

"Unwillingness," says Mr. Ryan, "to offend the susceptibilities of Swan's survivors doubtless caused my father to content himself with simply repudiating any important part being taken by Swan on that occasion without emphatically stating that he had left the room; but when I find subsequent historians of Mr. Froude's literary rank and reputation giving such a false representation of Swan's services (or rather non-services) in the affair, I cannot but feel sorely aggrieved and indignant, and will not hesitate to strive to have the truth manifested. I consider Sirr's letter to my father in '38 (published in my father's statement), so far as it relates to Swan, both evasive and hypocritical. My father had asked him whether he had sanctioned the accounts published in the *Times* of that day, wherein Swan's share in the transaction was grossly exaggerated, I think. Yet he declines to meet that simple question in a straightforward and manly way, and because he was not present at the scene of that struggle, forsooth, '*he knew nothing about it*,' as if any one can for a moment believe that those two

men, Sirr and Swan, who were on most intimate terms, officially and privately, had not often discussed between themselves that most eventful occurrence with all its sad and thrilling attendant circumstances. His silence, therefore, about Swan's affording any help in the actual conflict, in my mind, recoils on his friend's reputation with most injurious effect—as either, if present, he held aloof from practical assistance, which Sirr would be ashamed to admit; or if, as I believe, he had early left the room, and was therefore not present to render help, so he (Swan) could give no account of it. Thus, Sirr evades answering the question altogether, as in either case it could only reflect disastrously on Swan's character. . . . I was always told by my father that Swan on being wounded left the room, when his father immediately entered, and effectually prevented Lord Edward's escape by the staircase communicating with the roof of the house, and that his father had to deal with Lord Edward single-handed. This information he derived from his mother, a lady member of the Bishop family—one of the best families in the county Cork in those days—and she had received it from her dying husband."

Mr. Murphy's account of the arrest goes to confirm Mr. Ryan's case.

"On the night of Friday, the 18th May, 1798, Lord Edward came to my house (153 Thomas street) at about seven o'clock. On Saturday, the 19th May, I went to Lord Edward's sleeping room, and found he was in bed. I was not in the room three minutes when in came Major Swan and a person following him, in a soldier's jacket and a sword in his hand. When I saw Major Swan I was thunderstruck. He looked over me and saw Lord Edward in bed. He pushed by me quickly, and Lord Edward seeing him, sprang up instantly, like a tiger, and drew a dagger, which he carried about him, and wounded Major Swan slightly.

Major Swan had a pistol in his waistcoat pocket, which he fired without effect. He immediately turned to me and gave me a severe thrust of the pistol, under the eye, at the same time desiring the person who came with him to take me into custody. I was immediately taken away to the yard; there I saw Major Sirr and about six soldiers of the Dumbarton Fencibles. Major Swan had thought proper to run as fast as he could to the street. Mr. Ryan supplied Major Swan's place, he came in contact with Lord Edward, and was wounded seriously. Major Sirr at that time came upstairs, and, keeping at a respectful distance, fired a pistol at Lord Edward in a very deliberate manner, and wounded him in the shoulder. Reinforcements coming in, Lord Edward surrendered, after a very hard struggle. Ryan lived for about a fortnight after. Lord Edward died of his wounds on the 4th June, 1798."

I have dealt at so much length with Mr. Ryan's case because, as I said, accuracy even in the small details of a great event is of importance alike to the historian and to the student of history. The latter are greatly indebted to Mr. Fitzpatrick for having with great pains ascertained definitely that the betrayer of Lord Edward Fitzgerald's hiding-place to the Government was Higgins, the "Sham Squire." In the same way, and to give completeness to every point of the great tragedy of Ninety-eight, a certain interest does attach to the name of the individual who was instrumental in effecting the capture of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Yeomanry Captain Ryan seems to have performed an office which certainly cannot endear his memory to Irishmen with a courage in which the two chief instruments of the raid were lacking, and he sacrificed his life in the discharge of his task. The establishment of Yeomanry Captain Ryan's right to recognition as the chief actor in the tragedy has at least the effect of adding a slightly darker stain to

the memories of Sirr and Swan. I must, at the same time confess that I fail to appreciate the desire of any man to be associated with the arrest of Lord Edward Fitzgerald; but it is the part of the chronicler to accept facts and to be glad of accuracy, even in matters of comparative insignificance.

The whole range of Irish historical literature can hardly afford a more delightful or a more melancholy volume than Thomas Moore's Memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Written on that principle which governs all the best biographies, it tells its story largely in the words of its own hero, and where these most inevitably are wanting it calls in the aid of contemporaries to fill the void. Thus the book has in a great measure all the indefinable charm which must belong to autobiography, and where this is missing we get from the letters and writings of those who were themselves actors in or spectators of the age that realistic impression which is the highest quality of history. In Moore's fascinating pages the wild, checkered, heroic life loses nothing by being recorded by a poet's pen. From the first page to the last the fortunes of the greatest of the Fitzgeralds are followed with the appreciative sympathy of a man of genius for a man of genius. The eager boy fed his spirit with all the details of the military art, and he writes joyously to the mother who was so long the dearest confidante of all his thoughts, hopes, and ambitions about "a very pretty survey of the fields round the Garonne" which he has made. "I have tired you now pretty well by my boastings," he adds, simply, "but you know I have always rather a good opinion of whatever I do." While still very young he joined the army and entered upon the career of adventure which was destined to end so tragically while still in the flower of his age.

His life for some years ran much on those two themes of war and love, which are popularly supposed to be the chief

emotions of a soldier's mind. All sorts of fair women flit across the pages of his letters to his mother. Shadowy presences to us, dim ghosts of those last century beauties who fired the warm heart and chivalrous soul of the young Geraldine! Miss Sandford, "the charming girl, very pretty, with a great deal of wit, and very sensible and good-humored," appears early in his correspondence. "If I had had time," he declares, "I should have fallen desperately in love with her." Then came the American War and his own brave deeds. Some years later he is convinced that he is devoted to the lady Catharine Mead, Lord Clanwilliam's daughter, who afterwards marries Lord Powerscourt; and of the fair Kate he writes very sweetly and sadly to the invariable recipient of all his confidences and all his joys and sorrows, his mother. "Pretty dear Kate" is, however, gradually obliterated from his memory by another passion which influenced him profoundly, but in which he was doomed to disappointment. He sought absence and forgetfulness in America, where he became a member of the Bear tribe of Indians, through the good graces of the Chief of the Six Nations. But it took him long enough to be cured of this heart's sorrow. The tragic story which Madame de Genlis tells of the unhappy admiration which Lord Edward's youth and wit, courage and manly bearing, aroused in the beautiful wife of Richard Brinsley Sheridan would happily appear to be without foundation. That he was a friend and sincere admirer of Mrs. Sheridan was natural, and the close resemblance which the woman he finally married, the fair Pamela, bore to Mrs. Sheridan was the chief cause, no doubt, of the legend. It was in Paris that Lord Edward first met Pamela, in Moore's words, "the adopted, or, as may now be said without scruple, actual daughter of Madame de Genlis by the Duke of Orleans." Paris was full of excitement to Lord Edward. The revolu-

tionary fever was at its height, and carried away by it, Lord Edward solemnly renounced his title at a Republican banquet, and insisted upon being addressed as citizen Edward Fitzgerald. This and his marriage to a daughter of Philippe Egalite roused English anger, and Lord Edward was removed from the roll of the British army. Then came his life in Dublin, his impassioned championship of his oppressed country, his adhesion to the United Irishmen, his plans for a revolution, which but for the machinations of traitors, promised every chance of success, and, finally, the fight in Thomas street, the death in prison, and the grave in St. Werburgh's churchyard. Another Irishman, no less gallant, no less devoted to the cause for which he, too, was destined to be no less a martyr, Theobald Wolfe Tone, wrote: "I knew Fitzgerald very little, but I honor and venerate his character, which he has uniformly sustained and in this last instance illustrated. His career is finished gloriously for himself, and, whatever be the event, his memory will live forever in the heart of every honest Irishman."

THE EARLS.

On a September midnight in the early years of the seventeenth century a small ship bore away from the coast of Ireland, having on board a little company of men and women. Through the darkness those on board strained their eyes wistfully to catch the last glimpses of the receding shore which was so dear to them, and which they were destined never to behold again. The weather was wild and stormy, as if the very elements were entering their fierce protest against the fate that compelled the bearers of best and bravest names in Ireland to seek for safety and for shelter on a strange soil among foreign faces far from their own roof-trees and their own hearth-stones.

"It is certain," say the Four Masters, "that the sea never carried and the winds never wafted from the Irish shores individuals more illustrious or noble in genealogy, or more renowned for deeds of valor, prowess, and high achievements. The words of the Four Masters might even have been bolder. Seas never bore and winds never wafted from any shores men of nobler name, of braver hearts, or of more melancholy fortunes than the two chieftains who stood upon the deck of that little vessel and watched through the driving spray the fading outlines of their fatherland, while the raging wind shrieked in their ears a boding farewell.

The two chieftains were Hugh O'Neill, Lord of Tyrone, and Rory O'Donnell, Lord of Tyrconnell. Hugh O'Neill, the elder of the two by more than a generation, was one of the most remarkable Irishmen of his time, or of any time.

He came of an ancient and illustrious house. When Henry the Eighth was carrying fire and sword into Ireland, when he was working hard to destroy with one hand the power of the Irish princes, and with the other the power of the Irish Church, he found among the number of his foes a certain noble upon whom Henry had been pleased to spend some former favor, Con O'Neill, nicknamed the Lame. Con the Lame flung himself into the desperate revolt of the famous Fitzgerald, Silken Thomas. Everyone knows how the forces of the Fitzgeralds were shattered by the English artillery, which was then, for the first time, employed in Irish warfare against them, and how Silken Thomas and his five uncles surrendered, were taken to London, and hanged at Tyburn. Con O'Neill held out for a while; then he "came over" most lamentably and shamefully. He apostatized from his faith, made his way to England and presented himself before Henry VIII. as a supple and servile vassal. Henry endued him with the title of Earl of Tyrone, in return for which high honor and dignity Con the Lame renounced his ancestral name of O'Neill, pledged himself and his heirs to adopt English dress and English language, to loyally serve, honor, and obey the English King. "And for his reward," says Henry VIII., in a document quoted by Mr. Webb, in his admirable "Compendium of Irish Biography," "we gave unto him a chayne of three score pounds and odde; we payd for his robes and the charges of his creation three score and fyve poundes tenne shillings two pens, and we gave him in redy money oon hundreth poundes sterling."

For this base price. Judas O'Neill sold his honor and the honor of his house. Repentance, however, seems to have come upon him too late. He died disgraced, degraded and broken-hearted, leaving, it is said, his solemn curse upon any of his descendants who should ever learn to speak the English tongue. His grandson, the Hugh O'Neill who was

now flying for his life from Ireland, had been brought up at the English Court and confirmed in the Lordship of Tyrone by the English Government. Even in the brilliant Court of Elizabeth, crowded as it was with statesmen, with philosophers, and with poets, with men who, like the Danish prince, were "soldier, scholar, courtier, eye, tongue, sword," the young Irish chieftain was eminently distinguished for his rare gifts of mind and body. He was one of the most remarkable figures of all the brilliant assembly who thronged the halls and gardens of Kenilworth when Leicester entertained with almost Oriental splendor his imperious mistress. After a time O'Neill was allowed to return to his own country and to the earldom of his grandfather. Sapient English statesmanship argued with itself comfortably that a young Irish nobleman who had had the rare good fortune to pass his youth beneath the enchanted influence of the Court of Elizabeth must be forever confirmed in his allegiance to the Crown of England, and must prove a potent engine of the English propaganda on his return to his own land. Sapient English statesmanship was however, woefully mistaken. When the young O'Neill found himself free from that atmosphere of Elizabeth's court, and treading the soil of his fathers, he proved that he had been by no means Anglified. It was not very long before he assumed his ancestral title of The O'Neill, the proud title which Con the Lame had so basely surrendered, and revived all the customs of ancient Irish chieftains. Here was at once a severe blow to the bland English belief that a process of early transplantation could convert the heir to an ancient Irish house into the courtier creature of his foreign masters.

But though Hugh O'Neill was ready to display his affection for his own land and his own people, he did not for long enough take any part in plots or movements against the supremacy of the English crown. Indeed he was so long

tranquil that English statesmanship, recovering from its first shock, might well reassure itself with the solacing thought that though the Lord of Tyrone might amuse himself and flatter the pride of his following by certain concessions to Irish custom, still his heart was in the right place, and beat with proper loyalty to the country which had procured him the privilege of breathing the same air as Burleigh and Bacon, as Raleigh and Sidney and Spenser. Indeed Hugh O'Neill was ready enough in his assurances of loyalty, and even in avowed predilection for the English manners, customs, and language, so that for a time he seemed as good a "Queen's man" as heart could wish.

Many things, however, the ties of friendship and the ties of love, combined to drive him into rebellion. The fierce-tempered Lord Deputy Sir John Perrott, had most treacherously captured Hugh Roe, or Red Hugh O'Donnell, son of Hugh O'Donnell of Tyrconnell, and had kept him a prisoner in Dublin as a hostage for his father's good behavior. This act of treachery, while it made Red Hugh O'Donnell a bitter and dangerous enemy to the Crown, deeply angered Hugh O'Neill, who was Hugh O'Donnell's kinsman. When at length Red Hugh succeeded in escaping from his bondage, burning with a sense of his wrongs and a desire for revenge, he found shelter with Hugh O'Neill, and brought all his influence to bear upon the Lord of Tyrone to draw him into confederation against the Government. Another and a more romantic cause had great influence in urging Tyrone into revolt. After the death of his wife, Hugh O'Neill had fallen deeply in love with the beautiful sister of Sir Henry Bagnal, the Lord Marshal, and the lady had returned his love. In defiance of the fierce opposition of her brother she eloped with the Irish chief, and made Bagnal, who never looked with any good-will upon O'Neill, his remorseless enemy.

From this point the story of Hugh O'Neill's career runs with a rush to the water's edge where that ship is waiting to bear him to long years of exile. I will give it, in its most condensed form, in my own words:

"Bagnal used all his influence to discredit Tyrone in the eyes of the English Government, and he succeeded. Urged by Red Hugh and the rebellious chiefs on one side, and by the enmity of Bagnal and the growing distrust of the English Government on the other, Tyrone in the end consented to give the powerful support of his name and his arms to a skillfully planned confederation of the tribes. On all sides the Irish chiefs entered into the insurrection. O'Neill was certainly the most formidable Irish leader the English had yet encountered. He was a brilliant general and a skilled politician, and even Mr. Froude admits that 'his career is unstained with personal crimes.' He defeated an English army under Bagnal at the Blackwater, after a fierce battle, inflamed by more than mere national animosity. Each leader was animated by a bitter hatred of his opponent, which lends something of an Homeric character to the struggle by the Blackwater. But Tyrone was fortunate in war as in love. Bagnal's forces were completely defeated, and Bagnal himself killed. Fortune seemed to smile on Tyrone's arms. Victory followed victory. In a little while all Ireland, with the exception of Dublin and a few garrison towns, was in the hands of the rebels. Essex, and the largest army ever sent to Ireland, crossed the Channel to cope with him; but Essex made no serious move, and after an interview with Tyrone, in which he promised more than he could perform, he returned to England to his death. His place was taken by Lord Mountjoy, who, for all his love of angling and of Elizabethian 'play books,' was a stronger man. Tyrone met him, was defeated. From that hour the rebellion was over. A Spanish army that had come to aid

the rebels hurriedly re-embarked; many of the chiefs began to surrender; wild Red Hugh O'Donnell, flying to Spain to rouse allies, was poisoned and died."

Tyrone had to come to terms. He and Rory O'Donnell, Red Hugh's brother, alike surrendered, alike made a melancholy and humiliating submission, and were alike received into nominal favor by the English Sovereign, James the First, who had just succeeded to the vacant throne of Elizabeth. Both O'Neill and O'Donnell had to make formal surrender of all their estates, and in return they received free pardons, the re-grant of their lands under bitter and onerous conditions, and new confirmation in their titles of Tyrone and Tyrconnell. Tyrone visited England and met his new master, King James. He stayed at Wanstead as Mountjoy's guest, where four-and-twenty years before he had made one of the splendid company assembled at the bidding of Leicester to welcome Elizabeth. Then he returned to Ireland, but not to peace. James was and his deputies were savagely intolerant of the Catholics. The King had promised the Irish Catholics on his accession the privilege of exercising their religion in private; but he soon revoked his promise, and the state of the Irish Catholics was worse than before. "Tyrconnell himself was called upon to conform to the English faith. Lest these and kindred exasperations might arouse once more the dangerous wrath of the chiefs, Chichester enforced a rigorous disarmament of the Kernes. It is hardly to be wondered at if the reforming spirit of James did not greatly commend itself to two such national leaders as Tyrone and Tyrconnell; it would not be very surprising if they had thoughts of striving against it. Whether they had such thoughts or not, they were accused of entertaining them. They were seen to be dangerous enemies of the King's policy, whom it would be convenient to have out of the way, and they were

proclaimed as traitors. They seemed to have been convinced of the impossibility of resistance just then; they saw that it was death to remain, and they fled into exile. Tyrone and his wife, Tyrconnel with his sister and friends and followers, ninety-nine in all, set sail in one small boat on the 14th September, 1607, and tossed for twenty-one days upon the raging waves of the sea. We hear of O'Neill trailing his golden crucifix at the vessel's wake to bring about a calm; of two storm-worn merlins who took shelter in the rigging and were kindly cared for by the Irish ladies. On the 4th of October they landed at Quillebœuf, on the coast of France, and made their way to Rouen, receiving kind treatment at all hands. James demanded their surrender, but Henri Quatre refused to comply, though he advised the exiles to go into Flanders. Into Flanders they went, their ladies giving the Marshal of Normandy those two storm-worn merlins they had cherished as a token of their gratitude for his kindness. From Flanders, in time, they made their way to Rome."

There, in the shadow of the Sacred City the chieftains of Tyrone and Tyrconnell breathed their last. Tyrconnell was the first to fall. Within a few weeks of the entry of the exiles into the Eternal City he sickened and died, and was buried in the Church of San Pietro di Montorio, where the Janiculum surveys the city and the river and the distant Alban Hills. His brother, Caffar, soon followed him, and was laid beside him. One by one the little band of exiles was thinned out by death until at last the great O'Neill was left almost alone. "He found," the Rev. Father Meehan tells us in the volume which is one of the richest contributions to modern Irish history, "The Fate and Fortunes of the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell," "some alleviation of his sorrows, chiefly in the assiduous practices of religion, and partly in visiting every object of interest, Christian and

Pagan, within the walls of the Eternal City." We have a melancholy picture of the exiled chief wandering about in Rome, sorrowing for his sons, vainly appealing to be allowed to return to Ireland, and wishing hopelessly to be back in his own land, and able to strike one more good blow for her. Later on he became blind, and, at last, after eight years of desolate exile, he died on the 20th of July, 1616, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. He was buried by the side of his companion, Tyrconnell, in the Church of San Pietro di Montorio. The dust of the Earls lends a new dignity to the hallowed spot which religion and art unite to endow with an especial sanctity. Close at hand tradition marks the spot where Peter met his martyrdom, Raphael had painted his transfiguration for the grand altar of the church, Sebastiano Del Piombo had colored its walls with the scourging of the Redeemer. Travellers come to-day from all parts of the world to make a pilgrimage to the church wherein the honored ashes of the Earls are enshrined.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Trayfllers delight in wandering over the surface of the world in search of ruins and the sentiments which the sight of ruins give rise to. In the words in which Schiller's soldier of fortune describes the followers of Wallenstein, "they are, like the wind's blast, ever-resting homeless," and they "storm across the war-convulsed earth" in perpetual pursuit of decay, and all the phantom dreams decay can generate. They will stand spell-bound on the plain of Argos and watch the eagle wheel his fierce flight through the keen air which once gleamed with the leaping flames that bounded from hill to hill, and shore to shore, to awaken an answering flame in the eyes of Clytemnestra. They will sigh by the stunted columns of earliest Doric mould, which are all that remain of the glories of Corinth, and will envy even plundering, blundering Mummius the sight which the queenly city presented to his scornful, conquering, Roman eyes. They will stand entranced at moonlight in the long Hall of the Kings at Karnak, and heedless of the hushed lapse of the sacred river or the cry of the jackals in the plain beyond the mouldering walls, or the Anglo-Arabic chatter of the donkey boys, will piece together those ruined monuments, and people the regenerated aisles with the stupendous shadows of mummied Egypt. They will feed their fantastic thoughts with fallen columns and shattered obelisks and crumbling arches and the wind swept solitude of deserted halls, and summon in those gaunt spaces more spirits from the vasty deep than ever Glendower boasted to have at his command, and, more fortunate

than Glendower, will find the thin shades obedient. And yet there are times and places when they will experience a greater sense of solitude, a more awful consciousness of the loneliness of life, of swift destruction and of inevitable change in some thronged, populous place, some buildings which the restless, restoring hands of man have never suffered to fall into decay, where men's voices never cease to echo, and the hurrying footsteps of man never die away into silence.

Such a spot—more melancholy in its brisk variety, more ghost-haunted in all its crowded bee-hive activity of life than Corinth or Karnak, is the agglomerations of halls and houses, cloisters and courts and libraries which is known to all the world as the Temple by the Thames. A great poet has sought to paint the sense of solitude thus:

> "The palace that to Heaven his pillars threw,
> And kings his forehead on his threshold drew;
> I saw the solitary ringdove there,
> And 'Coo, coo, coo,' she cried, and 'Coo, coo, coo.'"

But the plaint of the loneliest bird in the loneliest place has not a more pathetic music than the ebbing, flowing, never silent sea of human noise which surges all day and every day through the walks and ways of the Temple. There are fewer ghosts in the hollows of the Alban Hills than within its humming, jostling liberties. Of all the ghosts that go so thickly through the Temple, flitting silently side by side with the restless, breathing, busy generation now quick within its walls, one phantom is most familiar and most famous—the phantom of a kindly, impulsive presence; of a noble nature, shining star-like through sordid surroundings and the squalidest trials and tribulations; of one on whom the curse of Swift had fallen, in that he was a man of genius and an Irishman—the genial, gentle, glorious ghost of Oliver Goldsmith.

"Dr. Goldsmith," said his most famous friend of the man who was then lying in the Temple earth, "Dr. Goldsmith was wild, sir, but he is so no more." This epitaph has been quoted a thousand times, but it must in no sense be taken as a summing up of the dead man's career. It was a just rebuke rightly and wisely addressed to the critic who at such a moment could find heart or inclination to say that Oliver Goldsmith had been wild. Dr. Johnson, who uttered the rebuke, put the same thought even more profoundly in a letter addressed to Bennet Langton shortly after Goldsmith's death. In this letter he announces Goldsmith's death, mentions his "folly of expense," and concludes by saying, "but let not his frailties be remembered; he was a very great man." The words are more impressive than the labored magniloquence of the Greek epitaph which Johnson wrote on Goldsmith.

The writings of Oliver Goldsmith are distinguished in the literature of the English language, and, indeed, in the literature of the world, by their sweet, pure humor, fresh and clear and sparkling as a fountain whose grassy edges the satyr's hoofs have never trampled, by their tender humanity and gentle charity, by the nobility of their lesson—a nobility only heightened by the intense vital sympathy with the struggles and sorrows and errors of mankind. A new St. Martin of Letters, he is ever ready to share his mantle of pity with the sad and the sinning. He had himself suffered so much, and been so tempted and tested, and had retained through all his trials so much of the serenity of a child, that all his writings breathe compassion for frailty and failure, and something of a schoolboy sense of brotherhood which sweetens even his satire. The flames of London's fiery furnace had blazed and raged about him, but he passed through them unconsumed; their scorching breath never seared his soul, their fierce heat had no power to dry his

heart or brain. The age in which he lived was not an age of exalted purity; the city wherein he abode was scarcely saintly. He dwelt in some of the most evil days of the eighteenth century, but his writings and his life escaped pollution. Through all the weltering horror of Hogarth's London we seem to see him walk with something of the sylvan freshness of his boyhood still shining on his face; the reflection of the Irish skies is too bright upon his eyes to let them be dimmed by the squalor and shame of a squalid and shameful city.

With the true instinct of his fine nature he made his friends amongst the best and noblest of his time; his intimates and companions were, first and foremost, his great countryman, Edmund Burke, and the rough, true-hearted moralist, physically and mentally gigantic, Dr. Johnson and he "on whose burning tongue truth, peace and freedom hung," and the high-minded painter who has preserved for us all that glittering restless world of lovely women and brilliant men, and in the back-ground the opiniated, clever, hypocondriac, venerating little Laird of Aughinleck taking his notes on his great man's aphorisms, and smiling to himself when Dr. Goldsmith, in one of his transient flashes of peevishness, protests against being addressed as "Goldy," even by the ingenious author of "Rasselas," the esteemed Dr. Johnson. He had women friends, too, as wisely chosen as the men, women who were kind to him and admired him, women whose kindness and admiration were worth the winning, women whose friendship brightened and soothed a life that was darkened and vexed enough. Mary Horneck and her sister were the stars of his life—his heroines, his idols, his ideals. Sweet Mary Horneck he has made immortal as the "Jessamy Bride." In the dark hours of his poverty he was cheered by the thought of her, while he lived he worshipped her, and when he died a lock of his hair was

taken from his coffin and given to her. Thackeray tells a touching little story of the Jessamy Bride. She lived long after the death of the man of genius who adored her, lived well into the Nineteenth Century; and "Hazlett saw her an old lady, but beautiful still, in Northcote's painting room, who told the eager critic how proud she always was that Goldsmith had admired her." Well she might be. No poet ever conferred a serener immortality upon the mistress of his songs than Goldsmith gave to the Jessamy Bride; no woman had the happiness to be loved by a sweeter, or a simpler child of genius.

Goldsmith was a companionable being, and loved all company that was not vicious and depraved. He could be happy at the Club in the society of the great thinkers and teachers and wits of the time; he could be more than happy at Barton in the enchanted presence of the fair Mary and her sister; but he could be happy, too, in far humbler fellowship. "I am fond of amusement," he declares, in one of his most delightful essays, "in whatever company it is to be found; and wit, though dressed in rags, is ever pleasing to me." There was plenty of wit dressed in rags drifting about the London of that day. Men of genius slept on bulkheads and beneath arches, and starved for want of a guinea, or haunted low taverns, or paced St. James's square all night in impecunious couples for sheer want of lodging, cheering each other's supperless mood with political conversation and declarations that let come what might come they would never desert the ministry. But Goldsmith unearthed men of genius whose names nobody ever heard of, and made merry with them, and studied them, and transferred them to his pages for us to make merry withal more than a century after Goldsmith has fallen asleep. We must suspect that Goldsmith never really found those wonderful beggars he chronicles. He is not their discoverer as Colum-

bus discovered America; he is their inventor as the fancy of poets invented the Fortunate Islands. Goldsmith's *Strolling Player* is as real as Richard Savage, with whom he was contemporary, and it must be admitted that he is a more presentable personage. What a jolly philosophy is his about delights of beggary. It has all the humor of Rabelais, with no smack of the Touraine grossness; all the wisdom of the Antonine, only clad in homespun—and somewhat tattered homespun, too—instead of the imperial purple. "Oh, the delights of poverty and a good appetite! We beggars are the very fondlings of nature; the rich she treats like an arrant stepmother they are pleased with nothing; cut a steak from what part you will, and it is unsupportably tough; dress it up with pickles, and even pickles cannot procure them an appetite. But the whole creation is full of good things for the beggar; Calvert's butt out-tastes champagne, and Sedgeley's home-brewed excels Tokay. Joy, joy, my blood! Though our estates lie nowhere, we have fortunes wherever we go! If an inundation sweeps away half the grounds of Cornwall I am content—I have no lands there; If the stocks sink, that gives me no uneasiness—I am no Jew." Was ever the philosophy of contentment more merrily or more whimsically expressed? A whole synod of sages could not formulate a scheme in praise of poverty that should be half so impressive as the contagious humor of this light-hearted merriment. The strolling player has the best of the argument, but he has it because he is speaking with the persuasive magic of the tongue of Oliver Goldsmith.

The same pervading cheerfulness, the same sunny philosophy, which is, however, by no means Panglossian, pervades all his work. Beau Tibbs boasting in his garret, Dr. Primrose in Newgate, the Good Natured Man seated between two bailiffs, and trying to converse with his heart's idol as if nothing had happened. Mr. Hardcastle foiled for

the five hundreth time in the tale of "Old Grouse in the Gun-room," are each in their own way excellent examples of Goldsmith's method and Goldsmith's manner. If Goldsmith did not enjoy while he lived all the honor, all the admiration, all the rewards that belonged of right to his genius, the four generations that have succeeded to him have amply made amends for the errors of their ancestors. *She Stoops to Conquer* is still the most successful of stock comedies, and a rising actress seldom misses the chance of appearing in it. "The Good-Natured Man" still keeps the stage, and is a never-failing delight to the student in his closet. What satires are better known than the letters of the "Citizen of the World?" what spot on the map is more familiar than "Sweet Auburn," whose essays are more deserving of study for the easy grace and beauty of the style? As for the "Vicar of Wakefield," what words could be added to its praise that would not be profitless. It has taken possession of the world, it is dear to every country, and known in every language; it has assumed its place by an unquestionable right with the masterpieces of all time, and the hundred best books would be an odd assemblage, indeed, which did not include the deathless story of Dr. Primrose and his sons and daughters.

The memory of Oliver Goldsmith is still green in the place of his birth. In Ballymahon, in the pleasant reading-room of the local library, there stands a bronze statuette, a graceful reproduction in little of the famous figure in College Green, of the great author who was a child of the soil. Like many great men of genius Goldsmith sleeps afar from the scenes of his boyhood. He lies in an English churchyard. The noise and rattle and roar of a great city rave about his grave; of a great city which has grown and swollen and extended its limits, and multiplied its population out of

all resemblance to that lesser London where Goldsmith lived and was loved, and dunned and starved, and sorrowed for. If Goldsmith's ghost could, indeed, as I have fancied, visit again the scenes of his hardly-used manhood he would feel like a stranger in a strange land. Over in the place of his birth, time has moved a gentler measure. Many generations of summers have glided, many generations of winters have softly silvered the same pleasant Longford meadows over which his childish feet wandered, across which his childish eyes gazed at their widest into the cloud-girdled horizon where he saw sights and read secrets which other eyes could neither see nor study. Alike in the feverish metropolis and in the tranquil country his memory is honored. But if his bones sleep in alien earth his true monument, his real resting-place, is in the hearts of his countrymen.

HENRY GRATTAN.

JUST now the thoughts of men when they are at all able to free themselves from the immediate considerations of a great national crisis turn naturally and even inevitably toward the men who are grouped in history around the old Parliament House. Of all that group of soldiers and statesmen, orators and poets, men of the robe and men of the sword, the name which rises most promptly to the mind at this juncture is the name of him who watched over the cradle and followed the hearse of the free Irish Parliament —the name of Henry Grattan.

Mr. Lecky, who in the days before he became the alarmed and illogical mouth-piece of Loyal and Patriotic Unions, promised to prove a sincere, if not a sympathetic, student of Irish history, tells in his essay upon Grattan an affecting anecdote. After the death of Swift a paper was found in his desk containing a list of the Dean's friends, a list which Swift, with the melancholy irony of his nature, had classified as grateful, ungrateful and indifferent. It is gratifying, though it is not surprising, to learn that the name of Henry Grattan occurs three times, and each occasion it is marked as grateful. The verdict of history and the sentiments of his country endorse the judgments of the Dean of St. Patrick's. There is no man whose name is more truly "grateful" to the Irish people, and if we cared to pursue the fanciful parallel further we might even assume that there are three special episodes in Grattan's life, corresponding with the three entries in the list of Swift, which especially endear him to his nation—his connection with the volun-

teers, his advocacy of the claims of his disabled fellow-citizens, and his heroic battle against the act of Union.

Henry Grattan was born in Dublin, on the 3d of July, 1746. His father, who was Recorder of Dublin and member of the Irish Parliament, was a fierce-tempered, narrow-minded man, of a temperament always ready to entertain violent animosities, and to adhere stubbornly to them. Such an animosity he displayed towards Lucas; such an animosity he displayed towards his own son, Henry Grattan, for venturing to entertain opinions whose Liberal tendency was highly distasteful to the stern Recorder. When Grattan's father died his animosity toward his son survived him, and manifested itself in his will, in which the family mansion was bequeathed to another. A small provision was, however, secured for Grattan through the influence of his mother, which enabled him to devote himself to the career he had marked out for himself. From his very boyhood he had distinguished himself by a passionate devotion to letters, and of all branches of human art that of oratory appeared at an early age to have the most attractions for him. After a shining record at Trinity he was called to the Bar, and crossed St. George's Channel to devote himself in London, in the Temple, to the profession which in the eighteenth century offered the most prizes to its disciples, the legal profession. But it seems certain that his rooms echoed more often to the sound of lofty passages of ancient and modern eloquence than to the dry repetition of leading cases. Oratory was the young man's passion, and in London he was able to gratify his passion to the full. London, in the middle of the eighteenth century, was a pleasant place enough for the stranger—even a dangerously pleasant place for the imprudent and unwary. But to Grattan the chief charm of London lay in its suburb of Westminster. He preferred the debates in the House of Lords, to the attrac-

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tions of the play-house, the ambitions of the great man's levee, or the intrigues of the masquerade. The genius of Chatham taught him that oratory was as powerful as it had been in the Bema or the Rostrum, and he listened with a breathless fascination to the majestic periods and glowing language of the foremost statesman of his time.

What he heard at Westminster Grattan studied, imitated, exercised himself upon in all manner of likely and unlikely places. We hear of an alarmed landlady imploring Grattan's friends to look after the wild young man who paced his room of nights when decent folk were abed, muttering to himself and apostrophizing some mysterious individual whom he hailed as Mr. Speaker. Another even more fantastic story is recorded of him. Wandering one day in Windsor forest he came upon an abandoned gibbet. His moody imagination—at that time his mind was strangely moody—fired by the strange scene inspired him, and he was declaiming to himself energetically before the deserted gallows when his eloquence was interrupted by some one touching him on the shoulder, and on looking round he was addressed by a passer-by, whom the strange spectacle had attracted, with the whimsical query: "Pray, sir, how did you get down," a query significantly pointed by a gesture in the direction of the tenantless gibbet.

In 1768 he returned to Ireland to become the close friend of Henry Flood, and more gradually of all the eminent men of the day. Charlemont, scholarly, travelled, urbane; Hercules Langrishe renowned more as the recipient of Burke's famous letters than for his own actions; Hussey Burgh, eloquent and eager. These and many others were in the nearest circle of Grattan's friendships. In such company his political zeal could not fail to flourish, and his political ambition to increase. His rare talents were well-known, his friends were influential; a Parliamentary career was essen-

tial. In 1775 he entered Parliament as member for the borough of Charlemont, to which he had been nominated by Lord Charlemont. He entered Parliament at a peculiar time—a time which afforded him an opportunity of immediately distinguishing himself, and his enemies of accusing him of acting ungenerously toward a friend. Flood, most unfortunately for his fame, had gratified the natural desire of Lord Harcourt by accepting a lucrative office. As Vice-Treasurer he was practically muzzled, and the indignant patriots found themselves without a leader. Grattan, by natural right, stepped into the vacant leadership. It is probable that even if Flood had not accepted office and alienated his party, Grattan's superior genius would have given him the leadership; but with Flood swathed and silenced by office, Grattan's only possible course and duty was to take the lead of the Patriot party, and he can in no sense be said to have acted unfairly toward Flood. Flood lost the confidence of his followers and his friends by his own fault; he could no longer lead his party nor would the party longer submit to be led by him. Grattan came upon the scene in a timely hour to rally the Patriots and carry on the important work of opposition.

It is indeed deeply to be regretted that one result of Flood's action was the quarrel which followed between Grattan and him. Undoubtedly Flood's action in accepting the vice-treasurership seemed to Grattan an act of base political apostacy. On the other hand, Flood, striving eagerly to justify to his own mind his action, smarted at the swift success with which Grattan took his place as leader of the Patriots. The alliance between the two orators was definitely broken off. They had been the closest friends; they had worked jointly on that marvellous "Baratariana" which upset Lord Townshend. They had seemed destined by their common genius and their common aims to be com-

rades for life. But the hot friendship cooled after Flood's acceptance of office; it was finally severed in the fierce discussion that took place between them some years later in the House of Commons, when Flood tauntingly described Grattan as a mendicant patriot, and Grattan retorted by painting Flood as a traitor in one of the most crushing and pitiless pieces of invective that have ever belonged to oratory.

Grattan's career in the Irish Parliament is as familiar in our mouths as household words. It was his ambition to secure for the Senate of his country the legislative independence which the law denied her. The rebellion of the American Colonies gave him the opportunity he wanted in order to realize his ambition. The terrible Paul Jones was drifting about the seas; descents upon Ireland were dreaded; if such descents had been made the island was practically defenseless. An alarmed Mayor of Belfast, appealing to the Government for military aid, was informed that no more serious and more formidable assistance could be rendered to the chief city of the North than might be given by half a troop of dismounted cavalry and half a troop of invalids. If the French would consent to be scared by such a muster, well and good; if not Belfast, and for the matter of that all Ireland, must look to itself. Thereupon Ireland, very promptly and decisively, did look to itself. A fever of military enthusiasm swept over the country; North and South and East and West men caught up arms, nominally to resist the French, really, though they knew it not, to effect one of the greatest constitutional revolutions in history. Before a startled Government could realize what was occurring sixty thousand men were under arms. For the first time since the surrender of Limerick there was an armed force in Ireland able and willing to support a National cause. In the twinkling of an eye all talk of organization to resist foreign invasion was silenced; in its place the voice of the

nation was heard loudly calling for the redress of its domestic grievances. Their leader was Charlemont; Grattan and Flood were their principal colonels. The Volunteers formed themselves into an organized convention for the purpose of agitating the National wrongs. Grattan was not, indeed, a member of this convention, but he was heart and soul in sympathy with it. With statesman-like sagacity he saw that with the existence of the Volunteers had come the hour to heal the hurts of the Irish Parliament, and he seized upon the opportunity. He had an army at his back; the English Government was still striving with Mr. Washington and his rebels; it was out-manœuvred and had to give way. All that Grattan asked for was granted; the hateful Sixth Act of George the First was repealed, and Grattan was able to address a free people and to wish the regenerated Parliament a perpetual existence.

Grattan's first dream had been to obtain a free Parliament; his second was to make that Parliament worthy of its own freedom by recognizing the right to liberty of the Catholics of Ireland. Catholic Emancipation was now the object of Grattan's ambition. The horrors of the penal code were no longer, indeed, enforced in all their naked brutality against the majority of the people of Ireland. In the words of Mr. Lecky, "the code perished at last by its own atrocity." Its malignant ingenuity in the end defeated itself; to carry out with perfection and persistence the full clauses of that code would have required the strength of a whole community as perverted as the original framers of the laws. Happily for human nature no such corrupt community was to be found. The Irish Protestants sickened of the provisions of the penal code. Through the strength of public opinion, most of its provisions fell into disuse, and only lingered in nominal existence on the pages of the statute book. Even from the statute book the clauses of the penal

code were one by one being slowly effaced. In 1768 a bill to modify the provisions of the penal code was passed in the Irish House of Commons and defeated in the English House. Relief bills of various kinds were passed in 1774, 1778, 1782 and 1792. The effect of these measures was to restore to the Irish Catholics a large number of those rights and privileges of citizenship of which they had been so ruthlessly deprived. Most—but not all, nor the most important. The right to vote for representatives in Parliament, the right to enter Parliament, and the right to advancement in law or in arms, were still sternly denied to them.

Grattan made himself the mouth-piece of a movement organized by the Irish Catholics in 1793, and having for its object the removal of these final disabilities. One of them Grattan succeeded in abolishing. In 1793 thanks to his efforts and his eloquence, the Catholics were admitted to the elective franchise. But in his second effort to allow Catholics to be elected to Parliament, Grattan failed. That failure and the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam precipitated the Rebellion of Ninety-Eight. Despairing of the condition of his country, unable to sympathize either with the Party of Rebellion or the Party of Repression, Grattan retired from political life. When the Rebellion was over, when its chiefs were all dead or dispersed, and when the hands of the victors were laid nefariously upon the Irish Constitution, Grattan once more made his appearance in political life. History does not offer a more tragic or a more affecting scene than that in which Grattan, risen from a sick bed and his emaciated form habited in the almost sacred uniform of the Volunteers, made his last appeal to liberty in the Parliament of which he was in so great a degree the creator.

After the passing of the act of Union, Grattan once again sought in private life repose for an enfeebled body and for

a mind distracted by the sufferings of his country. He was not, however, suffered to remain very long in seclusion. The assurance that he could still render his country service was enough to induce him to re-enter public life. In 1805 he entered the English Parliament as the representative of a small English constituency, and in the following year he was elected member for Dublin. The rest of his life was devoted to serving with unwearying patience and devotion the cause of Catholic Emancipation, and in that service he breathed his last.

HENRY FLOOD.

When Grattan lay upon his death-bed after his last heroic attempt to plead the cause of the Catholics at Westminster, some of his latest words were uttered in generous praise of the man who had been his closest friend and fiercest enemy; who had been for long his rival in oratory and in the affections of the Irish people; who was almost his peer in genius —Henry Flood. Grattan had outlived Flood by the length of nearly a generation of men; unlike to many statesmen, he had outlived, also, the passions and animosities of his hot manhood, and could afford, in his ultimate hour, to speak with decorous admiration of the man whom he had once confronted pistol in hand, whom he had more than once believed it to be his duty to denounce with all the vehemence and all the vigor of which he was capable.

Henry Flood was born near Kilkenny in the year 1732, an uneventful year which his birth makes eventful. Like Grattan, he shone for a season in the walls of Trinity, but he chose to complete his education by the Isis instead of by the Liffey, and coming to England he passed some time in that scholastic region where "the warm green-muffled Cumnor hills" behold the towers of Oxford and Bagley Wood, and Hincksey Ridge, and distant Wychwood, and "the forest ground called Thessaly." While Flood was at Trinity, a wealthy young man, of good family and influential connections, with a future opening easily and attractively out before him, there was a young sizar on the books of the college of whom he probably knew nothing and of whom the world was destined to hear much. There could hardly

be two careers more widely differentiated by destiny than that of the son of the Chief Justice of the King's Bench in Ireland, rich, well-favored, surrounded by friends and admirers, and the poor, wild, reckless, good-humored lad from the pleasant plain of Longford, who was always penniless and always merry and always idle—and whose face, so grimly sealed with smallpox, was always bright with humor and tender with pathos. While Henry Flood was enriching his mind and ennobling his style in the classic shades of Oxford or the learned retirement of the Temple, Oliver Goldsmith was enjoying that "thrifty shilling" revel which was so disastrously interrupted, or dreaming of American emigration, or listening with an author's pride in his heart and an author's very scant remuneration in his pocket to his own songs sung by itinerant ballad-mongers at the College gates. Fortune was all smiles and roses for the one, all frowns for the other. Their lots were unlike in all particulars; but the goal of both was the same, and both attained it, for both alike had, if nothing else in common, the common privilege of genius. The rich young gentleman and the poor young sizar had no connection within the confines of Trinity; but they were destined alike to attain in widely differing ways to fame and honor and an abiding place in the memory of their country. Destiny has reversed their two positions, and the poor sizar is more famous than the colleague who seemed so high above him.

In 1759 while Goldsmith was struggling in London, writing "The Life of Voltaire" and bringing out the *Bee* in miserable lodgings, Flood entered Parliament as member for Kilkenny. He was then but twenty-seven years of age, singularly good-looking, well trained in mind and body for the political life on which he was launched. His Oxford hours had been devoted chiefly to the study of oratory, varied by the somewhat ineffectual pursuit of poetry. Two

years after his election he married Lady Frances Maria Beresford, a wealthy match, which secured to him absolute independence to follow out his political career.

The Parliament which Flood entered was one of the most eccentrically-composed, most circumscribed, most corrupt legislative assemblies that the ingenuity of man has ever devised. To begin with: No Roman Catholic could sit in Parliament. No Roman Catholic could even record his vote for a Protestant member. The Roman Catholics were as absolutely unrepresented as if they did not exist; and yet they made up the vast majority of the population which the Irish Parliament tried to govern or misgovern, and by an amazing fiction was supposed to represent. "The borough system," says Mr. Lecky, "which had been chiefly the work of the Stuarts—no less than forty boroughs having been created by James I. alone—had been developed to such an extent that out of the 300 members who composed the Parliament"—Mr. Lecky is, of course, speaking of the Lower House—"216 were returned for boroughs or manors. Of these borough members 200 were elected by 100 individuals and nearly 50 by 10. According to a secret report drawn up by the Irish Government for Pitt in 1874, Lord Shannon at that time returned no less than 16 members, the Ponsonby family 14, Lord Hillsborough 9, and the Duke of Lienster 7." That borough system was the successful means of corrupting both Houses. James I. had been earnestly remonstrated with for calling forty boroughs into existence at one blow, and we have it on the authority of Hely Hutchison that the King replied: "I have made 40 boroughs. Suppose I had made 400—the more the merrier." A pleasant, statesmanlike, truly Stuart way of looking at all things, which was destined to prove fatal to the Stuarts and to nobler hearts and heads than theirs. Borough owners who returned supple lieges to the Irish Parlia-

ment generally found their reward in a peerage. Thus with a simplicity of corruption the two Houses were undermined at once, for it is said that some half a hundred peers nominated no less than one hundred and twenty-three members of the Lower House. It was in this rotten assembly that Flood now found himself; it was this same assembly, that, thanks in a great degree, to his genius and his labors, was destined to rise for a time out of its slough, and shine for a while resplendent in the eyes of all men. The Irish Parliament was like one of those buried cities dear to Irish legend which lie beneath the waters of some legend-haunted lake. The dark waters of corruption covered it; there came a moment when those waters fell away and revealed an ancient institution, defaced, indeed, but still honorable and imposing; then the engulfing waves closed over it again, and it vanished—but not forever.

The first person against whom Hercules Flood flung himself in his effort with the Augean Stable of the Legion Club was that strange ecclesiastic, famous among the infamous, Primate Stone. The grandson of a jailer, he might have deserved admiration for his rise if he had not carried with him into the high places of his Church a spirit stained by most of the crimes over which his ancestor was appointed warder. In an age of corrupt politics he was conspicuous as a corrupt politician; in a profligate age he was eminent for profligacy. In the basest days of the Roman Empire he would have been remarkable for the variety of his sins. The grace of his person, which caused him to be styled in savage mockery as "the beauty of holiness," coupled with his ingenuity in pandering to the passions of his friends, would have made him a welcome satellite at the court of a late Roman emperor.

Flood soon found himself at the head of what may be called the Opposition in the Irish Parliament. It hardly

existed as a serious Opposition until Flood's genius and capacity for leadership welded it together into something like a homogeneous whole. Before Flood's time the Opposition, such as it was, was made up chiefly of Jacobite adherents, still dreaming in a dim kind of purposeless way dreams of a possible Stuart restoration which the lessons of 1715 and 1745 had not quite cured them of, and of a small number of disinterested and patriotic men who struggled as best they might against the overwhelming injustice and corruption which they faced. These men Flood rallied. These men, proudly accepting the title which their enemies scornfully gave them of the "Patriots," followed Flood zealously, and some of the oldest and basest privileges of the Parliament began to reel under the sturdy blows of the newly inspired Opposition. Flood's best ally in his efforts was the man whose addresses a few years before had been burned by the common hangman, who had been obliged to fly for safety into England, whom Johnson had hailed as "the confessor of liberty," and who now by Flood's side in Parliament is about to render the cause of Irish liberty sterling service by the publication of the *Freeman's Journal*, Samuel Lucas.

Some ten years of persistent but unsuccessful struggling against the evils of the Irish Parliament resulted at last under the vice-royalty of Lord Townshend in a distinct triumph for the Patriotic party. Up to that time the Irish Parliament, unless specially dissolved by the sovereign, lasted for the whole reign, and George II.'s Parliament was in existence for no less than three and thirty years—more than a generation of men. In 1768, however, the duration of Parliament was limited to eight years, and the enthusiasm which the measure provoked lent a temporary lustre to Lord Townshend's Administration. Lord Townshend—he was the brother of that Townshend who made the celebrated

"champagne" speech—had an important mission to fulfil, and a measure of popularity was of great importance to aid him in fulfilling it. The Irish nobility, with all their faults —and they had many and grievous—formed what was in a measure an independent Irish party. They might be hungry of gain, avaricious of place and profit, corrupt, but they in a measure held together and maintained the independence of the Irish Parliament. That independence Lord Townshend was commissioned to break up and destroy, but his efforts only broke up his own administration and destroyed his short popularity. "Baratariana" literally blew him out of the island. Flood's ready pen counted for much in the merits of "Baratariana." His style was so much admired that his name has been included amongst the many candidates for the honor of having written the "Letters of Junius." It is certain that Flood did not write the "Letters of Junius," but he rendered his country a far greater service in writing the "Letters of Snydercombe" in the "Baratariana Papers," which pulverized Lord Townshend.

In the construction of "Baratariana" Flood had two colleagues; one, Sir Hercules Langrishe, a man of much merit, whose name is not deeply written in history; the other, the greatest Irish statesman of his age, Henry Grattan. Grattan and Flood were at the "Baratariana" epoch the closest friends. In spite of the disparity between their ages, for Flood was some eighteen years older than Grattan, they had formed a warm attachment, based upon the similarity of their tastes, the kinship of their genius, their common love for their country. But what might have been one of the most famous friendships in the world became shortly after the "Baratariana" epoch one of the most famous enmities in the world. Of the quarrel and its cause I have already spoken.

The rise of the Volunteers and the repeal of the Sixth

Act of George I. had given triumph into Grattan's hands. But at the moment, when the desires of the patriot party had been apparently fulfilled, the popularity of Grattan, by a curious example of the law of historical reaction, began to wane, and that of Flood, which had clouded over ever since his acceptance of office from Lord Harcourt's hands, began to wax anew. The difference of opinion between the two great leaders is eminently characteristic of their respective natures. Grattan maintained that by the repeal of the Declaratory Act, England had sufficiently and practically abandoned her supremacy over the Irish Parliament. Flood maintained that the mere repeal of the Declaratory Act was not enough without a formal renunciation of the principle upon which that Declaratory Act had been based. Here Grattan showed a certain generous confidence in his opponents which Flood's shrewder sense taught him was misplaced. Grattan, too, was convinced of the imperative necessity of immediately dissolving and dispersing the volunteers. Their work, he contended, had been happily accomplished; their further existence would be a standing Prætorian menace to the independence of Parliament and the liberties of the people. Flood, on the other hand, urged that Ireland had not yet accomplished much, that her independent parliament was in sore need of reform, and that a nation in arms was in the only position in which it could reasonably hope to accomplish that reform in the face of so many and so powerful antagonists. Here again Grattan's was the more generous, Flood's the shrewder view of the situation. Reviewing the opinions of the two men, it is difficult to avoid the impression that it would have been happier for Ireland if Flood had carried his point, while it is scarcely less difficult not to feel greater admiration for the loftier theories of Grattan. If the world had been all Grattans, then Grattan's pure and high-minded principles

would have been best for the welfare of the country. But as the world contained only one Grattan, it is ten thousand pities that the advice of Flood was not followed and that the Volunteers were not kept in existence, at least until some of the most crying needs of reform were satisfied. It is one of those cases in which, while the event proved Flood to have been in the right, we could wish for the honor of humanity that time should have justified Grattan. Mr. Lecky thoroughly supports Flood. "Had he succeeded," he says, "he would have placed the independence of Ireland on the broad basis of the people's will; he would have forfeited and completed the glorious work that he had himself begun, and he would have averted a series of calamities which have not even yet spent their force. We should then never have known the long night of corruption that overcast the splendor of Irish liberty. The blood of 1798 might never have flowed. The Legislative Union would never have been consummated, or if there had been a union, it would have been effected by the will of the people, and not by the treachery of their representatives, and it would have been remembered only with gratitude or with content!" Let me observe in passing how far a cry it is from the Mr. Lecky who wrote this passage and who has so strong a respect for the "Will of the People," to the Mr. Lecky who is the unreasoning and excited champion of Loyal and Patriotic Union platforms.

After the failure of his Reform Bill and the disbandment of the Volunteers, Flood retired from the Irish Parliament in despair, and, crossing the sea, sought and found a seat in the English Parliament. But, as Grattan said, "he was an oak of the forest, too great and too old to be transplanted at fifty." The prematurely aged man, with his countenance disfigured by disease, and his temperament embittered by long years of unpopularity, misunderstanding and strife,

was a very different being from the handsome, easy-tempered, happy-minded young man who, a quarter of a century before, had entered the Irish Parliament under such favorable auspices. His first speech in the English House of Commons was, unhappily, made in an Indian debate upon a theme of which he knew little, and though the House soon crowded to hear the renowned orator, the effect was disappointing, and Flood's discomfiture was rendered more painful by a fierce and contemptuous attack which was made upon him by another member the moment he sat down. After that Flood spoke seldom in Parliament, and after a while he retired from political life altogether a disappointed, broken man. He died at his estate at Farmley, near Kilkenny, on the 2d of December, 1791. He may be considered happy in escaping even by this too early death from the horrors of Ninety-eight and the degradation of the Union, horrors and degradation which his shrewdness foresaw, and which his policy would have avoided

EDMUND BURKE.

When Oliver Goldsmith was a sizar at Trinity, and Henry Flood was a student at Oxford, a young man named Edmund Burke was pursuing knowledge in many directions within the walls of the Dublin University. It is conceivable that collegiate authority would have looked with a more hopeful eye upon a youth prompter to pursue the beaten track of academic culture, less eager to obey his swift and shifting impulses, less consistently inconsistent in the courses of his study. It is almost certain that collegiate authority would have shaken its head in solemn and scornful denegation if it had been assured by any voice of audacious prophecy that Burke, of Arran-quay, would prove to be the greatest man who ever trod the Trinity quadangles, and that in the fullness of time a grateful country would erect his effigy in enduring bronze in the face of the venerable walls which had sheltered his youthful genius. That collegiate authority should not be impeccable need not surprise us. We can imagine what it would have thought of the ballad-making boy from Ballymahon, the Lazarus of its Dives-generosity of learning, whose statue, too, should one day adorn its precincts, and we can estimate its opinion of one of the two great contemporaries by its disdainful indifference of the other. Wise academic authority is scarcely to be blamed. A college council is not a synod of prophets. It can but judge according to its lights, and can hardly be censured, if it may be pitied, for failing to discern the token of true genius in the assiduous, if irresponsible, student named Burke, and the idle, verse-making sizar named Goldsmith.

The house is still shown on Arran-quay where Burke was born. The date of that birth is and must, presumably, remain uncertain. It varies according to different authorities as to the day from the 1st to the 12th of January, and as to the year from 1728 to 1729. When he was nearly twelve years old he was sent to school at Ballitore, some thirty miles from Dublin. For his schoolmaster, Abraham Shackleton, a Quaker from Yorkshire, the boy conceived an admiration and attachment such as the pupil too seldom feels, or is allowed to feel, for the pedagogue. A full generation later, when the simple, high-minded Quaker schoolmaster died, and the boy who loved him had become a famous statesman, Burke expresses the most feeling gratitude to and admiration for his old preceptor. The affection which Burke felt for Abraham Shackleton he felt also for his son Richard. Throughout Burke's youth Richard Shackleton was his closest friend and confidant, and the intimacy proved more enduring than the friendship of the schoolroom and the confederacy of collegiate days always prove.

The actual human daily life of Burke from its earliest hours in Arran-quay to those latest hours at Beaconsfield, when the tranquil soul of the dying statesman was soothed by the thoughts of Addison on immortality, cannot be called eventful; the life itself is one of the greatest events in human history. The boy, fired by a noble ambition, is somewhat at feud with his father, a worthy, tetchy man, whose sober brain has never bewildered itself with the thought that he has brought into the world an intellectual giant, and who only regards his son as a purposeless, eccentric young man, whose forward ways are calculated to grizzle the paternal hairs with needless anxiety. In London the youth loves law platonically, and literature passionately. He praises the one, but he serves the other, with uncertainty and ten-

tatively at first. He parodies Bolingbroke, to begin with. Speculations upon reason and taste lead him later to the production of the famous "Essay on the Sublime and the Beautiful," which had the effect, first, of placating an angry parent, and secondly, of winning the admiration of Dr. Johnson, who even found it necessary to argue in defence of the anonymous volume with the young Irish gentleman who ventured to deprecate its merits, and in whom stout Samuel did not dream that he beheld the author whom he was pleased in his Leonine fashion to champion. The young man's health breaks down. A wise and kindly physician heals his bodily ailments; the physician's fair and good daughter teaches him to love and be loved; and in 1757 Burke faces the world again, a married man, poor and hopeful. Then comes "Annual Register" editorship application, happily unsuccessful, for consulship at Madrid, from which the world might have gained some marvellous reports on the condition of Spain in the eighteenth century and lost a literature; secretaryship to William Gerard Hamilton; secretaryship to Rockingham; and finally return to Parliament as member for John Hampden's borough of Wendover. His career as a statesman illuminates the eighteenth century with a peculiar and especial lustre. As the brightest light that man, the child of Prometheus, can manufacture — whitest limelight, or the flashing diamonds of electric fire—only show black against the disc of the sun, so all the talent, genius, greatness of the eighteenth century dim and darken when contrasted with the incomparable splendor of Burke's talents, genius, greatness. The rest of the tale is familiar. Thirty years of public life, conspicuous in the eyes of all men, a generation passed only in earnest service of rectitude, justice, liberty, of public virtue and private morality, a career without a stain, a record whose very errors cannot be condemned as faults,

because they spring from an unvarying purity of purpose and an unalterable nobility of ideal. We may say of the blemishes that honest criticism must recognize in Burke—we are not thinking now of the false and foolish slanders which malignity coined and which perverse hostility made current—we may say of his blemishes what the Triumvir Lepidus, who has said wiser things for a foolish man than any other child of fancy, says of his colleague, the wild Anthony:

> "His faults in him seem as the spots in heaven
> More fiery by night's blackness."

"I hope," said Mr. Gladstone, in the course of the speech in which he introduced the Home Rule Bill, "I hope that we shall hear a great deal about Mr. Burke in this debate," and Mr. John Morley, sitting by the Prime Minister, nodded enthusiastic approval. The wish of the Prime Minister is likely to be granted. We are happily sure to hear much of Mr. Burke both in the debates within the walls of Westminster and in the daily discussion outside those walls, and the more we hear of Mr. Burke the better it will be for all such debates and discussions. Friends and foes alike are turning eagerly to his speeches, to his pamphlets, to his essays. His writings are an arsenal to which all men turn in the hope of finding some weapon that will strengthen their hands, some shield that will assuredly turn the point and blunt the edge of the adversary. Burke's volumes are for the moment converted into a species of *sortes virgilianæ* which every man consults at random in the hope of finding some sentence, some apothegm, some argument especially suited to his case. Our enemies ransack his volumes in the fond hope of discovering some passage which may be distorted into an appearance of prophetic condemnation of the statesman, who, animated by the spirit

of justice and the love for liberty, is listening to the voice and meeting the wishes of the Irish people. Our friends seek, and do not seek in vain, support, comfort, and encouragement in their honorable task of succoring an oppressed nationality, in the words of him who truly uttered nothing base.

It is easy to understand why the words of the Prime Minister should have afforded special satisfaction to Mr. Morley. To Edmund Burke, Mr. Morley has offered something as nearly approaching to unqualified admiration as it is possible for his intensely critical nature to give. He has studied Burke with the care, the patience, and the enthusiasm which men seldom bestow on any author who has not the distinction of being embalmed in a dead language; he has written books upon him once and again; he has to a very large extent moulded the course of his public life as a journalist and as a politician in accordance with Burke's thoughts and teachings. It is gratifying and it is curiously appropriate to think that the only English statesman who in any real sense could be said to deserve the title of "Irish" secretary should have fed his mind and fostered his intellect so largely with the wisdom, the genius, the polity, and the philosophy of the greatest Irishman who ever devoted his life and his abilities to the public service of a political life. Mr. Morley has so much identified himself with the study and knowledge of Edmund Burke in these days that friends of his have been known laughingly to declare that Mr. Morley regards Burke as his own peculiar and private property, upon which property let trespassers beware to tread. If Mr. Morley did harbor such a thought he might almost be excused for it, for he has done much to make the existing generation honor Burke as Burke deserved to be honored, and he might well feel something

like personal pride in endorsing the Premier's emphatic wish that we should hear much of Mr. Burke.

No author more profoundly influenced the thought of his time, no author is likely to exercise a more enduring influence upon succeeding generations, than Edmund Burke. It has been contended, and not without excellent show of reason, that as an orator Burke is not merely in the first rank, but that he is himself the first, that he stands alone without a rival, without a peer, and that none of the boasted masterpieces of antiquity can even be said to contest his unquestionable supremacy. Such enthusiastic advocacy may, perhaps, be admitted to belong to the fervor of partisanship; at least, it is in no sense necessary to Burke's fame that the fame of others should be in any wise degraded. It is sufficient praise to say that Burke is one of the greatest orators the world has ever held; to argue that he is superior to Demosthenes on the one hand, or to Cicero on the other, is to maintain an argument very much on a par with that which it amused Burke himself to maintain when he contended for the supremacy of the Æneid over the Iliad. It is quite enough to say, that it may be said almost without fear of contradiction, that Burke is probably the greatest orator who ever spoke in the English language. Certainly I can at this moment think of no nobler passage of human and mundane eloquence than that in which Burke concluded his speech at the Guildhall in Bristol in the year 1780, and which I make no more apology for quoting now than I should for asking a man to admire a splendid sunset on the ground that he had often seen the sun to sleep before. It is the close of a long speech in which Burke has traversed all the political field; he has expressed his gratitude to the electors for having "set me in a place where I could lend the slightest help to great and laudable designs." He would be glad to lend that help still in that way if it be

their will. "If I have taken my part with the best of men in the best of their actions I can shut the book; I might wish to read a page or two more, but this is enough for my measure — I have not lived in vain." Then comes the concluding passage, perhaps the loftiest *apologia pro vita sua* ever made by a public man in the face of his fellow-men. A hundred years have come and gone since those words were spoken, but they ring in our ears to-day as clearly as if we too had stood in that hushed crowd forgetting the odd delivery and the ungainly actions of the speaker in rapt admiration of the spoken words.

"And now, gentlemen, on this serious day, when I come as it were to make up my account with you, let me take to myself some degree of honest pride on the nature of the charges that are against me. I do not stand here before you accused of venality, nor of neglect of duty. It has not been said that, in the long period of my service, I have in a single instance sacrificed the slightest of your interests to my ambition or to my fortune. It is not alleged that to gratify any anger or revenge of my own or of my party, I have had a share in wronging or oppressing any description of men, or any one man in any description. No! The charges against me are all of kind—that I have pushed the principles of general justice and benevolence too far; farther than a cautious policy would warrant; and farther than the opinions of many would go along with me. In every accident which may happen through life—in pain, in sorrow, in depression and distress—I will call to mind this accusation and be comforted."

Such an accusation was worthy of the man; such a reception of the accusation reflects a glory, not merely upon the man who uttered it, but upon all the age to which he belonged. An ingenious and fanciful philosopher of our time has quaintly urged, as an encouragement to upright action,

that every single good deed raises the average of human virtue all over the world, and thereby benefits not merely those immediately concerned, but all the millions upon millions who tread our earth and breathe our air. In the same way, such a speech, such a pure and lofty expression of public faith, lends a new dignity, not to one man, one country, or one epoch, but to the whole history, to the race and to all generations of men. The key-note to all Burke's life is to be found in those high, courageous words. A sweet English poet has said of a very different man that "he nothing common did or mean," and the words in their loftiest interpretation may be applied to Edmund Burke. He "nothing common did or mean" in all the days of his life; and the lessons he has left behind him are well calculated to make men like him, with ambitions moulded to his serene ideals, of whom, too, it might—indeed, must—be said, if they follow his teachings, that they "nothing common did or mean" upon the pathway of their lives.

RICHARD STEELE.

WHO that has ever read Thackeray's "Esmond" forgets a certain scene in quite the early part of the romance which introduces, with all the light freedom of fiction, the bearer of one of the greatest names of the last century? My lord of Castlewood has ridden off into outer darkness; this lady, with her solemn elderly finery, unsuccessfully masked by her hastily-assumed night-rail, has wrangled in vain with paper-chasing Captain Westbury; little Harry Esmond, the page, is being angrily interrogated by Lawyer Corbet as to the meaning of certain words traced on the half-charred manuscript in Mr. Holt's brazier. The words are Latin; Harry interprets them; they are portion of a sermon.

"The lawyer said: 'This boy is deeper than he seems; who knows that he is not laughing at us?'

"'Let's have in Dick the scholar,' said Captain Westbury, laughing, and he called to a trooper out of the window: 'Ho, Dick! come in here and construe.'

"A thick-set soldier, with a square, good-humored face, came in at the summons, saluting his officer.

"'Tell us what this is, Dick?' says the lawyer.

"'My name is Steele, sir,' says the soldier. 'I may be Dick for my friends, but I don't name gentlemen of your cloth among them.'

"'Well, then, Steele.'

"'Mr. Steele, sir, if you please. When you address a gentleman of His Majesty's Horse Guards be pleased not to be so familiar.'

"'I didn't know, sir,' said the lawyer.

"'How should you? I take it you are not accustomed to meet with gentlemen,' said the trooper.

"'Hold thy prate, and read that bit of paper,' says Westbury.

"''Tis Latin,' says Dick, glancing at it, and again saluting his officer, 'and from a sermon of Mr. Cudworth's,' and he translated the words pretty much as Henry Esmond had rendered them.

"'What a young scholar you are,' says the captain to the boy.

"'Depend on't, he knows more than he tells,' says the lawyer. 'I think we will pack him off in the coach with old Jezebel.'

"'For construing a bit of Latin,' said the captain, very good humoredly.

"'I would as lief go there as anywhere,' Harry Esmond said, simply, 'for there is nobody to care for me.'"

There must have been something in the child's voice or in this description of his solitude—for the captain looked at him very good naturedly, and the trooper called Steele put his hand kindly on the lad's head and said some words in the Latin tongue.

"'What does he say?' says the lawyer.

"'Faith, ask Dick yourself,' cried Captain Westbury

"'I said I was not ignorant of misfortune myself, and had learned to succor the miserable, and that's not your trade, Mr. Sheepskin,' said the trooper.

"'You had better leave Dick the Scholar alone, Mr. Corbet,' the captain said. And Harry Esmond, always touched by a kind face and kind word, felt very grateful to this good-natured champion."

It would be difficult to make Dick Steele's acquaintance under happier auspices. The little scene, alas, never took place, but by the kindly art of the novelist it is as real to

us as if it were the soberest scrap of history ever inscribed. We see the great grey towers of Castlewood, the courtyard with the fountain in the centre, and the troopers grouped about it, their accoutrements all shining in the morning sunlight. The cool, dark room, where the captain and the lawyer, the man of the sword and the man of the robe, are interrogating little Harry Esmond, and the open window through which Dick the Scholar lounges, obedient to his captain's call, and stands, a stalwart figure in scarlet and gold lace and gleaming steel, his kindly face smiling on the lad, and the soft words sounding strangely from the lips of a common trooper, as he translates them out of the Latin. It never happened; but it might have happened, we may even say it ought to have happened. It is as true to history as if it had indeed occurred, for it is absolutely true to nature, to the nature of one of the gentlest, sweetest, simplest of men, Richard Steele.

What would English literature—especially English literature in the eighteenth century—be without its Irish authors? Run over the list of the greatest names of a century strangely fruitful in great names and you will find that the majority of them are the names of Irishmen. Swift, Berkeley, Goldsmith, Burke, Sterne, Sheridan—these are some of those whose names leap to the lips the soonest. Think of English literature without "Gulliver's Travels," without the "Battle of the Books," without the "Tale of a Tub." Think of English literature without the "Essay on the Sublime and the Beautiful," without the "Letters on the French Revolution," without the "Thoughts on the Present Discontents." What would English literature be without the "Vicar of Wakefield," "The Citizen of the World," and "She Stoops to Conquer?" What in spite of all their terrible defects would she be without "Tristram Shandy" and "The Sentimental Journey?" What without *The Rivals*,

The School for Scandal and *The Critic?* The fair fields of English literature in the last century would seem dry and barren, shorn of their chiefest splendor, if the rare exotic plants were to be excluded from its growth and garner. One name I have purposely left out of the list I have just enumerated, and that the name of the subject of the present sketch. I have reserved it purposely that by isolation I might lend a special force to the question I am now about to put—what would English literature, the boasted literature of the Augustan days of Anne, be without the genius and the gentleness, the humor and the pity of Richard Steele?

To such a question the answer is simple, inevitable. The literature of the reign of Anne would be poor, indeed, if it did not include within its fold one of the sweetest, purest, most humorous essayists that ever lived. I, for my part, much prefer Steele to Addison. Between two such men choice is indeed difficult; any final and definite decision of the superiority of one over the other simply impossible. The canons of taste have not yet been established, the touchstone has not yet been tempered of a criticism which shall authoritatively dare to assert that Steele was the superior of Addison or Addison the superior of Steele. Seldom has the world seen two men of such rare parts, of such fine culture, of such true and tender humor, of such high-souled purity, working together in common cause for the entertainment and ennoblement of their fellowmen. Between this "nobler pair of brothers" choice can be but a matter of individual taste; but for my own part I am glad with all my heart that my choice can go out freely and fully to my countrymen—to Richard Steele of Dublin rather than to Joseph Addison of Millston, in Wiltshire. It was the genius of Steele which gave to the English essay its most enduring form, and which made certain series of weekly papers into such a set of classics as, perhaps, no other lan-

guage nor no other age can boast the possession of. The *Tatler*, the *Spectator*, the *Guardian*,—these are enchanted names in English literature; their volumes are among the most precious possessions of the English language. What Steele said himself of a fair lady in an exquisite and famous phrase, the authorship of which was quite recently and quite unsuccessfully contended for on behalf of Congreve: "To love them is a liberal education." There are certain books or sets of books on the world's shelves the repeated study of which is a source of greater knowledge than a wider range could guarantee. The *Tatler* and the *Spectator* must be placed in that list of royal books. You may read them again and again and always learn something new from them, and the learning will be always good, the knowledge healthy, the lessons honorable. There is nothing base, common, evil in their pages. The faults of the eighteenth century, and those faults were many, have not stained these pages; their moral soundness is not blackened and corroded by the cynicism, by the savage brutality which degrades and disgraced the writings of other men of that age who were undoubtedly men of genius. It is difficult for Irishmen to be proud of the plays of Farquhar, although happily they contrast strikingly with the comedies of Wycherley and Congreve; and there are passages, long pages, of the writings of Swift which cannot be thought of without an angry blush and a sick heart. But in the golden pages of Steele and of those who were ranged under Steele's leadership, there is no such sin to be ashamed of. The *Tatler*, the *Spectator* and the *Guardian* are sometimes, though even that is seldom, somewhat free-spoken for our day, but it must be remembered that they, to their honor, were behind, not in advance of, the license of their age in this respect.

Steele's prose is spotless enough; the lessons of his writings serene, simple, stainless; his efforts to reform the stage

of his day have been not untruly declared to be more like sermons than like comedies. There is no harm hidden in all the bright, kind humor of "Isaac Bickerstaff;" there is nothing but good to be gained from the companionship of "Sir Roger de Coverley." That simple, high-minded country gentleman deserves his place in fiction by the side of that other knight who sought to redress the world on the dusty plains of La Mancha. I am afraid, however, that Steele's own life does not afford so bright an example as the heroes and heroines of his delightful pages provide for our improvement. Drink and debt were the vices of the age, vices the more fatal because they were so eminently fashionable, and because no one with the slightest pretensions to being considered modish abstained from indulgence in them, or, if the best and rarest abstained, dreamed of expressing disapproval of more libertine minds. Poor Steele was always more or less ambitious to be a man of tone; he was as a natural consequence always more or less in debt; sobriety was not the most startling characteristic of his private and domestic virtues. Not, indeed, that he revelled more desperately and riotously than many others of his time, or even as desperately and riotously as some. But he loved good-fellowship and he loved good wine, and both were to be had in plenty in the London of the early years of the eighteenth century, and Richard Steele devoted himself to both with more devotion than was prudent or wholesome for a man with his way to make. But prudence was never a trait of Dick Steele's impulsive nature. He was not prudent when he was a merry, restless, troublesome boy at Charterhouse—that same Charterhouse which contemporary vandalism is now dreaming of destroying, and around whose threatened walls the ghost of Steele and many other appealing and illustrious spectres may be imagined to flit in reproaching protest against sacrilege He was not what the

world would call prudent when he chose to cast his lot for a time with the full privates of his gracious Majesty's Life Guards, and so met, or might have met, Master Henry Esmond. He was not prudent when he quarrelled with the House of Commons, and that august body solemnly expelled him for his pamphleteering pains. He was not prudent when he borrowed that thousand pounds from his dear old friend, hero, and mentor, Joseph Addison, and lost in consequence of the further imprudence of not paying it back a considerable share of that exemplary, less tempestuous gentleman's regard; he was not prudent in failing to make the most, as wiser and more worldly folk would have done, and, indeed, did do, of the Saturnian age when the elector of Hanover became king of England, and the German Jove coined himself in golden favors of all kinds for those who had been true to him and the principle which the monarch from Herrenhausen represented. He was not prudent in his married life—he was married twice; was not prudent in the management of good fortune when it came in his way, till at last fortune got tired of smiling on him; he was not prudent in anything. Too much of his life was passed in the tavern and the sponging-house; too much of his time was given to wine and wild company. But his works remain unsullied, none of the rank atmosphere which sometimes surrounded Steele the man, poisons the pages of Steele the writer, or makes it hard for us to breathe easily in his fellowship. A savage critic of his day, slanderous, foul-mouthed, venomous—the tribe of Dennis is not extinct yet—railed and raved against Steele for being an Irishman. What in the surly eyes and cankered mind of Dennis was his chief sin we may be pardoned for regarding as his saving grace. It was his Irish birth and his Irish blood which made him so gentle, so humane, so simple even in his faults and follies! it was his Irish birth and blood which keep his pages

pure and make the lessons that he wrote, if not the lessons that he lived, examples, patterns, shining records of morality, of virtue, of clean, good conduct.

I began these lines with a quotation from Thackeray; I will bring them to their conclusion in like manner. Thackeray was seldom gentle and rarely just to Ireland, but he could appreciate some Irish virtues. "No Irishman," he says once," ever gave but with a kind word and with a kind heart."—He could sympathize with some Irish sorrows, and he dearly loved Dick Steele. There is something exceedingly tender and pathetic in the words in which he takes farewell of Steele. "Alas for poor Dick Steele." For nobody else, of course. "There is no man or woman in our time who makes fine projects and gives them up from idleness or want of means. When duty calls upon us, we no doubt are always at home and are ready to pay the grim tax-gatherer. When we are stricken with remorse, and promise reform, we keep our promise, and are never angry or idle or extravagant any more. There are no chambers in our hearts destined for family friends and affections and now occupied by some sin's emissary and bailiff in possession. There are no little sins, shabby peccadilloes, importunate remembrances, or disappointed holders of our promise to reform hovering at our steps or knocking at our door. Of course not. We are living in the 19th century, and poor Dick Steele stumbled and got up again, and got into jail and out again, and sinned and repented and loved and suffered and lived and died scores of years ago. Peace be with him. Let us think gently of one who was so gentle; let us speak kindly of one whose own breast exuberated with human kindness."

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

THE youth that loves no schooling, that regards Greek verbs with disfavor, that looks upon Cæsar's Gallic Wars as a highly concentrated misfortune, and who is inclined to say with the hero of the venerable nursery rhyme that

> "The rule of three perplexes me
> And fractions drive me mad,"

may find matter for infinite consolation in the fact that the wittiest Irishman, indeed it might fairly be said the wittiest man of his time, was looked upon in his childhood as "a dull, unpromising boy." "At Harrow," says Moore, "Richard was remarkable only as a very idle, careless, but at the same time engaging boy." Think of it; the most famous dramatist since Shakespeare; the brightest wit of an age which especially piqued itself upon being considered witty; the most brilliant orator of an age which regarded oratory as one of the greatest of the arts and whose roll is studded with the names of illustrious orators, the most unrivalled humorist of a century which in all parts of the world distinguished itself by its love of humor, being looked upon in his nonage as a dull, unpromising boy! The dull, unpromising boy was known to his parents and the friends who shook their heads over him as Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

I fear, however, that it cannot be accepted as an axiom that a serene indifference to study and a scornful contempt for the patient paths of knowledge are necessarily and inevitably proofs of the possession of genius. The world would blaze with a greater galaxy of splendid names if such

were the case, and the lowest form at school be a very synod of mute, inglorious Miltons. But it may be a comfortable anodyne to many weary minds, grappling vainly with most unlovely tasks, to think that great men were not always remarkably gifted boys, that the leader in college is not always the leader in life, and that the author of the "School for Scandal" and the orator of the Begum speech was considered by those who had, if not the best, at least the nearest means of judging his capacity as a dull, unpromising boy.

Idle, careless Dick Sheridan came from the scholastic shadows of Harrow School and the sunlit hours of Harrow playgrounds to London. London did not make him much more industrious or much more careful than he had been at Harrow-on-the-Hill. It was far pleasanter to translate the honeyed Greek of Theocritus with its babble of Syracusian shepherds, its nymphs and waters and Sicilian sea, than to follow the beaten track of ordinary education; it was vastly more entertaining to render the impassioned prose of Aristenetus in impassioned English, especially in the sweet companionship and collaboration of a friend and heart's brother, than to yawn over Euclid and grumble over Cocker.

This translation of Aristenetus is almost, but not quite, forgotten. The boyish task of careless Sheridan and heart's brother Halhed still enjoys a sort of existence in the volumes of the classical library of the ingenious Mr. Bohn, those volumes which Emerson praised so highly and which more than one generation of schoolboys have blessed as cribs. They are, however, utterly valueless, and had best be left by all lovers of Sheridan in the Limbo of youthful follies. From the turning of Greek prose into English verse, careless Sheridan and heart's brother Halhed now turned to another occupation in which, as in the other, they were both

of one mind, and for the last time. They both fell in love, and both with the same woman. All contemporary accounts agree in regarding the musical daughter of Musician Linley as one of the most beautiful women of her age. Those who know, either in its own native canvas or through engravings, the portrait which the greatest painter of his time painted of Sheridan's wife as St. Cecilia, will readily understand the extraordinary, almost universal homage which society and art, wit and wealth and genius paid to Miss Linley. Unlike the girl in Sheridan's own poem, who is assured by her adorer that she will meet with friends in all the aged, and lovers in the young, Miss Linley found old as well as young competing for her affection and the honor of her hand. Richard Sheridan and heart's brother Halhed were still almost boys when they beheld and adored her, and Charles Sheridan, Richard's elder brother, was still a young man. But Miss Linley had old lovers, too, men long past the middle pathway of their life, who besought her to marry them with all the impetuosity of youth. One of them, whom she wisely rejected on the ground that wealth could not atone for the disparity in years, carried off his disappointment gracefully enough by immediately settling a sum of three thousand pounds upon her.

There is something extraordinarily romantic about the whole course of Richard Brinsley Sheridan's attachment to Miss Linley. In the first place, it is remarkable that for a long time he contrived to keep the fact of his attachment entirely a secret from his elder brother, Charles, and from his unhappy friend, Halhed, both of whom were wildly in love with Miss Linley, and neither of whom appear to have had the faintest suspicion that they had a rival—the one in so close a kinsman, and the other in his own familiar friend. It must be admitted regretfully that Richard Sheridan does not appear to have acted in the furtherance

of his own courtship with that upright fidelity to friendship which might have been expected from his gallant, impetuous nature. Not merely did he keep his love-secret safely shut away from his brother and from his friend, but he seems to have allowed Halhed to look upon him as his confidant and ally in pressing Halhed's suit upon Miss Linley. Halhed reproached him sadly, but not bitterly, in a poetical epistle, the value of which is more personal than poetical, when he discovered the real mind of his friend. Herewith Halhed vanishes from the page of our history. He sailed for India, the golden land of so many wrecked hopes and disappointed ambitions; he became in the fullness of time a member of Parliament; he long outlived his first love and his successful rival; he died in 1830; and is dimly remembered as the author of a grammar of the Bengal language, and of a work on Gentoo laws, translated from the Persian. Such was the curious conclusion of a man's career who had begun by being Sheridan's friend and Miss Linley's lover.

Sheridan's courtship progressed more and more romantically. There is the dangerous rivalry of Matthews, the married rake; Miss Linley's flight to France with Sheridan to escape from Matthews' persecution; the secret marriage near Calais; the libelous attack on Sheridan inserted in the *Bath Chronicle* by the revengeful and disappointed Matthews; the subsequent public apology extorted by Sheridan at the sword's point; Matthews' further and baser mendacity; the second duel, in which the combatants seem to have fought with desperate ferocity, and in which Sheridan, badly wounded, refused to ask his life at the hand of his antagonist, and was only rescued by the seconds. Then follows a long period of separation, dark and despairing hours for Sheridan, only brightened by occasional meetings of the most eccentric kind, when the wild young poet, quaintly masked in the complicated capes of a hackney coachman,

has the fascinating, tormenting privilege of driving his beloved from Covent Garden Theatre, where her voice and beauty were nightly charming all London. At last the obduracy of a flinty-hearted parent—I am convinced that Sheridan must have styled old Linley flinty-hearted—was overcome, and on the 13th of April, 1773, the most brilliant man and most beautiful woman of their day were for the second time and more formally married, and a series of episodes more romantic than fiction came to an end.

The romance, it is agreeable to think, did not conclude with the marriage ceremony. It was not an age which set any great store by conjugal affection and devotion, but Sheridan was sufficiently in advance of his age to offer his wife as romantic an attachment after her marriage as he had shown in the days of duelling and disguising which had preceded it. He wrote verses to her, and she to him, long after they had settled down to serene domesticity, which breathe the most passionate expressions of mutual love. I have mentioned before in another paper that element rather of tragedy than of romance which legend—for I can only consider it to be legend—has endeavored to intrude upon the married life of Richard Sheridan and Elizabeth Linley.

It has been hinted dimly yet decisively that Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the "gallant and seditious Geraldine," felt more than a friend's admiration for the wife of his friend, and that the feeling stronger than friendship was returned by Mrs. Sheridan. According to this legend, Elizabeth Sheridan's unhappy passion shortened by its attendant grief her life; according to this legend Lord Edward Fitzgerald only married the fair Pamela, daughter of wild Equality Orleans, because of the strange and striking resemblance she bore to the St. Cecilia of his dreams. The legend I for one most confidently and distinctly disbelieve.

The young married Sheridan thought for a time of de-

voting his genius to the service of old Father Antic, the law, but like the king-making Warwick in the play, he soon found himself "no wiser than a daw," in its "nice sharp quillets." His thoughts and tastes were otherwise inclined, and on the 27th of January, 1775, not quite two years after his marriage, "The Rivals" was produced at Covent Garden, and a new chapter opened in the history of dramatic literature. It is curious to think that the clumsiness of the actor to whom the part of Sir Lucius O'Trigger was entrusted came very near to damning the most brilliant comedy that had been seen on the English stage for neary two centuries. The happy substitution of actor Clinch for actor Lee, however, saved the play and made Sheridan the most popular author in London. Of course the genius of the comedy must have won recognition in the end; it was not in the power of any actor, however incompetent, to obscure the genius of Sheridan; but it is easy to understand how terribly, on the first night, a clumsy representation of Sir Lucius O'Trigger would have marred the general effect of the play, and distorted the skillful harmony of its proportions. How grateful, however, Sheridan felt to Clinch for rescuing Sir Lucius from Lee's clutches is shown by the fact that his next production, the farce called "St. Patrick's Day, or the Scheming Lieutenant" was expressly written to afford opportunity for Clinch's peculiar talents. In 1777 the "School for Scandal" was produced and was succeeded by Sheridan's last dramatic work, the "Critic."

In the meantime, Sheridan, prompted by the triumph of "The Rivals," had become a theatrical manager by the purchase of Garrick's share in Drury Lane Theatre. Theatrical management absorbed all Sheridan's thoughts for a time, and then, being already the most famous author alive, he suddenly found opportunity for the display of wholly new and unexpected talents, and became one of the most famous

politicians and the most famous orators alive. There had, indeed, always been a certain political bent in Sheridan's mind. He had tried his hand at many political pamphlets, fragments of which were found among his papers by Moore, and his mind had always taken the keenest interest in the great questions which stirred the vivid political life of the waning eighteenth century. The general election of 1780 gave him an opportunity of expressing this interest in the public field, and he was returned to Parliament as member for the borough of Stamford. It is difficult to find a parallel in all history for the extraordinary success which attended Sheridan in his political as it had already attended him in his dramatic career. We have only to adapt the case to our own times to fully perceive the amazing nature of the triumph. Let us imagine some successful theatrical manager of the present day, Mr. Irving, say, or Mr. Wilson Barret, being also conspicuous as the foremost dramatic author of his time. Let us further imagine that this theatrical manager, at a time when his management was most profitable, and his plays, the creation of his own genius, most popular, suddenly turning to political life, entering Parliament, and making himself swiftly and surely pre-eminent there as a statesman and an orator. Let us imagine Mr. Henry Irving or Mr. Wilson Barrett suddenly displaying qualities of statesmanship and of political leadership, which would entitle them to rank with Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley and Mr. Parnell, and competing as peers for oratorical honors with the Prime Minister, and we shall form some idea of the really surprising nature of Sheridan's success. Of course the parallel is not quite perfect, for Mr. Henry Irving and Mr. Wilson Barrett, like most modern theatrical managers, are actors as well as managers, but it is sufficiently near, considering the changed relationships of society since

the last century, to illustrate my meaning and to point my parallel.

Just on the threshold of his political career Sheridan lost the wife he loved so well. He married again, and there is a little story told, half melancholy, half humorous, and wholly pathetic in connection with this second marriage. Mrs. Sheridan—she had been a Miss Ogle—young, clever and ardently devoted to her husband—was found one day "walking up and down her drawing-room apparently in a frantic state of mind, calling her husband a villain, because, as she explained with some hesitation, she had just discovered that the love-letters he had sent to her were the very same as those which he had written to his first wife." It is to be presumed that Sheridan thought them so good that they might well serve a second turn, but this act of literary—specially love-literary—parsimony was not happy. But parsimony of his written work was Sheridan's peculiarity. Verses addressed to his dear St. Cecilia make their appearance, under altered conditions, again and again in his plays. "It is singular enough," writes a critic, "that the treasures of wit which Sheridan was thought to possess in such profusion should have been the only species of wealth which he ever dreamed of economizing."

The want of economy of all other wealth makes the closing scenes of Sheridan's life profoundly tragic. They are only too familiar; let us leave them this once shrouded; let us not think upon Sheridan, old, sick, impoverished, and abandoned, deserted by his friends and by his party, the proverbially faithless Whigs. Let us think of him rather in his hours of triumph, on the first night of some great play, on the evening of some epoch-making speech. Byron, if I remember rightly, said of him that he had written the best comedy, the best farce, and the best comic opera, and spoken the greatest speech of his time. The speech was

the Begum speech, lost now for us, and lost irretrievably and irreparably are all its fellow-speeches. The miserable and mangled fragments which are called the speeches of Sheridan do not represent the glowing orations which charmed a Senate and delighted statesmen, and which, if the author had been only a little more prodigal of his pains, would have existed now to charm later generations with the charm of Demosthenes, of Cicero, and of Burke.

LAWRENCE STERNE.

THE town of Clonmel is chiefly associated in the minds of Irishmen to-day with the closing scenes in the national tragedy of 1810. In Clonmel Courthouse, William Smith O'Brien was sentenced to be hanged, drawn and quartered, in Clonmel Courthouse the echoes rang with Meagher's passionate, eloquent declaration that he did not despair of his country. But there is another association connected with Clonmel, an association that has in it nothing revolutionary or romantic, but it is of a purely literary nature. In the town of Clonmel Laurence Sterne was born, one hundred and seventy-three years ago. Whether Tipperary or Waterford can claim the honor of including Laurence Sterne among her sons I do not know, although the fact is, I dare say, known, or at least knowable, to the curious. For my own part I am not very proud of the fact that Sterne was born on Irish earth, or of the inclusion of his works in our literature. There is nothing noble in the man's life; where it is not positively ignoble it is practically unnoble; and as for his writings—well, I should not be inclined to quarrel with England for proud possession of them. Even if they were wholly free from taint and canker, even if their sentiment were not a sham and their virtue an affectation, they would not seem to be a prize worth striving for. Our laurel wreath is green enough without adding thereto any leaves from the "Sentimental Journey;" and as for "Tristram Shandy," I am heartily of a mind with Horace Walpole for once in finding it supremely dull. If, therefore, any one were to maintain with regard to Sterne what has been

maintained with regard to Swift, that he was not an Irishman, and that, therefore, his works are not parcel and portion of Irish literature, I should not for my own part and from my own point of view be eager to say such a critic nay. The opinion, however, of the majority is, I suppose, against me. The genius, the wit, the humor of Sterne has been extolled by his contemporaries in language that might be called unmeasured if it did not appear to be measured, sedate and even qualified, when compared with the praises that have been showered upon Sterne by his successors in his literature. Few writers have been more persistently read, few writers have enriched literature with a greater stock of allusion, quotation and illustration; few writers have been more fortunate in winning the homage, not only of their own countrymen, but of the men of other countries, and a welcome into the pantheon of other literatures. English authors of the highest rank have exhausted their vocabulary in adulation of Sterne; French writers have not been content with merely praising him and making him through translations free of their Republic of Letters, but have paid him the higher compliment of imitating him; and what is true of France is no less true of Germany.

One of the greatest of German writers—the writer whom I individually prefer to all German writers save and except one —Jean Paul Richter, declares more than once that he regards Sterne as his master. The statement amazes me. Jean Paul Richter, Jean Paul, the Only One (der Einzige) as he was fondly called—they tell me he is out of date now in Germany, and if so I am sorry for Germany — was immeasurably greater than his master; was greater, too, I think, than his pupil and imitator who wrote "*Sartor Resartus*." All that was sham, tinsel and tawdry in the writings of Yorick was genuine, heart-felt and soul-inspiring in Jean Paul. Yorick's sentiment was pinch-beck; Jean Paul's was pure

gold. All that Richter ever wrote is animated with the deepest religious feeling, the tenderest sympathy, the gentlest and bravest pity. Yorick, in the black and white of his sacred calling's gown and band, grins and leers like a disguised satyr. His morality is a mummer's mask; his pathos is pretence; the only thing truly Irish about him is his humor, his ceaseless wit, the unfailing sparkle of his fancy.

Seldom, perhaps, has an author experienced a stranger bringing up than that which fell to the lot of Sterne. His father, Roger Sterne, was one of those luckless persons who seem to be the especial sport of a malicious destiny, in whose hands nothing prospers, from whose hands thievish fortune filches all opportunities. Roger Sterne was a gentleman of good family and narrow means, who had adopted arms as his profession and had not prospered therein. He had married a wife who was herself a sutler's widow, and who blessed Ensign Sterne with a swift and steady succession of offspring, of whom Laurence was the second. It was chance, acting through the impulses of the War Office, which caused little Laurence to see the light on Irish soil, but though he was born in the melodiously named Valley of Honey, there was little of honeyed sweetness, but much bitterness as of gall and coloquintida, in his early boyhood. Poverty and the eccentric evolutions of a marching regiment contributed to make Laurence's a most unenviable childhood. The record, as we can read it in his own account, is disastrous and dreary enough. The regiment to which Roger Sterne belonged was perpetually on the move; the births and deaths of Mrs. Sterne's children succeeded each other with painful rapidity; again and again was little Laurence in imminent peril of shipwreck on the stormiest seas; all that was worse and most disagreeable in the life of camp followers he experienced in his earliest years. Some account

must necessarily be taken of this by those who review Sterne's writings. A child brought up under such conditions is not likely to have a very keen appreciation of the finer phases of life, and must inevitably have a precocious and most unfortunate familiarity with the dreamy side of existence. What is commonly called knowledge of the world, as seeing life generally, means seeing its darkest phases, and the future divine was not improved by the education of the camp.

The misfortune that had attended so persistently upon the career of Roger Sterne culminated at last, most tragically, yet at the same time most ludicrously, as if destiny had determined to the end to make the luckless ensign her sport. At Gibraltar a quarrel with another officer "about a goose" resulted in a duel. Roger Sterne was run through the body. He never recovered from the wound, and though in this harsh world he drew his breath in pain a little longer, he died in Jamaica of fever, which found his enfeebled frame a ready victim. One of the few pleasing characteristics in Laurence Sterne's nature is his affectionate memory of his father; one of the most pleasing passages of all his writings is that in which he describes him: "My father was a little, smart man, active to the last degree in all exercises, most patient of fatigue and disappointment, of which it had pleased God to give him full measure. He was in his temper somewhat rapid and hasty"—hence, no doubt, the speaking of hot words and the spilling of hot blood over that ill-omened goose—"but of a kindly, sweet disposition, void of all design, and so innocent in his intentions that he suspected no one, so that you might have cheated him ten times a day if nine had not been sufficient for your purpose." The actions of the famous son do not smell so sweet or blossom so brightly in the dust as those of the obscure, unlucky father.

Through Halifax school and Cambridge sizarship Laurence Sterne passes, through the patronage of his pluralist uncle, Jacques Sterne, into holy orders and the living of Sutton-on-the-Forest, and so into twenty years of almost complete obscurity. We know that he married, that he preached, played the fiddle, fished, hunted and read, and that is about all we know. For twenty full years the world was almost absolutely ignorant of and absolutely indifferent to the existence of Laurence Sterne. Then quite suddenly, in 1759, the lazy, lounging, most eccentric, and ill-chosen clergyman irritated York and enraptured London by the publication of the first two volumes of "Tristram Shandy." The record of literature and of history more bustling than that of literature is starred with curious examples of men who leap into sudden fame after a life of obscurity. Tough soldier Cervantes fights and starves and struggles his way through fifty years of life, and then "smiles Spain's chivalry away" with his immortal book. Dumouriez lives fifty restless, nameless years unknown, and wins one year "seen of all countries and centuries." Parson Sterne, of Sutton and York, is seven-and-forty years of age when he steps, without any previous warning, into the highest popularity of his time, and into an enduring place in literature for ever. There is a kind of consolation in this. The obscurest soul that ever neared its grand climacteric in outer darkness may feed itself with the thought that it, too, may even yet in the evening of existence rise up and overthrow the Austrian or pen the volume that shall rival "Don Quixote" and eclipse Yorick.

The author of "Tristram Shandy" came at once to town, and was received with more than Roman triumph. Wealth, wit, genius, nobility thronged his door, sought his friendship, proffered favors. Sterne revelled in this new life. London was to him a cup of the most intoxicating quality, and he

drank and drank again of its sparkling fountain without ever quenching his thirst for popularity, for flattery, for success. Flattery, popularity, success, all three he had in plenty for eight resplendent years. Volume after volume of "Tristram Shandy" wooed and won public applause. He traveled abroad, and found the same adulation in the great capitals of Europe that he had revelled in in London. When the popularity of "Shandy" appeared to be waning, and the fame of its author to be dwindling, he whipped it up again with the "Sentimental Journey." Then he died one of the most tragic deaths recorded in the necrology of genius. He died in the London he loved so well and he died alone. The wish he had expressed of expiring at an inn untroubled by the presence of mourning friends was grimly gratified. In lonely lodgings, beneath the speculative gaze of a memoir-writing foot-man and the care of hired hands, Sterne gasped out the words "Now it is come," and so died. He was buried almost unattended, and his body was stolen from its new-made grave by resurrectionists and recognized, when half-dissected on an anatomist's table, by a horrified friend. So the story goes, not absolutely authentic, but certainly not absolutely unauthentic, the melancholy conclusion of an ill-spent life and a splendid, ill-used intellect.

No critic can be too severe on the leprous taint which befouls all Sterne's writings, and which makes them in their entirety repulsive for men and impossible for women. The recognized license of his age does not excuse him, for he overpassed its license. But even if Sterne's writings were far less deeply stained than they are, they would be open to grave reproach. Quite apart from the unreality, the affectation of their sentimentality, the selfish, ignoble spirit of their author peers out of page after page like the wry face of a satyr through the summer leaves. "Why should

we not speak ill of the dead?" he asks, deriding the tender humanity of the old Latin phrase; "why should we not think or speak ill of our neighbor?" he asks, in one of the strangest of the strangest collection of sermons ever uttered by human lips under the semblance of religious teaching. The points are small, but they are characteristic of the man. It was in his nature to question all these soft amenities which make men loveable and life enduring. It was no less in his nature to be one of the most unworthy husbands that hapless woman has even been mated with. For his conduct to his wife his memory has been scourged by Thackeray and by his latest biographer, Mr. H. D. Trail, himself one of the ablest of contemporary writers. It cannot be too severely scourged. He took her youth, he took her money, and he tired of her and was untrue to her, and spoke against her in the dastardly letters he wrote to his friends and in which he has gibbeted himself to all time as a hideous warning, a sort of sentimental scarecrow. "As to the nature of Sterne's love affairs," says Mr. Trail, "I have come, though not without hesitation, to the conclusion that they were most, if not all of them, what is called, somewhat absurdly, platonic. * * * But as I am not one of those who hold that the conventionally 'innocent' is the equivalent of the morally harmless in this matter, I cannot regard the question as worth any very minute investigation. I am not sure that the habitual male flirt, who neglects his wife to sit continually languishing at the feet of some other woman, gives much less pain and scandal to others or does much less mischief to himself and the objects of his adoration than the thorough-going profligate."

Sterne was undoubtedly a great man, and he has been claimed as an Irishman, and so he cannot be overlooked; and any student of Irish history must take him into account and weigh him as well as he may and judge him. A man

and a writer of such fame cannot be ignored because of his baseness; and with all his baseness he has done some work which must be considered excellent as literary work. But I wish with all my heart that the Irishman who studies his country's literature was not forced to come across the name of Laurence Sterne. I wish that the presiding influences of Mars and Lucina had caused Sterne to see the light in Gibraltar or Jamaica or any part of the world except Ireland. I would give with a light heart all that is good in "Tristram Shandy" or the Yorick Sermons, or the "Sentimental Journey," to be clean and quit of what is bad and base in them. I would gladly banish from the Elysian fields, which fancy peoples with the ghosts of Irish genius, the Simian shadow of Sterne. His life and his genius alike are things to wonder at, to weep for, and to avoid.

THOMAS DAVIS.

If ever a man or the sons of men have been made a nuisance to his fellows, that man is Fletcher of Saltoun; if ever a quotation has been hackneyed and dismally done to death it is Fletcher of Saltoun's saying in which he expresses his indifference as to who makes his people's laws so long as he, Fletcher of Saltoun, is permitted to make their ballads. Yet this axiom, one of those common coins of literature which has been so long in circulation that it is worn smooth and flat and well-nigh lost its image and superscription, contains a profound truth. The ballad-makers of the world have had more influence upon their countries than the law-makers; they have generally been the heralds, the guides, the instigators of the law-makers. The destinies of half the great kingdoms of the earth have been directed by some singer of songs. Ballads are the best allies of all great political movements. The Stuart cause, for example, was kept alive through long generations of hopeless effort by the genius, the passion and the devotion of the ballad-makers who wore the white cockade and who appealed so simply and yet so eloquently to their hearers' loyalty to "the king over the water." A poet of our day now dead, who bore an Irish name, and who was inspired by some of the fire of Irish genius, has written some verses in which he pays enthusiastic tribute to the power of poetry in all ages and among all men. The poets have done everything he declares:

> "We in the ages lying
> In the buried past of the earth
> Built Nineveh with our sighing."

And so on. It is the, perhaps, pardonable weakness of poets to consider that the guild to which they belong has effected much in the world's history, and it cannot be said that they always exaggerate the influence of the brotherhood. The world would be a great deal worse than it is if it were not for the labors of some of them.

Certainly no poet has ever more distinctly influenced the course of his country's destinies, certainly no poet has ever more profoundly informed a great political movement with his own genius, than Thomas Davis. At a time when his country seemed almost in the dust, and at a time when literature was almost extinct, when patriotism was starving for lack of inspiration, when knowledge was denied, when National hopes were fainting, Thomas Davis came before his countrymen as the breather of a new courage, the founder of a new and noble literature, the herald of a wider knowledge and the uplifter and regenerator of the fainting aspirations of his fellow-men. The whole history of Ireland for the last half century would have been written strangely otherwise if the genius and the pure ambition of Davis had not been vouchsafed to the Irish race. Too many of the names that fill the highest places in Ireland's annals are those of men whose life's work has been cut short on the threshold of manhood. Thomas Davis is a sad instance of this. The dawn of his genius had scarcely warmed his country with its bright glows of roseate promise when he had passed into the darkness, leaving the hearts of his countrymen yearning for the sound of the voice of which they were but then learning the value. Davis was born at Mallow in 1814. His early years gave few indications of the genius which was destined later to raise him to the foremost rank of his contemporaries. He was quiet, shy, and self-contained; but his passionate love for Ireland was deeply rooted in his nature, and grew with him year by year until

at last, at the age of twenty-seven, the young student threw off his old, retiring habits of study and reflection, and passing from the shade of dreaming to that of acting, he appeared before the world as a poet and politician, with a success which surprised no one, probably, so greatly as himself. The *Nation* newspaper, founded in 1842 by Gavan Duffy, Davis and Dillon, was the first medium through which the Irish reading population became acquainted with Davis's poems. The acquaintance ripened rapidly into warmest friendship, and soon to love! A year after the *Nation* had started into life there were few Irish homes whose inmates did not watch eagerly for every new song from his pen—a pen which one could almost fancy he had dipped in his heart's blood, so do the passionate words of appeal for freedom and courage burn on the paper and vibrate unceasingly in the hands of Irishmen. As a politician Davis's influence, though subtler and less conspicuous, was none the less surely felt. Few statesmen have commanded so completely the confidence of their friends and the respect of their enemies. The severest trial to Davis during his political career was the painful separation of his party from O'Connell, whom he reverenced and esteemed. In 1845, at a period when his counsel and support was most needed by his party, Davis was, unhappily, attacked by fever and died, leaving a terribly vacant place among Ireland's defenders, which none of his contemporaries were capable of filling. In his youth he had studied the Irish language, and always advocated its instruction among Irish people; he regarded it as a great National possession, especially to be treasured at a time when so few relics were left to the people to remind them of their early freedom.

Had Davis never written one of the stirring ballads so dear to patriotism, he would still have earned for himself fame as a love poet. Perhaps, had he lived to an old age

in some peaceful corner of the earth, undisturbed by the fierce hustling of party strife, nor chafed by the constant sight of unavenged wrongs, he might still have left a name among the first poets of the world; but heaven, which endowed him with his genius, bestowed on him a heart filled with the keenest sympathy for his suffering country. He spent his share of the sacred fire perhaps with prodigality, but he did the work which seemed best to his conscience; and short as was his appointed time, the fruits of his labor will blossom year after year, so long as the Irish race continues, and hearts as true as his live to follow in his steps.

Nothing is more deeply associated with Davis's name than the foundation of the *Nation* newspaper. That morning walk of Davis and Dillon and Duffy in the Phœnix Park, that morning talk "under a noble elm, within view of the Park gate leading to the city," was the beginning of a new order of things in Ireland. The actual proposition of a weekly newspaper seems to have come from Duffy, but the name was given by Davis; and though the editorship was assigned to Duffy, "as the most experienced in journalism," Davis, Sir Charles himself declares, "was our true leader." Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's own description of Davis justifies and, indeed, commands quotation, for it seems to bring the man himself before us, as only the description of a contemporary can ever hope to do. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy is like the man in Landor's poem whom "God has lived with and has loved," and he has enriched the literature of his country by the portraits he has drawn of the high companionship in which his youth was passed.

"Davis was a man of middle stature, strongly but not coarsely built, with a complexion to which habitual exercise, for he was a great walker, and habitual temperance gave a healthy glow. A broad brow and strong jaw stamped his face with a character of power, but except when it was

lighted by thought or feeling it was plain and even rugged. His carriage was not good; a peculiar habit of leaning towards you in familiar conversation, arising from the eagerness of his nature, gave him the appearance of a stoop, and he dressed and walked as carelessly as a student is apt to do. But his glance was frank and direct as a sunbeam, he had a cordial and winning laugh, the prevailing expression of his face was open and genial, and his voice had tones of sympathy which went straight to the heart."

"He was at that time," says Mr. Madden, speaking of a period a couple of years earlier than the establishment of the *Nation*, "as delightful a young man as it was possible to meet with in any country. He was much more joyous when he became immersed in practical politics. His good spirits did not seem, however, so much the consequence of youth and health as of his moral nature. His cheerfulness was less the result of temperament than that of his sanguine philosophy and of his wholesome, happy views of life. The sources of enjoyment were abundant to a man of his large faculties, highly cultivated, possessing withal a body which supplied him with vigor and energy."

Such is the likeness, clearly and distinctly painted, of the man who awoke in Ireland a new life, and whose premature death was one of the greatest of the many catastrophies that afflicted her history. Davis's life, brief though it was, materially altered the course of Ireland's history. It would be in vain to attempt to estimate how far, had his life been longer, he might have influenced and altered the course of that particular portion of her history of which he was the central and the serenest figure. "This calamity makes the world look black," wrote John Dillon, when he heard of Davis's death. The world was indeed black, for long enough, to Ireland afterwards.

We have all our partialities in the study of our favorite

poets. The poem of Davis's which is more dear to me personally is that on the grave of Wolfe Tone:

> In Bodenstown churchyard there is a green grave,
> And wildly along it the winter winds rave;
> Small shelter I ween are the ruined walls there
> When the storm sweeps down on the plains of Kildare."

The first time I ever stood by Tone's grave was on a day such as seemed to chime in most fitly with the poet's words. It was a chill, gray day, with driving rain, which soaked the rank grass of the little churchyard and drowned the fallen autumnal leaves and washed the slab with its wild tears. The scene, the time, the very tempest seemed in melancholy harmony with Davis's song. Ireland was passing then through one of her darkest hours, and that lonely grave, that ruined place of death, the wet earth and weeping skies, and the desolate autumn wind which piped through the dripping trees, the plaintive dirge-like music of Davis's verse, all these seemed emblematic of Ireland's suffering, of her wrongs, her isolation. The last time I stood by the grave the scene was strangely different. It was autumn, indeed, but a soft air, as of earlier spring, reigned over the Kildare meadows. The sun shone brightly on the grass-grown mounds that rise and fall like the waves of a little sea about the ancient walls, whose crumbling outline gained a strange splendor in that golden light. The grave itself was dry and clear, its inscriptions distinct. Some reverent hands had suspended little relics on the railings that protect it. Above stretched a summer sky; below the green earth seemed rather to be instinct with the quickening pulses of a new year than to bear on its fair face the fading lineaments of autumn. The aspect of the place was propitious, benignly ominous. Ireland had escaped from her sojourn in the Valley of the Shadow of Death; her future was widen-

ing out before her fair with hope and bright with promise; it was the dawn of a new era which I seemed to witness as I stood beside Tone's grave on that divine day when autumn wore the guise of spring, and when the wind which rivalled summer's seem to bear as its burden those brighter lines:

"Sweet, sweet, 'tis to find that such faith can remain
To the cause and the man so long vanquished and slain."

Davis's own grave does not quite realize the exquisite picture which he had painted for all time of his own ideal resting place. His country could hardly be expected to obey his desire that no stone should mark his resting place, but his epitaph is indeed writ on his country's mind.

"He served his country and loved his kind,"

and better epitaph no Irishman, no man, could desire to have.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

The ceremonial which took place in Waterford last Sunday was significant in the extreme—significant of much which hitherto the majority of Englishmen have been unable to understand or appreciate. Englishmen as a whole have regarded each successive effort of the Irish people—now by constitutional means, now by more desperate measures—to obtain some redress for their intolerable wrongs, not as successive phases and developments of the one distinct National purpose, but as so many separate, incoherent, unattached and unnatural outbursts of unprincipled and unreasonable disaffection. It would be superfluous for any Irishman to remind Irishmen of the extraordinary political folly of such a mistake, but it is only quite lately that any large bulk of Englishmen have appeared to recognize frankly the fact that the progressive generations of Irish protest are linked together in a sequence as united as that of the most enduring dynasty of monarchs that history affords any example of. This is the secret of that devotion, so bewildering to Englishmen who have tried to rule Ireland, which the Irish people bear to the heroes and martyrs of the various struggles for their country's right to be free. The men of Forty-eight, the men of Ninety-eight, the men of Eighty-two are as dear to the Irishmen of to-day as they were when the *Nation's* first number animated "Young Ireland," when Wolfe Tone organized the "United Irishmen," and when the Volunteers rallied at Dungannon to make the dream of Grattan and of Flood a living and abiding reality.

The affection, however, which the Irish people feel for the memories of the men of Forty-eight may well be peculiarly warm and deep. Forty-eight is not so far removed from the youngest of the existing generation of Irishmen but that he may feel himself, as it were, bound thereto by bonds of almost personal association. Some of the men who made that time still live and look upon the earth. The last Parliament, the Parliament in which for the first time the doctrines of Home Rule were adopted by an English Prime Minister, contained among its members one who had played a not insignificant part in the history of "Young Ireland." The brilliant historian, too, of that stirring epoch was himself one of its leaders and the colleague of Dillon and of Davis in the foundation of the *Nation*. Others have not long been taken from the world. It is not so long since John Mitchell came back from his long exile to receive the reverent homage of a New Ireland, and to sleep at last within hearing of those breezes which he loved best in all the world—the breezes that sang through the beaches and sycamores of old Rostrevor. It is twenty years since John Dillon, grave, stately, handsomest of men, died just on the eve of the realization of his dream of an alliance between Irish Nationalism and English Liberalism, died and was eulogized by the same statesman who now can find no fairer enjoyment for his fading eloquence than virulent invective against the party and the cause with which the son of John Dillon is associated.

Small wonder if the men of Forty-eight are dear to the Irishmen of Eighty-six. The fathers of this generation were the friends, the allies, the followers of O'Brien, and Meagher, and Dillon, and Mitchell, and the rest. To the young men of to-day their names are almost as the names of friends; they seem, in the experiences of those near and dear to them, to live over for themselves these fervent years,

to look upon its leaders face to face, to stretch out their hands in answer to the impassioned appeal of Mitchell, or to listen with beating heart while the eloquence of Meagher, inspired almost to prophecy by the presence of death, stirs the silence of Clonmel Courthouse. The other heroes of Irish history are so far removed that they appear almost to be invested with superhuman attributes, to be endowed with those higher and serener faculties which the fancy of an earlier age attributed to the demigods. But the men of Forty-eight are of our own flesh and blood; we have held the hands and listened to the speech of some of them; our sires were their companions, their champions and their friends. There enters, therefore, a personal element into all tributes to their work and their memory which must be absent from the most reverent homage to the men of an earlier, if even of a greater age.

In one of the most conspicuous spots in Dublin stands a statue erected to the memory of William Smith O'Brien, the high-souled, chivalrous gentleman who was recognized as the leader of the agitation of 1848. That statue is, I believe, the only one that has been raised in Ireland to the memory of any of the men of the Young Ireland movement. Ireland, unhappily for herself, has had something else to think of than the raising of monuments to her illustrious dead. It is one of the remarkable proofs of her patient, unwearying patriotism that she has been able to do so much, and that in the worst times of her poverty and oppression she has had the energy and self-sacrificing generosity to keep alive in the midst of her own immediate struggles the memory of many who were the heroes of earlier efforts. I have often thought that the presence in Dublin streets of that statue to Smith O'Brien, so close to the bridge which once bore the name of an English Lord Lieutenant, and which now bears the name of an Irish patriot, and within twenty minutes'

walk of the Castle itself, ought to offer to any intelligent foreigner one of the most remarkable proofs he could desire of the vitality of Ireland's patriotism, and of the justice of a cause which could foster and inspire such vitality. But at this present time the statue of one Young Irelander is not enough for Ireland, and I sincerely hope and very devoutly believe that the hope which my friend, Mr. Leamy, M. P., expressed so eloquently last Sunday may speedily be realized, and that in a very short time the streets of Waterford may boast a statue to Thomas Francis Meagher.

Thomas Francis Meagher was born in Waterford, in the city which has just been paying so profoundly impressive a tribute to his memory, on the 23rd of August, 1823. He was educated at Clongowes and at Stonyhurst. A life of Meagher, published many years ago, and now long since out of print, gives some amusing accounts of his early days at the shrine of learning which was once the family seat of the Browns, of Kildare. The author of the life appears to have been a school-fellow of Meagher's, and to speak of him from personal experience. "Thomas Francis Meagher, as I remember him," he says, "was a diligent student, much beloved by his companions, and a favorite with his superiors. To conciliate, to win the regards of the latter, was never with him an object of ambition; on the contrary, I have known him in a football match to let fly deliberately at a master's shins rather than at the ball. On one occasion, on account of some breach of discipline, the prefect locked him up in his room during play-time, and Meagher, not to be outdone in generosity, passed the time very agreeably in sharpening said prefect's razors upon the granite window-sill." Meagher did not, however, waste the whole of his time in sharpening razors, plundering orchards, or carving his name on the trunks of the fine old Congowes trees. "Though fond of play—and he played

with a will—he was not," says his biographer, "an idler in any sense. If sometimes he neglected his school-books, the reason would be found to lie in too close application to his music-books." It was the debating society at Clongowes which first awoke in him a distinct taste for oratory. After he left Stonyhurst the young Meagher went for a journey up the Rhine and in Belgium, where he studied with great care the flourishing Flemish cities which in their serene self-centred prosperity afforded such a melancholy contrast to the condition of the cities and towns of his native country.

Meagher's first connection with public life begins with the date of Davis's death. At the time when all Ireland was thrilled with pain over the loss of her poet, Meagher wrote to Duffy, who was editing the *Nation*, expressing his profound sympathy, and asking to be permitted to co-operate in raising a monument to Davis's memory. "He was at that time," writes Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, "a youth of two-and-twenty, who had scarcely heard his own voice except in a college debating society, and had not written a line for the public beyond one feeble copy of verses in the *Nation*. But there was a mesmerism in his language which touched me. I speedily made his personal acquaintance, and soon had the happiness of counting him among my friends." As usual, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's description of a colleague impresses the reader with a profound sense of realistic portraiture. "Meagher," he says, "was middle-sized and well-made. The lines of his face were so round as to give it the character of languor and innocence, till it was lighted up with enthusiasm, when it became impassioned and impressive. His voice was not rich nor flexible, but the genuine feeling with which he was moved rendered it an instrument fit to express a wide range of emotion and passion with astonishing power. In private he was a fast

friend and a man of steady honor, but though he had a buoyant and enjoying disposition he was not eminent for social any more than for colloquial endowments. His rare and splendid gifts were seen only in the tribune. To the common eye, indeed, the new recruit was a dandified youngster, with a languid air and mincing accent obviously derived from an English education; but this was a vulgar error; nature had made him a great orator and training had made him an accomplished gentleman."

The "new recruit" soon proved himself to be of the utmost service to the cause he had espoused. Sir Charles tells us that he was never of much value in the counsels of the party, and that he was not, even when at the height of his reputation, a leader in its cabinet. But the magic of his eloquence was the best ally that the Young Ireland cause possessed. At that time the fervid, impassioned, glowingly poetic oratory of the star-crossed Girondists, and especially of Vergniaud, were the inspiration and the admiration of the youthful orators of the Young Ireland movement. Meagher, like many others, modelled himself at first very largely upon Vergniaud. He even, we are told, in latter times studied the showy, glittering, and, if superficial, curiously attractive oratory of that strange being who strove to be at once a great poet, a great novelist, and a great politician, and who is now almost forgotten, Lamartine. But the genius of Meagher soon compelled him to outstrip and to surpass his models and his masters. The brightest effort of the Gironde is not equal to the eloquence of the Young Irishman who at an age little beyond that of boyhood was to so seriously compete for the palm of oratory with Grattan, and Curran, and Burke. Unfortunately for Meagher his voice, like that of his three great countrymen, was not in his favor. "It was like listening to the mystical, sonorous music of the "Revolt of Islam," recited in

Shelley's shrill treble, to hear Meagher pour out passion, and pathos, and humor in tones which possessed no note in perfection but intensity." But the intensity was enough to drive those enchanted words home to the very hearts of their hearers. Those enchanted words still live. The volume that contains them is one of the most priceless possessions that oratory has given to the world. It is, indeed, difficult to speak of Meagher's speeches with words of admiration sufficiently measured to prevent them passing into the language of hyperbole. To read those speeches is to understand even more than Greece or Rome can make us understand the magic of inspired eloquence, of what a recent American writer, Mr. T. B. Aldrich, calls the "glorious gift of speaking golden words with a golden tongue."

Meagher was soon setting the hearts of vast audiences on fire with his impassioned periods. If Thomas Davis was the poet of Young Ireland, Meagher was Young Ireland's orator. A writer, a historian who of late days has shown but little sympathy with Ireland, is roused with a gleam of positive enthusiasm by Thomas Francis Meagher, "a young man," says Mr. Lecky, "whose eloquence was beyond comparison superior to that of any other rising speaker in the country, and who, had he been placed in circumstances favorable to the development of his talent, might, perhaps, at length have taken his place among the great orators of Ireland." Meagher early endeared himself to the impetuous and gifted young men with whom he had allied by a brilliant speech against O'Connell's doctrine of passive resistance, which is the most famous of all his utterances. "I am not one of those tame moralists," the young man exclaimed, "who say that liberty is not worth one drop of blood. . . . Against this miserable maxim the noble virtue that has saved and sanctified humanity appears in judgment. From the blue waters of the Bay of Salamis;

from the valley over which the sun stood still and lit the Israelites to victory; from the cathedral in which the sword of Poland has been sheathed in the shroud of Kosciusko; from the Convent of St. Isidore, where the fiery hand that rent the ensign of St. George upon the plains of Ulster has mouldered into dust; from the sands of the desert, where the wild genius of the Algerine so long has scared the eagle of the Pyrenees; from the ducal palace in this kingdom, where the memory of the gallant and seditious Geraldine enhances more than royal favor the splendor of his race; from the solitary grave within this mute city which a dying bequest has left without an epitaph—oh! from every spot where heroism has had a sacrifice or a triumph, a voice breaks in upon the cringing crowd that cherishes this maxim, crying, 'Away with it—away with it.'" This is undoubtedly the finest passage to be found in all Meagher's utterances; that which comes next to it is the speech spoken in graver and more tragic tones, when the hopes of Young Ireland were in the dust, and when Meagher, standing in the Courthouse of Clonmel, looked calmly in the face of, as he believed, impending imminent death. This swan-song of his political oratory, this speech from the dock, was worthy of his rhetorical genius—"I am not here to crave with faltering lip the life I have consecrated to the independence of my country. * * * I offer to my country, as some proof of the sincerity with which I have thought and spoken and struggled for her, the life of a young heart. * * * The history of Ireland explains my crime and justifies it. Even here, where the shadows of death surround me, and from which I see my early grave opening for me in no consecrated soil, the hope which beckoned me forth on that perilous sea whereon I have been wrecked, animates, consoles, enraptures me. No, I don't despair of my poor country, her peace, her liberty, her glory!"

Meagher was transported, he escaped from transportation, made his way to America, entered the Federal army, and distinguished himself during the civil war as a true and gallant soldier. The green flag, which it had been the dream of his youth to fight for in Irish fields and upon Irish hillsides, fluttered often enough over his head when, in the garb of a Federal officer, he led his men time and again against the Confederate intrenchments. His end was, satirically, cruelly inappropriate to such a life. The man who had been sentenced to death as an Irish rebel, who had braved death over and over again for a foreign service, and in a foreign place, was destined to die ingloriously the victim of an unhappy accident. "He fell from the deck of a steamer one night; it was dark, and there was a strong current running; help came too late. A false step, a dark night and the muddy waters of the Missouri closed the career that had opened with so much promise of brightness." So writes one who knew Meagher in the flesh. We, such of us as only know him by tradition, may grieve indeed for that untimely death, but we can only rejoice that heaven in its justice granted to a good cause so much genius, so much courage, and such unrivalled eloquence.

CHARLES LEVER.

LEVER occupies something of the same place in relation to Ireland that Scott occupies to Scotland; but Ireland, unfortunately, has not the same reasons for being grateful to Lever that Scotland has for being grateful to Scott. In one sense the curse of Swift was upon Lever; he was "a man of genius and an Irishman," but, though his genius made him famous all the world over, and though he created an Ireland for fiction as Scott created a Scotland for fiction, the result of the two men's labors is very different. The Scotland of Sir Walter Scott is a faithful picture of the Scotland of his time. The "Waverly Novels," where they treat of Scotland, are as serviceable as so many blue-books to the historical student. Even where they are most humorous they never fail to be most truthful, and their picture of Scottish virtues is as faithful and as honorable as the pictures of Scotch failings are severe in their masterly satire. The Scotland of Scott is no Cloud-Cuckoo-Town, no Utopia, no "Land East of the Sun, West of the Moon" in which the delighted traveler wanders and wonders and knows that he treads the dissolving mazes of fairyland. The same cannot, unhappily, be said of Lever. The Scotland of Scott is emphatically Scotland, the Ireland of Lever is emphatically not Ireland.

Indeed, from a National point of view, Irishmen may be said to owe Lever a grudge for his method of presenting his country and his countrymen. It can hardly be doubted that many of the absolutely and even ludicrously false impressions which Englishmen have formed of Ireland and of

Irishmen are due pretty directly to the teaching afforded by Lever's novels. Except in the rarest cases, the serious sides of Irish life and character, the characteristic national good which generations and centuries of oppression had generated, is ignored by Lever. Of the Irish gentleman, from the point of view of the "Free Companions," he can afford example enough and to spare. Riotous Trinity students living in a mad world of endless practical jokes, gallant dragoons who ride and make love, and fight duels, and sabre the enemies of England, and drink whiskey punch with the energy and the appetite and unconquerable digestions of the brood of giants, are merry men enough to meet with in literature, and the humanities who, with a long interval between, do in some measure approach to their titanic good spirits are pleasant folk indeed. But these Gargantuan good fellows, drawn with a reckless freedom of hand which makes Dugald Dalgetty seem but a starveling, are not quite the typical Irishmen that it has pleased so many strangers to consider them. Even in the wildest wickedest days of Hell-Fire Clubbism there were Irish gentlemen whose lives did not consist solely in riding Modderiddero and rolling down civic stairs on to the plump forms of recumbent aldermen, and in pointing out the advantages of a sherry decanter aimed low as an instrument of repartee. I do not mean to maintain that Lever has never drawn Irish gentlemen otherwise than thus employed, but I do mean to say that such is the impression of the tastes, manners and customs of Irish gentlemen which he has made upon the minds of many who, in the severe irony of destiny, have been called upon to play their part in administering the affairs of Ireland to her.

What is true of Lever's Irish gentlemen is equally true of Lever's Irish peasants. They are far too much stage peasants; they are more closely related to the Myles-na-

Copaleen of the stage than to the Myles-na-Copaleen of Gerald Griffin's story. Mickey Free deserves his place in literature with Sam Weller and Sam Slick, with Ritchie, Moniplies, and Scapin, but he has been too generally accepted by the inexperienced English reader as the type of a whole race. Something of the perverseness with which Irish things have been regarded in England is due to Lever. He was a brilliant writer, he was in his way a great novelist, and, therefore, a great Irishman. But the Irishman who enjoys Lever's novels enjoys them, as it were, from a cosmopolitan point of view. He laughs at them, or is touched by them, as in his youth he laughed over the nursery rhyme, or was touched by the fairy tale. But he cannot recognize that they are in any sense true presentments of his country, or that regarded in that aspect his country has any deep reason to be grateful to Lever.

Looking upon Lever, however, merely as the romancist pure and simple, reading him with the same unimpassioned impartiality which we give to Scott or Dickens, or the "Arabian Nights," we may fairly recognize his marvellous ability, his inimitable humor, his rare power of creating certain characters and of making "the idle puppets of his dreams" seem for the hour to be living, breathing entities. Lever's place in the literature of his age has been thus defined by a not unfriendly critic of the "rattling romance of Irish electioneering, love-making and fighting which set people reading Charles O'Malley, and Jack Hinton, even when 'Pickwick' was still a novelty." "Charles Lever had wonderful animal spirit, and a broad, bright humor. He was quite genuine in his way. He afterwards changed his style completely and with much success; and will be found in the latter part of the period holding just the same relative place as in the earlier, just behind the foremost men, but in manner so different that he might be a new writer,

who had never read a line of the roystering adventures of light dragoons which were popular when Charles Lever first gave them to the world." Perhaps the most remarkable thing in the whole of Lever's long and successful literary career was this way in which he changed his style so completely. It is difficult to imagine that "That Boy of Norcott's" is by the author of "Tom Burke of Ours," and that the "Daltons" is the creation of the same mind that envolved "Harry Lorrequer." One of the secrets of Lever's enduring success was his amazing versatility.

Once again we are brought face to face with the surprising variety of Lever's genius. He has made the most notable, indeed I may say the only, addition in our time to the picturesque in literature. "Con Cregan" is the adopted child of "Gil Blas," and he is no less the successor through a long line of eccentric ancestors of that famous rogue, Lazarillo de Tormes, who in the course of his career was a blind beggar's guide, a cure's varlet, a water seller, a public crier, a marine monster, and a table groom, and who died at last a hermit. Many a book has been written in the *Gusto Picaresco* or Rogues' manner since the day of Mendoza. Gusman D'Alfarache, Marcus de Obregon, the twin limping devils of Velez and Le Sage, the Garduna de Saville and many another fill the list, but Lever's book may hold its own with the best of them. Before "Gil Blas," indeed, his illustrious model, "Con Cregan," must indeed veil his crown, but of the book as compared with all its rivals we may say, as Gines de Pasamonte said of his own memoirs, "so good is it that a fig for 'Lazarillo de Tormes,' and all of that kind that have been written, or shall be written, compared with it; all I will say about it is that it deals with facts, and facts so neat and diverting that no lies could match them."

Seldom, indeed, has a better book of adventure been put

together. From first page to last the astounding episodes which throng the life of "Con Cregan" are delightful reading. Footman, horse stealer, wanderer, audacious, unscrupulous, ambitious "Con Cregan" is the well-nigh inimitable type of the adventurer, the "Wandering Star" of civilization, who, with many of the attributes of the ruffian and most of the qualities of the rogue, does still keep himself somehow clear of the guild of scoundreldom, and does somehow manage to win the affections of those who fall on his drifting, erratic course. It is impossible to be angry with "Con Cregan," in spite of his shifts and dodges and deceptions; it is impossible not to be pleased when he succeeded at last to wealth and rest and happiness. There is nothing perverting in the book, nothing that could do harm. "Con Cregan" is not a lofty type of humanity, but there is nothing degrading, nothing vile about him; we can shake hands with him cordially at parting and find our palm clean. He is not Don Puixote indeed; he is not animated by any lofty purpose of redressing all wrongs and regenerating the world; he seems to ask with the poet of the "earthly paradise"—

"Why should I strive to set the crooked straight."

But we do not feel that we have been in base company while we have sojourned with him any more than we need feel ashamed of being seen slipping out of the Spectators Club in the company of Will Honeycomb. One of the most eloquent moralists of our time, it is true, has denounced "'Don Quixote." To Mr. Ruskin it is an objectionable book, though what he can find to object to in one of the noblest figures ever traced by the pen of fiction passes my comprehension. On the other hand, we find Lamb, "the frolic and gentle," one of the purest and sweetest souls that haunt the Elysian fields of literature, raising his voice

in a kind of desperate defence of the heartless monsters of Restoration comedy. Yet what he says, of his fantastic charity, in their defence, might well be cited in the cause of Con Cregan, and for the matter of that of Gil Blas himself. "I confess for myself," says Elia, "that—with no great delinquencies to answer for—I am glad for a season to take an airing beyond the diocese of the strict conscience—not to live always in the precincts of the law-courts—but now and then for a dreamwhile or so, to imagine a world with no meddling restrictions, to get into recesses where the hunter cannot follow me—

> "———Secret shades
> Of woody Ida's inmost grove
> While yet there was no fear of Jove."

The defence will not pass muster with the rascals of Wycherley and the blackguard rout of Congreve. But with Con Cregan as with Gil Blas, and for that matter Dick Swiveller, we can blink a little at their peccadilloes, for we feel that they are at heart good fellows, and that they will end decently enough, whether it be beneath the shades of Lirias or in that smoking box at Hampstead, "the envy of the civilized world." The public taste for the novel of adventure seems to be reviving of late, a healthy sign of the literary mood of the day. Well, it would be difficult to find anywhere within the range of recent literature a better book of the kind, brighter, readier, or more entertaining than "Con Cregan."

Oddly akin to "Con Cregan," and yet oddly dissimilar, is that mirthful story, that fool's Odyssey of the "Day's Ride and a Life's Romance." Mediæval epic poets, when they got tired of twisting their eternal, long-winded panegyrics of Charlemagne, and Roland, and Oliver, and Turpin, the Archbishop and the twelve peers, sometimes kicked off their

solemn vesture, and with arms akimbo, leering lips, and laurel wreath set rakishly awry, composed comic poems, broadly burlesque epics, in which the great king and his heroic companions cut pitiful figures enough, and become a drunken, thievish, gluttonous, vulgar crew of coarse companions. It is the revolt of the comic muse against her solemn sister, it is the protest of the mirthful force against the tragic trappings of the Homeric guild. Reverence has been revered so long that at last the buffoon rebel Comedy asserts herself, and splits her side at the pageant of heroes. Laughter," according to Poe in most of his most fanciful moods, was inscribed on the last altar left standing of the ruined Pantheon of an older world. When we have had our champions, and worshipped them and listened to their stately tread and the rattle of their golden armor, Comedy, half Puck and half Thersites, comes on the stage, too, and makes game of them. Comic cartoons of the loveliest of antique legends are to be found on Pompeian walls and the flanks of Grecian wine jars. Leonardi da Vinci caricatures Dante; Pulci parodies Ariosto; Scarron pens a comic Æneid, the Trouveres deride Charles the Great; so, too, Lever, having idealized adventure in "Con Cregan," makes it ludicrous in the "Day's Ride."

"Count no man happy until he has ceased to live," says the Greek proverb, which has been quoted so many hundred thousand times since the Hellenic philosopher dashed the spirits of the Oriental monarch by first uttering it. This very proverb is taken curiously and even ominously enough as the first sentence of the last paragraph of an article on Charles Lever, which appeared in "Blackwood"s Magazine" many years ago. The article is a friendly one—the writer anonymous, and to me unknown, is in a sympathetic mood. He is inclined to drop a literary tear over those lost heroes of Lever's youth, the O'Malleys and Hintons and Burkes

and Lorrequers, who "look down upon us from the distance of an age no longer ours." "We have no hope ever again to meet them cantering in the Phœnix Park or swaggering down Sackville street or dancing at Dublin Castle. They are all 'gone *proiapsoi* to the Stygian shore.' Like Achilles and Ajax, and all the *fortes ante Agamemnonem*, they rest in an elysium of which the beatitude appears to us shadowy and unreal. But they have quaffed their last bumper and shot their last shot,

'They lie beside their nectar and their bolts are hurled.'

And although their glittering hosts yet hover about the fading splendor of the 'good old times' as the Scandinavian warriors are said by the Swedish poet to hover in the light of sunset over the horizon of the Baltic, yet we can no more recall them to tangible existence than we can renew the race of the Anakim."

The writer of this rhapsody over the lost demigods of the Lever mythology who are now not more a part of the past than that "Sackville street" of which he speaks, concludes his study, as I have said, with the Solonic proverb, upon which he reflects thus—"Sum up the attributes of no genius till it has ceased to act or to write. The last work of an author may sometimes be the first which gives a just idea of his mind as a whole." In a measure, this remark is not unprophetic. We would not be able to fully appreciate not merely Lever's work but Lever's nature if his teeming brain and busy hand had paused while yet "Lord Kilgobbin" was among the things to be, or had ceased in that task midway, as the hand of Thackeray ceased over "Denis Duval," and the pulses of Dickens ceased to beat before ever the "Mystery of Edwin Drood" was solved. "Lord Kilgobbin," as it stands, is one more sermon of so many upon the old, old text of the words of the preacher.

Lever's end was melancholy; I heard for the first time the other day a hint that it was tragic. There are few more pathetic words in the wide range of literature than those with which Lever brings to a close the preface to his last, and in some respects, one of his most brilliant novels, "Lord Kilgobbin." The words in which he speaks of his dead wife, and earnestly, most unfalteringly, expresses the hope that this may be the last book he will ever write. There was a tragic element in Lever's death I only heard suggested once and lately by one whose words deserves consideration. No more of that. Sad enough, in any case, are the heart-broken sentences which close the literary career of the man whose unfailing resources of humor, of wit, of bright, sparkling laughter did so much to enhance "the gaiety of nations." It is the old, old story—so old, and eternally new in its piteousness. Harlequin gleams and glitters on the stage and flashes here and there, the incarnation of a mad merriment, the riotous ruler of a topsy-turvy creation; but he must weep behind its mask and bleed beneath the spangled jerkin, and love and mourn and die like the saddest and most solemn. To have laughed all one's life, and made the whole world laugh with one, only intensifies with a more poignant pathos the loneliness of the deserted hearth, the desolate agony of the breaking heart.

JOHN MITCHEL.

A Brief and Rather Incorrect Sketch of the Noblest of All the Irish Rebels.

Once, and once only, I saw John Mitchel. I was a small boy in New York; the occasion was some crowded meeting in, if I remember rightly, the Cooper Institute; the interest for me, I know, centred in the stooped, gray-haired man who sat upon the platform, and whom I knew to be John Mitchel. It is something to have looked even once upon the lineaments of a great man, something to reflect that once for a moment two lives touched, and that the eyes of the child beheld the face of the hero, the exile, the man of genius who had loved Ireland so well and whom Ireland will love and honor forever. Of all the men of that wild movement of 1848 Mitchel saw his way most clearly; he was the peer of all of them in energy, in determination and in patriotism; he was superior to all of them, save only Meagher, in his masterly command of language, in the passion and eloquence and beauty which his genius could kindle from the mechanism of human speech. Ireland had never produced a man who possessed a greater mastery of prose, who could better manipulate the harmonies of well-ordered words, and wing home his thoughts and teachings to the hearts of his readers with a more magnificent or more convincing style. The eloquence of Meagher was the eloquence of the platform; his speeches were made to be delivered, and those who read them seem to hear resounding in their ears as they read the eloquence of the orator.

Mitchel's eloquence is the eloquence of the consummate man of letters, and yet we are told on the authority of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy that "In the beginning he wrote clumsily and even feebly." These seem to a generation steeped in the "Jail Journal" amazing adjectives to employ towards Mitchel. We may assume that they were in some measure deserved, for although Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has no great affection for Mitchel he endeavors to be an impartial historian. But if they could have ever been applied and deservedly to one of the most remarkable writers of his age, what encouragement they offer to honest endeavor struggling against disappointment. No man need despair at being criticized as clumsy or feeble in his prose style if he remembers that Mitchel at thirty was accused of the same defects.

There are few passages in literature that are, in their way, more beautiful than "Mitchel's Journal." "All my life long," says Mitchel, "I have delighted in rivers, rivulets, rills, fierce torrents tearing their rocky beds, gliding, dimpled brooks kissing a daisied marge. The tinkle or murmur or deep resounding roll, or raving roar of running water is, of all sounds my ears even hear now, the most homely. Nothing else in this land"—he is speaking of the land of his exile—"looks or sounds like home. The birds have a foreign tongue, the very trees whispering to the wind whisper in accents unknown to me. * * * * * They can never, never, never, let breeze pipe or zephyr breathe as it will, never can they whisper, quiver, sigh or sing as do the beeches and sycamores of old Rostrevor." A little farther on he reflects with wonderful fancy upon this ancient river of the new world—his Tasmanian Shannon which recalls in its name the dearer river of his home. "In its crystalline gush my heart and brain are bathed, and I hear in its plaintive chime, all the blended voices of history, of

prophecy, and poesy from the beginning. Not cooler or fresher was the Thracian Hebrus; not purer was Aban and Pharpar; not more ancient and venerable is Father Nilus. Before the quiet flow of the Egyptian river was yet disturbed by the jabber of the priests of Meroe; before the dynasty was yet bred that quaffed the sacred wave of Choaspes—the drink of none but kings; ere its lordly namesake river in Erin of Streams reflected yet upon its bosom a pillar tower, or heard the chimes from its Seven Churches, this river was rushing through its lonely glen to the Southern Sea—was singing its mystic song to these primeval woods. * * * I delight in poets who delight in rivers, and for this I do love that sweet singer through whose inner ear and brain the gush of his native Aufidius for ever streamed and flashed. How some perennial brooks of crystal glimmered forever through all his day dreams; how he yearned to marry his own immortality with the eternally murmuring hymn of that bright Elandusian fount. Wisely, too, and learnedly, did Clarence Mangan discourse with the rivers, attune his notes to their wonderful music."

This is really exquisite, perfectly finished, highly wrought prose, as consummately skillful as anything that the English language has produced. It might well rank with Meagher's farewell utterance in Clonmel Court-house, and with Shiel's savagely satiric apostrophe to the memory of the anti-Catholic Duke of York, as one of the three stars in the Orion's belt of Irish prose literature. Yet Mitchel is practically unknown in England, except in a vague way as a ferocious rebel who was exiled and who broke prison, and who tried in later years to introduce his felonship into the sanctuary of St. Stephen's. From the presses of publishers volumes of extracts of English prose, beauties of the English language, half hours with best authors, and all such gear, pour incessantly, all of them enriched in some of their

brightest pages by the genius of Irish intellect. Burke and Goldsmith, Sheridan and Swift yield their glories to the gleaner; but of the man who was the peer of the proudest of these in the mastery and magic of his language, you will not find a passage, not a paragraph, not a sentence, no, not a jot or tittle of all the magnificent eloquence which makes the "Jail Journal" one of the abiding glories of Irish and of English literature. It is to be hoped that with the better understanding now new born and swiftly thriving between the two countries, an understanding which, paradoxical though it may appear, is in no small measure due to Mitchel!—there may come a truer appreciation in England of our Irish literature and of the men of genius who made it what it is, and among the best of whom is this same John Mitchel.

When O'Connell's vast agitation fell to pieces after the suppression of the meeting of Clontarf, and the subsequent imprisonment of O'Connell showed that the Liberator did not mean ever to appeal to the physical force he had talked about, Mitchel and O'Brien became the leaders of different sections of the Young Ireland party, as the men of the *Nation* were now called. Thomas Davis, the sweet chief singer of the movement, died suddenly before the movement which he had done so much for had taken direct revolutionary shape. Mitchel came on the *Nation* in his place, and advocated revolution and republicanism. He followed the traditions of Emmet and the men of '98; he was in favor of independence. His doctrines attracted the more ardent of the Young Irelanders, and what was known as a war party was formed. There were now three sections of Irish agitation. There were the Repealers, who were opposed to all physical force; there were the moderate Young Irelanders, only recognizing physical force when all else had failed; and there were now this new party who saw in revo-

lution the only remedy for Ireland. Small wonder if men like Mitchel believed in the possibility of the thing. There had been encouragement abroad. Vast meetings, organized and directed by men like Seward and Horace Greeley, had threatened England with "the assured loss of Canada by American arms," if she suppressed the repeal agitation by force, and at one time Horace Greeley was one of a directory in New York for sending officers and arms to Ireland. In France the Republican party had been loud in their expressions of sympathy for the Irish, and Ledru Rollin had declared that France was ready to lend her strength to the support of an oppressed nation. No wonder the leaders of the National party were encouraged in the belief that their cause was pleasing to the fates; no wonder if Mitchel, weary of delay, believed that in action, distinct, desperate action, lay the only hope for the movement which had drifted from repeal into Young Irelandism, and from Young Irelandism into Mitcheldom, with all its fierce, vehement, fiery energy. Mitchel's scheme has been bitterly blamed. "At least," says one who shared in the agitations of the time, "it may be called the only scheme which had the slightest chance of success; we do not say of success in establishing the independence of Ireland, which Mitchel sought for, but in meeting a genuine rebellion afoot. Mitchel was the one formidable man among the rebels of '48. He was the one man who distinctly knew what he wanted, and was prepared to run any risk to get it. He was cast in the very mould of the genuine revolutionist, and under different circumstances might have played a formidable part. He came from the northern part of the Island, and was a Protestant Dissenter. It is a fact worthy of note that all the really formidable rebels Ireland has produced in modern times, from Wolfe Tone to Mitchel, have been Protestants. Mitchel was a man of great literary talent; indeed, a man

of something like genius. He wrote a clear, bold, incisive prose, keen in its scorn and satire, going directly to the heart of its purpose. As mere prose some of it is worth reading even to-day for its cutting force and pitiless irony. Mitchel issued in his paper week after week a challenge to the government to prosecute him. He poured out the most fiery sedition, and used every incentive that words could supply to rouse a hot-headed people to arms or some impatient government to some act of severe repression. Mitchel was quite ready to make a sacrifice of himself if it were necessary. It is possible enough that he had persuaded himself into the belief that a rising in Ireland against the government might be successful."

Mitchel boldly defied the Castle, and practically challenged it to arrest him. He thought he had the country with him, and so he had in one sense, but when he attempted revolution without any of the means of revolution at his command he made a political blunder. He dared the Castle to arrest him and the Castle answered the dare.

Mitchel was arrested, tried and transported to Bermuda. That was the turning-point of the revolution. The Mitchelites wished to rise in rescue. They urged, and rightly urged, that if revolution was meant at all, then was the time. But the less extreme men held back. An autumnal rising had been decided upon, and they were unwilling to anticipate the struggle. They carried their point. Mitchel was sentenced to seventeen * years' transportation. When the verdict was delivered he declared that, like the Roman, Scævola, he could promise hundreds who would follow his example, and as he spoke he pointed to John Martin, Meagher, and others of his associates who were thronging

* Mr. McCarthy is in error. Mitchel was sentenced to a term of fourteen years, exile beyond the seas.

the galleries of the court. A wild cry came up from all his friends, "Promise for me, Mitchel!—promise for me!" There is not a more impressive, a more dramatically tragic scene in the whole of history. With that cry of a nation's promise ringing in his ears, he was hurried from the court, heavily ironed and encircled by a little army of dragoons, to the war-sloop, "Shearwater," that had been waiting for the verdict and the man. As the war-sloop steamed out of Dublin harbor, the hopes of the Young Irelanders went with her, vain and evanescent, from that hour forth, as the smoke that floated in the steamer's wake. Mitchel had himself discountenanced, to his undying honor, any attempt at rescue.* There is a pathetic little story which records his looking out of the prison van that drove from the court, and seeing a great crowd and asking where they were going, and being told that they were going to a flower show. There were plenty of men in the movement who would have gladly risked everything to try and rescue Mitchel. But nothing could have been done without unanimity, and the too great caution of the leaders prevented the effort at the only moment when it could have had the faintest hope of success. From that hour the movement was doomed.

Mitchel escaped from prison under circumstances which raised a controversy into which I shall not enter. He settled down in America as a journalist. He lived for a while in Paris, and a fellow-countryman, who is at once a bright and a witty writer, John Augustus O'Shea, has left in one of his books a most interesting account of his acquaintance with Mitchel during those Parisian days. During his American life, when the civil war, the great American Iliad, broke out, Mitchel found himself on the opposite

* Another error. John Mitchel utterly, and, as he himself has said, "perhaps too bitterly," declined to discountenance a rescue. He wished the attempt to be made.

side in politics from his comrade, Meagher. Meagher wore the blue uniform of a Federal officer; Mitchel's two sons met their death gallantly while wearing the grey cloth of the Confederate service. Years and years later Mitchel came back to the land of his birth. He was elected to Parliament for Tipperary, his election was disqualified after a fierce, angry debate in the House of Commons; he was re-elected only to die nine days later; he lies buried in his birthplace, Newry,* not too far from those beeches and sycamores of old Rostrevor.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, who has given pen portraits of all his colleagues, thus depicts Mitchel: "He was rather above the middle size, well-made, and with a face which was thoughtful and comely, though pensive blue eyes and masses of soft, brown hair, a stray ringlet of which he had the habit of twining round his finger while he spoke, gave it perhaps too feminine a cast." Another friend of Mitchel's has spoken to me of his wavy hair drawn across his forehead; of his eyes, very bright, and often half closed in an almost languishing fashion, and of his soft, semi-caressing, attractive manner. He was at all times of a curious, impetuous humor.

Shortly before he brought out his own newspaper he was standing in the printing-room of a well-known newspaper in the South of Ireland, talking to its editor, an able and sincere Irishman who played a conspicuous part in Parliament, and who is now dead. The editor was objecting to the name of Mitchel's paper, which he thought might be likely to rouse dissension or disapproval. "My dear fellow," Mitchel answered swiftly, "I would call my paper 'The Thug' if I thought that by so doing I could arouse more general attention to Irish wrongs." On another occasion

*A third error. John Mitchel was born in the county of Derry, within a few miles of the city of that name.

he met in society at some public dinner or such matter a well-known English writer and politician, David Urquhart. Mr. Urquhart was a gifted, opinionated, vehement man who had lived much in the East, and was an impassioned Russophobist. He, of course, got into an argument with Mitchel, and began pointing out to him that Mitchel's schemes could not and ought not to come to anything because of the complications with Russia which might ensue. Mitchel listened to him for a while with decent patience, but at last he could stand it no longer, and when Urquhart came to a pause in one of his lengthy tirades, Mitchel said, sharply and decisively—"I don't care in the least about Russia, and I don't care in the least about you." This ended the argument then. Let it serve to end my paper now.

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE EIGHTH OF APRIL.

NEITHER the history of the reign nor the history of the century afford any parallel to the scenes which I witnessed in the House of Commons last Thursday. The records of contemporary events afford many examples of great and stirring moments in the chronicle of the Commons' Chamber at Westminster. The introduction of great measures of social, political reform, the debates which have been big with the fates of Ministers and which have resulted in the overthrow of administrations that seemed yesterday to be deeply rooted in popular favor, the explanations consequent upon momentous resignations, all these varied means of arousing intense political excitement, have each in their turn thronged the panelled room with members and lined the walls with the breathless spectators of epoch-making episodes. But the rise of no measure and the fall of no Minister have ever stirred St. Stephens's to such fever fire of excitement as that which animated it all through the long hours of last Thursday's life. Neither the introduction of the first Reform bill with all the fervid emotions of the consequent debates, nor the excitements of such Parliamentary catastrophes as the dismissal of Lord Palmerston in 1852 and the defeats of Mr. Gladstone in 1866 and 1885, can be fairly said to offer even a distant parallel to the passions, the enthusiasm, the fear and hope and fury and exultation which swept the surface and stirred the depths of the greatest legislative assemblage of modern times.

It has been my good fortune to take part in some of the most thrilling incidents that have marked the stormy course

of Parliamentary history for the last six years. From the galleries of the House of Commons I have watched the stars while the battle for Irish rights has raged below me; from those high places I have seen night fade into dawn and dawn become noon, and the day's strength wane into evening, and through night to dawn again, following the fortunes of the handful of Irish members who were making so brave a front against the hostile House that raved against them and roared around them, and strove again and again to conquer, to crush, to silence them. I have seen the representatives of the Irish nation again and again expelled from the Chamber for their persistence in defending the rights and pressing the claims of their countrymen. I have shared in the tumultuous emotions of the two fateful hours in which successive Ministries fell on the cause of coercion before the votes of an united Irish party. All these scenes and incidents are graven upon my memory, but no one of them, not the fiercest and stormiest, could for a moment compare with the keen, almost agonizing excitement and the vast historical dignity of the scene which the House of Commons presented at four o'clock on the afternoon of Thursday last, the ever memorable 8th of April.

One great fact rises distinctly starlike, out of all the confusion and passion and heart-burning and heart-uplifting of that memorable day, the fact that a great English Minister, the foremost and most famous statesman of his age, has recognized, speaking to an attentive Senate, to an attentive nation, to an attentive world, the right of the Irish people to self-government. That great historic fact is at once the triumph and the justification of an oppressed but unconquered nationality. Whatever may be thought of the particular measure which Mr. Gladstone has introduced, whatever may be its ultimate fate in the House of Commons or in the House of Peers, whatever modifications, improve-

ments, extensions it may be found capable of sustaining are all but details, vastly important in themselves, but for the moment unimportant in contrast with the stupendous, the monumental importance of the recognition by the foremost of English statesmen of that right of Ireland, to make her own laws for her own people, which for so many centuries has been so persistently, so bloodily, denied to her. There are certain hours in the lives of great men which are in themselves epochs, hours when a single speech is more momentous, more far-reaching, than half a dozen revolutions. Such was the hour which but a week ago reversed the verdict of seven centuries; such was the speech in which Mr. Gladstone apologized for the folly of eighty-six years of false and fatal union, and frankly recognized, late in the day, indeed, but not too late, that Ireland contained a people "rightly struggling to be free."

The great Prime Minister had the advantage of addressing the greatest speech of his life to the largest audience that was ever gathered together within the precincts of the popular assembly. But crowded though the chamber was, and crowded, too, with perhaps, the most remarkable throng of men that has ever been gathered together within the walls of Westminster, it was for me more closely crowded and with a yet more eminent congregation. My mind's eye, gifted for the moment by my fancy with the powers of second sight, peopled it with further presences. An observer in one of the choking spaces set apart for strangers, looking down upon those packed benches, upon that floor where, for the first time within the memory of man, seats had been placed for members upon the blocked gangways, upon the thickly-clustering groups behind the Speaker's chair and below the bar, upon the overflowing passages, and groaning galleries, might well have imagined that so full a

House could scarcely be made fuller even by the addition of a solitary individual.

In sober fact, it would have been hard indeed to find room for another human being in the dense assemblage, or for the over-taxed and enervating atmosphere to afford him a life-sustaining supply of oxygen, if room had been found for the sole of his foot. It was not, however, with living, breathing entities, but with the bodyless creation of fancy, that my mind increased the assemblage within that swarming Senate House. As my gaze wandered over that vast sea of human faces they seemed to change to faces scarcely less familiar, though they have long been strange to sunlight and starlight, and in a moment I had summoned a new and more Imperial Parliament, a Parliament not of the quick but of the dead. My conception making this new "call of the House" evoked from the long avenues of the past a world of stately shadows. The Irish benches crowded with my enthusiastic colleagues rallying in exultation around the chosen leader of their country and their cause faded—so it seemed to my reverie—from my sight, and in their room a legion of mighty and mournful phantoms presented themselves to me. Phantoms of many epochs and of many ages rose in a great cloud together, and my vision following the lines of their dim ranks caught here and there with the feverish rapidity of a dream, well-known and venerated countenances dear beyond all phrase to Irish memories.

The white-haired, blind, old man, whose stalwart frame was bowed by sorrow, and whose sightless gaze had in it such a wistful pathos, was not he the exiled Earl whose grave in Roman earth is now the shrine of so many pilgrimages? Near him, his soldier's face writhed with pain or poison, came the great kinsman of his House, Owen Roe. Sarsfield, with the blood of Landen on his breast and hand; Talbot of Tyrconnell's weary, haughty face; Roger Moore,

handsome, chivalrous, devoted; William Molyneux, with the "Case of Ireland" in his grasp; the small, fervid figure of the Dean of St. Patrick's with "fierce indignation" blazing in his wild, dark eyes; Lucas, with his volume clasped in his embrace; the gallant bearing of Charlemont; Grattan, in the uniform of the volunteers; Flood, restless and repentant; Curran, swaying with stormy eloquence—these and many others floated before me in proud succession.

With them were yet livelier and loftier presences, Edward Fitzgerald, his comely body gashed with more scars than Cæsar's, and by baser hands; Tone, with that grim wound in his throat; Bagenal Harvey and Father John; the Brothers Sheares in death as in life undivided; and Emmet, with the livid circle round his young neck. On they came, the long line of martyrs who had died to defeat the fatal principles which the Act of Union formulated, and who seemed now to rise from their graves at the sound of the knell of that principle.

Nor were the phantoms of my fancy confined alone to our side of the House, nor to the Irish benches. Across the floor, even on the seat where the Ministers of the hour were grouped together, I seemed to discern the benign shadows of the illustrious dead. Chesterfield and Fitzwilliam stood there side by side. The genius of Charles James Fox seemed to hover like an inspiring influence about the bowed form of the Prime Minister, and the likeness of Burke leaned over to prompt his brilliant biographer and follower with his silver voice, and to encourage him with his golden counsel. Methought, too, that a few more ominous and forbidding shapes were huddled together in angry companionship upon the Opposition side of the House, lurking furtively in the dark spaces behind the Speaker's chair. Cornwallis and Castlereagh, and Pitt, Stafford, and Essex, and Perrot, and Bagnal, Cromwell and

William of Nassau, with such baser spectres as Sir, and Swan, and Higgins, emerged momentarily from the darkness and vanished again with the fitful confusion of a dream.

All this ghostly army, multiplying in bewildering rapidity, swayed and floated silently forward, their pale faces shining with wild emotions of hope and exultation and hate. Then a great cry rose up, a fierce, tumultuous yell of triumph and salutation; the grey ghosts seemed to shudder at the sound, and swiftly vanished as the clamor rose to their place of shades. St. Stephens was itself again, and the assembled, living, breathing multitude were—the majority of them—cheering themselves hoarse in welcome of Mr. Gladstone, who had just risen to his feet. As I listened to the orator, and heard the impassioned words in which an English Minister, for the first time in the face of all the world, recognized the rights of the Irish people, I felt that indeed the mighty dead might well be content with that day's business, and might, indeed, if it were permitted to them, quit their resting-places to share in the triumph of a day which marks an epoch in Irish history—an epoch which seems as if it were destined to end the old evil order of repression and revolution and open the new order of freedom and of hope.

THE THIRTY TYRANTS.

EXACTLY a year ago, in this same summer month of June, and, by one of those fantastic fatalities which sometimes attend upon great events, upon the self-same day of the week, I found myself one of an Irish party at St. Stephens's shouting themselves hoarse in triumph over the fall of Mr. Gladstone's administration. Last night, or rather this morning—for it is not many hours ago since I left Westminster in the slowly whitening dawn—I was again a unit in a greater Irish party which lent this time all the thunders of its homage to the same statesman, once more facing defeat. History will perceive no inconsistency in the action of the Irish representatives. A year ago they triumphed over the downfall of Mr. Gladstone. To-day they are his liegemen in defeat, and will yet be his allies in victory. They exulted over a defeated Premier when that Premier was, and for the last time, identified with the old hateful policy of coercion, the policy which persisted in regarding the delegates of the Irish people not as the chosen mouthpieces of their country's wrongs, but as factionists to be silenced at all hazards, by fair means if possible, but in any case and any way to be silenced. Within the year Mr. Gladstone has shown himself to be blest with that greatest of all statesmanlike capacities, the capacity to learn. He has frankly and freely admitted that he misinterpreted the desires and underrated the unanimity of the Irish people, and his genius has lifted him to the crest of that great wave of Nationalism which last year swept the Irish constituencies from shore to shore, and sent eighty-four men across the

Irish sea to ask Home Rule for Ireland. The verdict of history will applaud the "inconsistency" of Ireland and the "inconsistency" of Mr. Gladstone.

What will the verdict of history be upon the men who last night broke away, not merely from the ties of party, but from the very principles of the great Liberal Party to which they nominally belonged, and who did all that lay in their power to humiliate their great statesman, and to fasten tighter still upon Ireland the loosening bondage of ascendancy? Thirty votes! the number of the majority is ominous and appropriate. For thirty pieces of silver Judas sold his Master. For thirty votes the new political Judas betrays his leader and his cause. Or let us take another example. Let us think of those thrice ten who tortured Athens, and let us hail those thrice ten who to-day would torture Ireland with the well-earned title of the Thirty Tyrants. The Tory Party acted in accordance with their eldest traditions and their fondest faith when they trooped into the "No" lobby on last night. Coercion is the God of their idolatry, and if they once denied him, not merely under cover of secret conclave and veiled intrigue, but in the open light of day, they have bitterly repented of their brief apostacy and have returned with joyful hearts to the familiar altars. So they at last acted in complete obedience to their convictions. Can the same be said of the seceding Liberals, of the hangers-on of Lord Hartington, the adherents of Mr. Chamberlain, and the "stalwarts" of Mr. Caine? The men who last night destroyed the Home Rule Bill did so in direct defiance of their own principles, in direct denial in many cases of their own wishes. Many of them were pledged, as far as they could be pledged, to the principle of Home Rule, and yet they did their best to make Home Rule impossible. Happily, they will not, they cannot succeed. They can delay the progress of civilization and of freedom as a nail may

delay the movements of some mighty piece of machinery; but the paltry obstacle is soon set aside, the machine works freely, civilization proceeds upon its course, and mankind at large forgets that such a thing as a nail or a "stalwart" ever existed.

It was a curious study in living history to be in the House of Commons last night and survey some of the men, of whom Mr. Gladstone might say, in the tragic words of Anthony, that they have

> "Packed cards with Cæsar and false-played my glory
> Unto an enemy's triumph."

It was a curious and instructive sight to see the Whigs and "stalwarts" sitting in sullen silence while their chief, the leader who had led them again and again to victory, was being insulted by the jeers, the laughter and the interruptions of the Tory party. They were silent. It is to be hoped that they were ashamed of the allies they had given themselves over to, allies who could afford to taunt a statesman doomed to defeat by his own followers. It was a curious sight to see Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain, ostentatious in the display of their "Unholy Alliance," lean across the intervening gangway and laugh and whisper together while the Prime Minister was speaking. Curious, because it carried the mind back to days not very far distant, days when Mr. Gladstone had for the time laid down his leadership, and when Lord Hartington was the head or figure-head of the Liberal army, and when Mr. Chamberlain in a scornful speech of fierce rebellion against his rule —Mr. Chamberlain was then a Radical—spoke of Lord Hartington contemptuously as the "late leader of the Liberal party." Mr. Chamberlain has reinstated Lord Hartington in the lofty position from which he then dethroned him; it remains to be seen how long that "truce of God" will

last; he has for the moment cashiered his master, it remains to be seen whether he has not, in the words of Shakespeare's "Rosalind," "overthrown more than his enemies."

More curious perhaps even to the philosophic mind than the contrast of the past with the present Chamberlain, was the contrast of the past with the present Bright. Parliamentarians, and politicians who are not Parliamentarians, need not have very long memories to recollect a certain famous "cave" of nineteen years ago which also had the temporary triumph of overthrowing Mr. Gladstone. The members of that "cave" are known to satiric history as the "tea-room party," and they became the victims of the scornful invective of Mr. Bright at a time when Mr. Bright's invective was still a serious weapon. Mr. Bright was indignantly eager to be informed what could be done in Parliamentary life if every man was to pursue his own little game. "A costermonger and his donkey," Mr. Bright said, "would take a week to travel from here to London"—(he was addressing a meeting in Birmingham)—"and yet by running athwart the London and Northwestern line, they might bring to total destruction a great express train." The Costermonger and his Donkey are at work again—I leave the leaders of the "Cave" to divide between themselves the doubtful honor of the two titles at their old business of wrecking trains, and behold this time we have Mr. Bright perched upon the barrow—a tragi-comic bier enough for a great political reputation. Mr. Bright added some words to his ingenious parable of 1867, which members of the "stalwart" party would do well to paste inside their hats. "Thus," he went on, "very small men, who during their whole political lives have not advanced the question of reform by one hair's breadth, or by one moment in time, can at a critical hour like this throw themselves athwart the objects of a great party, and mar, it may be, a great measure

that ought to affect the interests of the country beneficially for all time." I have one more quotation to make from Mr. Bright before I have done with him. He made a speech in Dublin in 1866, in the days when he still professed to be the friend of Ireland, in which he said: "If I have in past times felt an unquenchable sympathy with the sufferings of your people, you may rely upon it that if there be an Irish member to speak for Ireland he will find me heartily at his side." Mr. Bright once scored a strong point against certain of his enemies by comparing them to the False Prophets in Scripture story whose "tongues were glibbed with lies." What shall be said of Mr. Bright as a prophet now? Twenty years ago he volunteered to stand by the side of a single Irish member; last night he was face to face with eighty-five Irish members, and he voted against Ireland and against freedom.

Enough of this "cave" and its composition. I fancy that some of the inmates of that "cave" are in about as pleasant a position as Sinbad the sailor was in when he found himself in his cave. I fancy that many of these Adullamites felt in their hearts much the same desire that Sinbad felt with regard to his Cave, either that they had never got into it, or, having got in, they might happily win their way out again. I fancy, too, that the political lives of many of them will be sacrificed as the lives of the companions of Sinbad were sacrificed in order that Sinbad may escape, and that the floor of the "Cave" will be whitened with the bones of ruined reputation. The "genial ruffianism" which Mr. Labouchere playfully discovers in Mr. Caine may have its attractions to the speculative mind of the member for Northhampton, but familiarity therewith may be purchased by luckless "stalwarts" at too dear a price.

The fate of this particular measure does not greatly con-

cerd us. It has fallen a victim to the cabal of a faction, to the alarm of that well-nigh extinct political curiosity, the "Old Whig," and to the intrigues of embittered and ambitious selfishness. Though fear and faction, and that fierce desire to become a Personage which has made the honorable member for Burnley the Lepidus of the discontented Triumvirate, though these and all the other allies that could be rallied have succeeded in upsetting the measure, neither the Irish Party, nor Ireland, nor the millions of Ireland's friends in England, are in the least dismayed. The principle of Home Rule for Ireland was established forever on the eighth of last April. Were the cabal against the Bill ten times more numerous, were its leaders ten times more able and influential, it could not prevail against the great, the inevitable principle of Home Rule for Ireland. The principle of progress, the principle of liberty and justice, once laid down in the House of Commons by a great Liberal Minister, can never more be gone back upon, abandoned, or lost. The sun stood still, indeed, upon Ajalon for the Jewish captain, but no such miraculous interference with the courses of nature will be vouched for the "Cave" inside the House of Commons and the Loyal and Patriotic Union outside it. So surely as the days will move in their appointed measure, indifferent alike to the indignation of the noble marquis or the screams of Mr. Lecky, so surely will the principle of Home Rule for Ireland proceed upon its triumphant course, gaining power and volume and dignity, till it end at College Green.

NOTE BY THE PUBLISHERS.

MR. MCCARTHY'S "Outline of Irish History" is really a glance over the annals of Ireland from a conservative standpoint. It prepares the way for a more extensive reading of what is, after all, the history of the most popular struggle for liberty of all time. The Irish flag has never been lowered. Raised in the beginning centuries ago for national defense and national independence, it has been handed down from generation to generation unfailingly. At times the struggle has taken different shapes, but the main character has ever remained the same. Under the banner of Irish nationality have been fought the battles of equality, of civil and religious liberty, the wars of "the masses against the classes," and to Ireland, fettered and bound as she is, and as anomalous as it may seem, is in no small degree due the onward march of democracy both in Europe and elsewhere. In future numbers of our Library we shall give the chapters of Irish history in all their interesting detail. How closely connected with the story of human progress that history is, will yet be the theme of many a commentator when success crowns all the glorious effort that has been made in behalf of Irish nationality. In the meantime we hold that no adequate idea of what humanity has had to contend with in its progress towards higher civilization can be had without a study of Irish history.

AN OUTLINE OF IRISH HISTORY.

From the Earliest Times to the Present Day.

CHAPTER I.

THE LEGENDS.

As we peer doubtfully into the dim past of Irish history we seem to stand like Odysseus at the yawning mouth of Hades. The thin shades troop about us, and flit hither and thither fitfully in shadowy confusion. Stately kings sweep by in their painted chariots. Yellow-haired heroes rush to battle shaking their spears and shouting their war-songs, while the thick gold torques rattle on arm and throat, and their many-colored cloaks stream on the wind. They sweep by and are lost to sight, and their places are taken by others in a shifting, splendid, confused pageant of monarchs and warriors, and beautiful women for whose love the hereos are glad to die and the kings to peril their crowns; and among them all move the majestic, white-robed bards, striking their golden harps and telling the tales of the days of old, and handing down the names of heroes forever. What may we hope to distinguish of this weltering world of regal figures, whirled by before our eyes as on that infernal wind which seared the eyes of Dante? The traveller in Egypt goes down into the tombs of the kings at ancient Thebes. By the flaring flicker of a candle he discerns dimly on the walls about him endless processions of painted figures—the images of kings and beggars, of soldiers and slaves, of the teeming life of ages—portrayed in glowing colors all around. It is but for a moment, while his candle is slowly burning down, that he seems to stand in the thronged cen-

turies of Egyptian dynasties with all their named and nameless figures; and then he passes out again into the upper air and level sunlight of the Theban valley, as one who has dreamed a chaotic dream.

Groping in the forgotten yesterday of Irish legend is like this groping in an Egyptian tomb. We are in a great sepulchral chamber—a hall of the dead, whose walls are pictured with endless figures, huddled together in bewildering fantastic medley. What can we make out, holding up our thin taper and gazing doubtfully at the storied walls? Yon fair woman, with the crowd of girls about her, is the Lady Ceasair, who came to Ireland before the deluge, with fifty women and three men, Bith, Ladra, and Fintain. The waters swept away this curiously proportioned colony, and their place was taken "in the sixtieth year of the age of Abraham" by the parricide Partholan, of the stock of Japhet. For three hundred years his descendants ruled, until a pestilence destroyed them all. The Nemedhians, under Nemedh, loomed up from the shores of the Black Sea and swarmed over Ireland. They were harassed by plagues and by incessant battlings with the Fomorians, a race of savage sea-kings, descendants of Cham, who had settled in the Western Isles. In the end the Fomorians triumphed; they drove out the remnant of Nemedhians whom plague and sword had spared. This remnant fled, some to the north of Europe to become the ancestors of the Firbolgs, some to Greece to give a parentage to the Tuatha de Danann, and some to Britain, which took its name from the Nemedhian leader, Briotan-Maol.

After a time, the first of the Nemedhian refugees, the Firbolgs, came back to Ireland, to be soon dispossessed by another invasion of Nemedhian descendants, the Tuatha de Danann, who came from Greece, and who were deeply skilled in all wizardries. Their sorceries stood them in good stead, for the Firbolgs made a fierce resistance. A desperate battle was fought, in which the Firbolg king was slain. His grave is still shown on the Sligo strand, and it is fabled that the tide will never cover it. Nuada, the king of the Tuatha de Danann, lost his right hand in this fight, and seems to have gone near losing his kingship in consequence, as

his warlike people would have refused to recognize a mutilated monarch. But there were cunning artificers among the Greeks. One of these fashioned a silver hand for the king, who was known as Nuada of the Silver Hand ever after. The first of "The Three Sorrowful Tales of Erin" belongs to the reign of this Sovereign with the Argent fist—the tale of the fate of the children of Turenn. The three sons of Turenn, Brian, Ur, and Urcar, killed Kian, father of Luga of the Long Arms, and one of the three sons of Canta, with whom the three sons of Turenn were at feud. Six times the sons of Turenn buried the body of their victim, and six times the earth cast it up again, but on the seventh burial the body remained in the grave. As the sons of Turenn rode from the spot a faint voice came from the ground, warning them that the blood they had spilled would follow them to the fulfilment of their doom. Luga of the long Arms, seeking for his father, came to the grave, and there the stones of the earth took voice and told him that his father lay beneath. Luga unearthed the body, and vowed vengeance on the sons of Turenn over it. He then hastened to Tara, to the court of Nuada of the Silver Hand, and denounced the sons of Turenn. In those days the friends of any murdered person might either receive a fine, called "eric," in compensation, or might seek the death of the murderer. Luga called for the "eric." He demanded three apples, the skin of a pig, a spear, two steeds and a chariot, seven pigs, a hound-whelp, a cooking-spit, and three shouts on a hill. To this "eric" the sons of Turenn agreed readily enough before all the court. Then Luga explained himself more fully. The three apples were to be plucked from the garden of Hisberna, in the east of the world. They were the color of burnished gold, and of the taste of honey, and cured wounds and all manner of sickness, and had many other wonderful qualities. The garden of Hisberna was carefully guarded, and none were allowed to take its precious fruit. The pig-skin belonged to the King of Greece, and possessed the power of healing whosoever touched it. The spear was a venomed weapon with a blazing head, belonging to the King of Persia. The two steeds and chariot belonged to the King of

Sicily. The seven pigs were the delight of Asal, King of the Golden Pillars, for they could be killed and eaten one day, and become alive and well the next. The hound-whelp belonged to the King of Iroda, and every wild beast of the forest fell powerless before it. The cooking-spit belonged to the warlike women of the island of Fincara, who never yet gave a cooking-spit to any one who did not overcome them in battle. The hill on which the three shouts had to be given was the hill of Midkena, in the north of Lochlann, the country of the Danes, which was always guarded by Midkena and his sons, who never allowed any one to shout on it.

The sons of Turenn were much daunted by this terrible "eric," but they were bound to fulfil it. They set sail in an enchanted canoe, the *Wave Sweeper*, to the garden of Hisberna, and succeeded, by turning themselves into hawks, in carrying off the apples They then visited Greece in the guise of learned poets from Erin, and after a desperate fight overcame the King of Greece and his champions, and carried off the pig-skin. Leaving the shores of Greece "and all its blue streams," they sailed to Persia, where they had to fight another battle with the king before they could carry off the blazing weapon in triumph. They then voyaged to Sicily, overcame its monarch, and drove off the famous chariot and horses. Next came the turn of Asal, King of the Golden Pillars, but their fame had gone before them, and Asal gave up his seven pigs without a contest. He even accompanied them to Iroda, and aided them to obtain the hound-whelp.

Meanwhile the fame of the successes of the sons of Turenn had come to Erin, and Luga of the Long Arms cast a Druidical spell over them, so that they quite forgot the cooking-spit and the three shouts on a hill, and came back to Erin thinking that they had fulfilled their "eric." But when Luga saw their spoils, he reminded them of the unfulfilled part of the compact, and the heroes had to set out again with heavy hearts, for they knew that Luga desired their death. When Brian got to the island of Fincara, which lies beneath the sea, his beauty so pleased the warlike women that they gave him a cooking-spit without any trouble. Now all that was left to the heroes to do was to shout the three

shouts on Midkena's hill. They sailed out into the north till they came to it, and there they fought desperately with Midkena and his sons, and overcame and killed them. But they were wounded themselves nigh unto death, and with the greatest difficuly they raised three feeble shouts on Midkena's hill. Then, wounded as they were, they sailed back to Erin, and implored Luga to let them taste of the apples of Hisberna, that they might recover. But Luga taunted them with their murder of his father, and would be content with nothing short of their death ; so they died, and the blood of Kian was avenged.

While Nuada's silver hand was making, his place as king was taken by a regent named Bres. But when the silver hand was finished, Bres had to resign, to his great wrath ; and he left the country and roused up a huge host of Fomorians under Balor of the Mighty Blows, and invaded Ireland, and was totally defeated. Balor of the Mighty Blows slew the poor silver-handed monarch, and was slain in his turn by Luga Long-Arms. Then Luga became king himself, and reigned long and happily, and many Tuatha de Danann reigned after him. But their time came at last to be overthrown by a fifth set of invaders—the Milesians, the sons of Milidh. The Milesians were an eastern race, whom hoar tradition had set seeking a destined island ; and they pursued the star of their destiny, the fine-eyed Ull-Erin, to the Irish shore. But they had no small trouble to win their way ; the Tuatha de Danann kept them off as long as they could by spells and incantations, which wrapped the Milesian fleet in thick folds of impenetrable mist, and shook it with storms, and tossed the ships together on writhing waves. In that fierce tempest of dark enchantments many of the sons of Milidh perished ; but they effected a landing at last, and carried all before them, and drove the De Danann into the fastnesses of the hills ; and the Milesian leaders, Heber and Heremon, divided the island between them. They quarrelled about the division soon after, and Heremon killed Heber and took the whole island to himself—a Milesian version of Romulus. To this period belongs the second sorrowful tale of Erin—the tale of the fate of the children of Lir.

After the battle of Tailltenn, in which the Milesians won Ireland, the defeated Tuatha de Danann of the five provinces met together and chose Bove Derg king over them all. Lir, of Shee Finnalia, alone refused to acknowledge the new monarch, and retired to his own country. Some of the chieftains called for vengeance on Lir, but Bove Derg resolved to win his allegiance by friendship. He offered him the choice of his three foster-daughters—Eve, Eva, and Alva—in marriage. Lir relented, recognized the authority of Bove Derg, and married Eve, who bore him one daughter, Finola, and three sons, Aed, Ficia, and Conn. Eve died. Lir was for a time inconsolable, but on the advice of Bove Derg he married the second foster-daughter, Eva. The new step-mother, after the fashion of fairy tales, grew jealous of Lir's love for his children, and, like the woman in the German folk-story, turned them into swans. Mere metamorphosis did not content her; she laid this further doom on the children of Lir—that they must pass three hundred years on the smooth Lake Darvan, three hundred years on the wild Sea of Moyle, and yet three hundred more on the Western Sea. Nor was the spell to be loosened until the sound of a Christian bell was first heard in Erin. The only mitigation of their sufferings was the privilege of retaining their human voices. The wicked step-mother was punished by Bove Derg by being turned into a demon of the air; but the children of Lir had to dree their weird for the nine appointed centuries until the coming of Christianity, when they were disenchanted by St. Kemoc. In their human form they were very old; the saint baptized them, and they died and went to heaven.

What shall be said of the hundred and eighteen kings of the Milesian race? Which of those crowned figures is Tighearnmas, who first taught the Irish the worship of idols, and who distinguished his people into different ranks by the different hues of their garments? Or the wise Ollav Fodhla? Or that Cimbaoth, of whom the good chronicler Tighernach, Abbot of Clonmacnoise, wrote that all the Irish records before him were uncertain?—a respectable antiquity enough, if we might but take this Chimbaoth and his deeds for granted; for Pythagoras had just been

crowned in the sixteenth Olympiad, and Numa Pompilius was still listening to the sweet counsels of the nymph Egeria in the cave celebrated by Juvenal, when Cimbaoth reigned.

Cimbaoth built the palace of Emania. Ugaine Mor laid all Ireland under solemn oath, fearful as the ancient pledge by Styx; for he bound them by the visible and invisible elements to respect the rule of his race. But the oath was like thin air, and bound no one. Ugaine's son Lorc, and Lorc's son Oileel Ainey, were slain by Lorc's younger brother Corvac. But Corvac did not slay the grandson Lara; for the boy feigned idiocy, and the cruel king spared him—to his own doom; for the boy was brought up by a faithful harper, and in the fulness of time married a king's fair daughter, and passed over to France, and brought thence an army of stout Gaulish spearmen, and came back to his own, and slew Corvac, and founded a mighty line. One of his most famous descendants was Yeoha, surnamed the "Sigher" for the sorrows he endured. For he married a fairy bride, whom he loved tenderly; but after a time there came a stranger from the land of the fairies, and bore her back to the fairy world, and with her went all the joy of Yehoa's life. Then his three sons rose in shameful rebellion against him, and were all slain, and their heads were laid at their father's feet. Good cause for sighing had Yeoha. But he was not all unhappy. His fairy bride had borne him a fairy daughter, the beautiful and gifted Meave, famous in Irish chronicles, and destined to fame through all the world as Queen Mab. Meave was a fierce, warlike woman, a very Semiramis of early Irish story. She married three husbands, and quarrelled with them all. In her reign occurred a battle between two bulls, which is recounted by the bards with all Homeric gravity. Meave lived a hundred years, and waged war with a great hero, Cucullin, and at last the fierce queen died and passed away. To her time belongs the third of the sorrowful tales of Erin—the story of Deirdri, the beautiful daughter of the bard Felemi, doomed at her birth to bring woe to Ulster.

Conor Mac Nessa, the King of Ulster, adopted her, kept her secluded, like Danæ, in a guarded place—not

so well guarded but that she was once seen by Naesi, son of Usna. Naesi fell in love with her, and she with him. He carried her off with the aid of his two brothers, Anli and Ardan. Conor offered to pardon them if they came back to Emania, and in the end they did agree to return, escorted by a legion of soldiers under Fiachy, a gallant young noble. As they approached Emania, Deirdri, whose heart forebode evil, declared that she saw a blood-red cloud hanging in the distant sky. Her fears were well founded. When they drew near the king's capital, another noble, Durthacht, with another escort, came from Conor, and called upon Fiachy to yield him his charge. Fiachy suspected the treachery, refused to yield up the sons of Usna and the beautiful Deirdri, put them into a palace, and guarded it with his troops. It was his duty, he said, to show that the sons of Usna had not trusted in vain to the king's word or his good faith. Then Durthacht began the assault. The sons of Usna wished to surrender themselves, but Fiachy would not allow this—would not even permit them to take any share in the defence; it was his duty, and his alone. Then the sons of Usna and Deirdri withdrew into the palace, and Deirdri and Naesi played chess, and Anli and Ardan looked on while the battle raged outside. This battle deserves a place in story with the fierce strife in the halls of Attila which ends the "Niebelungen Lied." All through the bloody struggle the sons of Usna seemed intent alone upon the game they were playing, and as defence after defence of the palace was taken they remained unmoved, till at last Fiachy was killed, and the enemy rushed in and slew the sons of Usna at the board, and carried off Deirdri to Conor. But the king had no joy of her, for she killed herself soon after.

Meave's descendants ruled till the reign of Fiacha Finnolaidh, when there occurred a revolt of some tribes called the Attacotti, under a leader nicknamed "Cat-Head." They slew the king, and placed Cat-Head on his throne. After his death the rightful heirs came back, and the earth showed its approval by bountiful produce: fruitful meadows, fishful rivers, and many-headed woods proclaimed the joy of the Irish earth at the return of its true lords. But the Attacotti rose again

and killed a rightful king, and a curse came upon the earth, and it was fruitless and cornless and fishless, till once again a king of the old race, Tuathal, seized the throne from the usurpers, and pledged the people by sun and moon and elements to leave the sceptre untroubled to his posterity. Tuathal then took a piece of land from each of the four provinces, and formed the kingdom of Meath to be the dwelling of the Ard-Righ; and he built there four painted palaces, one for the king of each province.

Conn of the Hundred Fights, beloved of the bards, is the next famous king. After Conn's death the land passed to a usurper, Mac Con, for a time only, to return to the most famous of the early kings, Cormac Mac Art, in whose reign the Feni flourished. The Feni are strange and shadowy figures, Ossianic ghosts, moving in dusky vales, and along hill-sides clothed with echoing woods and seamed with the many-colored sides of roaring streams; or by the angry sea, where the screaming sea-bird wings his flight towards the dark rolling heavens, where the awful faces of other times look out from the clouds, and the dread deities keep their cloudy halls, and the nightly fires burn. It is a land of mists and rains, through which the figures of the heroes loom gigantic. They are the kings of shaggy boars, the dwellers on battle's wing. They joy in the chase, with their gray, rough-eared dogs about them. They rush against each other in war like the murmur of many waters, clashing their iron shields and shouting their surly songs; they remember the deeds of the days of old, and deaths wander like shadows over their fiery souls. Shadowy Death floats over the hosts, and rejoices at the frequent victims. When a hero falls, his soul goes forth to his fathers in their stormy isle, where they pursue boars of mist along the skirts of winds. Women, white-bosomed and beautiful, move like the music of songs through these antique tales, loving and beloved by heroes and kings of heroes.

Many of the stories have for their hero Finn, the son of Coul, the Fingal of the Scottish Ossian. Around him are his Feni, who stand in the same relation to him that the twelve peers do to Charlemagne, or the Knights of the Round Table to Arthur. Oisin, the

sweet singer; Oscar, his glorious son, the Roland of the Feni; Dermat, of whom it might be said, as of Malory's Launcelot, that he was "the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman;" Dering, the beloved of Finn, and Kylta, the leader of the Clan Ronan; Conan, the comic glutton, of craven spirit and bitter tongue, a more grotesque Thersites; Fergus Finnvel, the warrior poet, reminding one of the Fiddler Knight in the "Niebelungen Lied;" Ligna, the swift-footed; Gaul, the leader of the Clan Morna, whose enmity to the Clan Baskin made the battle of Gawra the Roncesvalles of the Feni. These are all heroes, going through all dangers, ever ready to do and to suffer bravely, battling with all the powers of darkness, loyal to each other, tender and courteous with women, gallant and goodly men, models of an early chivalry. Nor are Finn's famous dogs to be forgotten—Brann and Skolan, the companions of all his huntings and all his dangers.

Finn himself is a marvellous figure. In his youth, he, like Theseus, destroyed all sorts of fearful monsters. He had also the privilege on occasion of knowing the future. His hair was gray through enchantment long before old age had clawed him in its clutch. Two fair sisters had loved him, and one of them said to the other that she could never love a man with gray hair. Then the other sister, despairing of winning Finn herself, lured him into an enchanted pool, which turned him into a withered old man. The angry Feni forced her to restore to their leader his youth, but his hair remained gray always.

The people of Lochlann, in the north of Europe, invaded Ireland with a mighty fleet, but were wholly routed by the Feni under Finn, in a battle in which Oscar, the son of Oisin, greatly distinguished himself. The enemy were routed with great slaughter, their king was slain, and his young son, Midac, was taken prisoner. Finn brought up Midac in the ranks of the Feni, and treated him like a comrade; but Midac was always meditating revenge. At last, after fourteen years, Midac induced Sinsar of Greece and the Three Kings of the Torrent to come secretly to Ireland with a mighty host, and they waited in a palace in an island of the Shannon,

below where Limerick now is. Then Midac lured Finn, and many of the bravest of the Feni, who were on a hunting excursion, into a dwelling of his, the palace of the Quicken Trees, as the mountain-ashes were called. The palace was enchanted, and once in it the heroes found themselves unable to get out, or even to move. So they set themselves to sing, in slow union, the Dord-Fian, the war-song of their race, while waiting death. But the party of Feni whom Finn had left behind him when he went to the Palace of the Quicken Trees began to grow anxious, and Ficna, Finn's son, and Innsa, his foster-brother, set out to look for them. When the pair came near the Palace of the Quicken Trees they heard the strains of the Dord-Fian; so they came close, and Finn heard them, and calling out, told them how he and his companions were trapped and waiting death, and that nothing could free them from enchantment but the blood of the Three Kings of the Torrent. Luckily for Finn, the only way to get to the Palace of the Quicken Trees from the palace of the island, where Minac and the foreigners were, lay over a narrow ford, where one man might well keep a thousand at stand. This ford Ficna and Innsa defended against desperate odds for long enough. Innsa was first slain, and Ficna is engaged in a desperate struggle with Midac when Dermat appears on the scene. The Feni who were at the hill were growing impatient for the return of Ficna and Innsa, so Oisin sent Dermat and Fatha to look for them. As they approached the Palace of the Quicken Trees they heard the noise of fighting at the ford. Then they ran like the wind to the hill-brow over the river, and looking across in the dim moon-light, saw the whole ford heaped with the bodies of the slain, and Ficna and Midac fighting to the death. Dermat hurled his spear and pierced Midac, who struck Ficna dead, and fell dead himself. Then Dermat and Fatha defended the ford against reinforcements of foreigners, and Dermat soon killed the Three Kings of the Torrent, and undid the spell that held Finn and his friends. Then all the Feni came together, and the foreigners were routed with great slaughter; the King of Greece and his son were both slain, and the remnant

of the enemy fled to their ships in confusion and sailed away.

The friendship of Dermat and Finn was unfortunately broken for a woman's sake. Finn sought the daughter of Cormac Mac Art, the beautiful Grania, in marriage, but the beautiful Grania had long loved the fair-faced Dermat, in secret. When she saw herself about to be wedded to Finn, no longer a young man, she told her love to Dermat, and besought him to carry her away from Finn. At first, Dermat, loyal to his king, refused, though he was, indeed, deeply in love with the beautiful Grania; but Grania placed him under "gesa," a kind of mysterious command which heroes were supposed never to disobey, to marry her and carry her off. Dermat, in despair, consulted with his bravest comrades, with Kylta, and Oscar, and Dering, and Oisin himself, and all agreed that Finn would never forgive him, but that he was bound to go with Grania and take the risk. So go he did, and fled with her far from the court of King Cormac. But great, indeed, was the wrath of Finn, and for long after he pursued Dermat and Grania from place to place, always seeking to have Dermat killed, and always failing, owing to the skill of Dermat. All the sympathy of the Feni went with Dermat, and not with Finn. Very beautifully the old story celebrates the love of Dermat and Grania, and the gallant deeds Dermat did for her sake. At last, weary of the pursuit, Finn consented to pardon Dermat, but in his heart he always cherished hatred against him, and when Dermat was wounded to death by a boar, Finn refused him the drink of water which, from his hand, would prove a cure. So Dermat died, to the great sorrow and anger of all the Feni. The story is one of the mort beautiful, as it is the saddest, of the old Irish legends.

Oisin, the last of the Feni, is said to have outlived all his companions by many centuries, and to have told of them and their deeds to St. Patrick. He had married a beautiful girl, who came to wed him from a country across the sea, called Tirnanoge, and there he dwelt, as he thought, for three, but as it proved, for three hundred, years. At the end of that time there came on him a great longing to see Erin again, and

after much entreaty his fair wife allowed him to return, on the one condition that he never dismounted from a white steed which she gave him. When he got to Ireland he found that the Feni had long passed away, and that only the distant fame of them lingered in men's minds. Of course he dismounts from the horse—how many fairy tales would have ended happily if their heroes had only done as they were told !—and the horse straightway flies away, and then the curse of his old age comes upon Oisin, who falls to the ground an old, withered, blind man, doomed never again to go back to Tirnanoge and his fair wife and his immortal youth. St. Patrick was now in Ireland, and often spoke with Oisin, who never tired of telling of the heroes of his youth, and wondering that death could ever have laid hands upon their bright beauty. Bitterly he complained of the sound of the Christian bell, and the hymns of the Christian clerics, which had enchanted and destroyed the Feni. "There is no joy in your strait cells," Oisin wails. "There are no women among you, no cheerful music;" and he laments for the joys of his youth, the songs of the blackbirds, the sound of the wind, the cry of the hounds let loose, the wash of water against the sides of ships, and the clash of arms, and the sweet voices of his youth's compeers.

CHAPTER II.

CHRISTIANITY.

The authorities for all this wonderful fanciful legend, for all this pompous record of visionary kings and heroes, are to be found in the ancient Irish manuscripts, in the Ossianic songs, in the annals of Tighernach, of Ulster, of Inis Mac Nerinn, of Innisfallen, and of Boyle, in the "Chronicum Scotorum," the books of Leinster and of Ballymote, the Yellow Book of Lecain, and the famous Annals of the Four Masters, which Michael O'Clerigh, the poor friar of the Order of St.

Francis, compiled for the glory of God and the honor of Ireland. They are interpreted and made accessible to us by scholars and writers like O'Curry, and Ferguson, and Mr. P. W. Joyce, and Mr. Standish O'Grady. These and others have translated enough to show that the Irish manuscripts enclose a store of romantic records and heroic tales that will bear comparison well with the legends and the folk-lore of any other country. There is yet much to do in the way of translating and popularizing these old Irish legends, and it may well be hoped and believed that Irish scholarship will prove itself equal to the task. But these antique tales are not history. We cannot even say whether they have an historical basis. It matters very little. They are beautiful legends, in any case, and, like the tale of the Trojan War, and the records of the Seven Kings of Rome, they may be believed or not, according to the spirit of their student. It is more probable than not that they have a foundation of truth. Recent discoveries in the Troad have given an historical position to the siege of Troy; and the Irish chronicles have no worse claim to respect, as historic documents, than the rhapsodies of the Homeric singer. But modern historians prefer to leave the Tuatha de Danann and the Milesians undisturbed in their shadowy kingdom, and content themselves with suggesting that Ireland was at first inhabited by a Turanian race, and that there were Celtic and Teutonic immigrations.

The social organization of pre-Christian Ireland shows many remarkable signs of civilization, especially in its treatment of women, who were invested with a respect and dignity not common in the early history of races. In the legends, women receive always from men a tender and gracious submission that rivals the chivalry of the Arthurian romances; and there is every reason to believe that this was not confined to legend. The married woman was regarded as the equal of her husband no less than if she had lived in Rome, and repeated on her wedding-day the famous formula, "Ubi tu Caius ego Caia." The religion seems to have been a form of sun-worship, regulated by Druids, and not, it is said—though this is strongly contested—unaccompanied with human sacrifices. The people were di-

vided into septs, composed of families bearing the name of their founder. The headman of each family served the chief of the sept, and each septal king in his turn recognized the authority of the Ard-Righ, or chief king. All chieftainships, and the offices of Druid and of Brehon, or lawgiver, were elective. During the life of each chief, his successor, called the "Tanist," was chosen from the same family. Land was held by each sept in common, without any feudal condition, and primogeniture was unknown. Legitimate or illegitimate sons were partners with their father, and after his death took equal shares of his holding. The Brehon criminal laws punished almost every offence by more or less heavy fines. Agriculture was in its infancy. Wealth lay in cattle, pigs, sheep, and horses. Ore and slaves were exported to the Mediterranean countries from the earliest times. The people dwelt in wattled houses, and their palaces were probably only of painted wood built on dyked and palisaded hills; but they could build strong fortresses and great sepulchral chambers, and raise vast cromlechs over their warrior dead. Whether the round towers which are still the wonder of many parts of Ireland were built by them or by the early Christians, and for what purpose, is still a subject of fierce controversy among archæologists. Diodorus Siculus would seem to refer to them in a passage in which he speaks of an island of the size of Sicily, in the ocean over against Gaul, to the north, whose people were said to have a great affection for the Greeks from old times, and to build curious temples of round form. Whether they built the round towers or no, the early Irish were skilled in the working of gold ornaments, and in the manufacture of primitive weapons. They seem to have known the art of writing early, and to have had a strange alphabet of their own, called Ogham, from a shadowy King Oghma, who was supposed to have invented it. It was written by cutting notches in wood and stone, and there has been no small discussion over the reading of it.

Authentic history begins with St. Patrick. Patrick had been carried as a slave from Gaul to Erin in his youth. He escaped to Rome and rose high in the Christian Church. But his heart was stirred with pity

for his land of bondage, and about 432 he returned to Ireland, inspired by the hope of converting the country. He was not the first. Palladius had tried to convert pagan Ierne already, but where Palladius failed, Patrick succeeded; and the complete conversion of Ireland is one of the most splendid triumphs of the early Church. Wherever the saint went, conviction and conversion followed. He had dreamed a strange dream while in Rome, in which an angel appeared to him, bearing a scroll, with the superscription, "The voice of the Irish." The voice of the Irish had called him, and the ears of the Irish were ready to accept his teaching: king after king, chieftain after chieftain, abandoned the worship of their ancient gods to become the servants of Christ. For more than sixty years Patrick wrestled with the old gods in Ireland and overthrew them. He had found Ireland pagan, but when he died and gave

> "His body to that pleasant country's earth,
> And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
> Under whose colors he had fought so long,"

the spirit of Christianity was over the island, and the power of the old gods was gone forever. He was buried in Saul, in the County of Down, but his spirit lived in the souls of his followers. Long after Patrick had been laid to rest, his disciples carried the cross of Christ to the gaunt Scottish highlands, the lonely German pine-forests, the savage Gaulish settlements, to Britain, and the wild islands of the northern seas. The Irish monks wandered into the waste places of Ireland, and noble monasteries—the homes of religion and of learning—sprang up wherever they set their feet. The fathers of the Irish Church were listened to with reverence in the court of Charlemagne and in the Roman basilicas; and foreign ecclesiastics eagerly visited the homes of these men—the monasteries famous for their learning, their libraries, and their secure peace.

The island of the Sun-god had become the island of Saints. To Ireland belong St. Columban, the reformer of the Gauls; St. Columbkill, the "Dove of the Cell," whose name has made Iona holy ground;

St. Foelan; St. Killian, the apostle of Franconia; St. Aidan; St. Gall, the converter of Helvetia; and St. Boniface. One hundred and fifty-five Irish saints are venerated in the churches of Germany, forty-five in Gaul, thirty in Belgium, thirteen in Italy, and eight in Scandinavia. For a long time all Christendom looked upon Ireland as the favorite home of religion and of wisdom. Montalembert, in his great history of "The Monks of the West," has given a glowing account of the civilization and the culture of the Irish monasteries. There the arts were practised—music, architecture, and the working of metals. There the languages of Greece and Rome were studied with the passionate zeal which afterwards distinguished the Humanistic scholars of the revival of learning. The Irish monastic scholars carried their love for Greek so far that they even wrote the Latin of the Church books in the beloved Hellenic characters—and as we read we are reminded again of the old tradition of Greek descent—while, curiously enough, one of the oldest manuscripts of Horace in existence, that in the library of Berne, is written in Celtic characters, with notes and commentaries in the Irish language. It is worthy of remark that Montalembert says, that of all nations the Anglo-Saxons derived most profit from the teaching of the Irish schools, and that Alfred of England received his education in an Irish university.

With the lapse of time, however, and the disorders that came over the country during the struggles with the Danes, the organization of the Church suffered severely. In the twelfth century the irregularities that had crept into the Irish Church were brought before the notice of the Roman court. A synod, held at Kells, A.D. 1152, under the papal legate Paparo, formally incorporated the Irish Church into the ecclesiastical system of Rome. The metropolitan sees of Armagh, Cashel, Dublin, and Tuam were created, with their suffragan sees, under the primacy of the Archbishop of Armagh.

Towards the end of the eighth century the Danes made their first descent upon Ireland, and for a time established themselves in the country, expending their fiercest fury upon the Church of the West, and driving the Irish scholars to carry their culture and their phi-

losophy to the great cities of the European continent. The Irish chiefs, divided among themselves, were unable to oppose a common front to the enemy, and for more than a century the sea-kings held Ireland in subjection. At length a man arose who was more than a match for the sea-kings. Brian Boroihme, brother of the King of Munster, raised an army against the Danes in 968, thoroughly defeated them, and reduced them to the condition of quiet dwellers in the seaport towns. But the master-spirit that the troublous time had conjured up was not content to remain the conqueror of the Danes alone. He was determined to become the sovereign of all Ireland. It was sheer usurpation, and many of the Irish chiefs opposed Brian; but he soon overcame their resistance, and in 1001 he was acknowledged as King of all Ireland. He made a just and wise king, and for twelve years reigned in triumph and in peace. Then the Danes in Ireland began to pluck up heart again. They sent for help to their kinsmen over sea, and the Vikings came across the Swan's Bath with a mighty fleet, and made war upon Brian. Brian was an old man now, but as fierce and brave and skilful as ever. He raised up all his power to meet the Danes, and completely defeated them after a bloody struggle, at Clontarf, on Good Friday, 1014. Their bravest chiefs were slain, and their spirits sent to the Hall of Odin to drink ale with the goddesses of death, while all the hawks of heaven mourned for them. But the victorious Irish had to bewail their king, who, owing to the negligence of his guards, was killed in his tent towards the end of the fight by the Danish leader. This great defeat of the Danes put an end to any further dreams of a Danish invasion of Ireland, though it did not by any means destroy the influence that the Danes had already acquired in the island. They still held their own in the great seaport towns, and carried on fierce feuds with the native tribes, and in the slow processes of time became absorbed into and united with them. The death of Brian had a disastrous effect upon the condition of Ireland. The provinces that he had subjugated reasserted their independence; but his usurpation had shattered the supremacy of the old royal race, and the history of Ireland until the middle of the twelfth cen-

tury is merely a melancholy succession of civil wars and struggles for the crown, upon which it would be alike painful and profitless to dwell.

CHAPTER III.

THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

IRELAND was now divided into four confederations of tribes. The O'Neils held Ulidia, which is now called Ulster; the O'Connors Conacia, or Connaught; the O'Briens and the M'Carthys Mononia, or Munster; and the Macmurroughs Lagenia, or Leinster—all under the paramount but often-disputed rule of a branch of the Ulster O'Neils. The royal demense of Meath, the appanage of the Ulster family, which included Westmeath, Longford, and a part of King's County, was sometimes counted a fifth kingdom.

In the wild north, O'Neil, O'Donnel, O'Kane, O'Hara, O'Sheel, O'Carrol, were mighty names. On the northernmost peninsula, where the Atlantic runs into Lough Foyle and Lough Swilly, O'Dogherty reigned supreme. In Connaught, O'Rourke, O'Reilly, O'Kelly, O'Flaherty, O'Malley, O'Dowd, were lords. In Meath and Leinster, MacGeogeghan, O'Farrell, O'Connor, O'Moore, O'Brennan, Macmurrough ruled. In Munster, by the western shore, MacCarthy More held sway. MacCarthy Reagh swayed the south, by the pleasant waters of Cork Bay. O'Sullivan Beare was lord of the fair promontory between Bantry Bay and Kenmare River. O'Mahony reigned by roaring Water Bay. O'Donoghue was chieftain by the haunted Killarney Lakes. MacMahon ruled north of the Shannon. O'Loglin looked on Galway Bay.

All Ireland, with the exception of a few seaport towns where the Danes had settled, was in the hands of Irish chiefs of old descent and famous lineage. They quarrelled among themselves as readily and as fiercely as if they had been the heads of so many

Greek States. The Danes had been their Persians; their Romans were now to come.

The whole story of Irish subjugation and its seven centuries of successive struggles begins with the carrying-off of Devorgilla, wife of Tiernan O'Rorke, of Brefny, by a dissolute, brutal giant some sixty years old—Dermot Macmurrough, King of Leinster. We have a curious picture of him preserved in the writings of Giraldus Cambrensis, who knew him, and who was the first historian of the Irish invasion. "Dermot was a man of tall stature and great body; a valiant and bold warrior in his nation. By constant halloaing and crying out his voice had become hoarse. He chose to be feared rather than loved; oppressed his nobility greatly, but greatly supported and advanced the poor and weak. To his own kindred he was rough and grievous, and hateful to strangers; he would be against all men, and all men were against him." Such was the man who found the fair wife of the Lord of Brefny a willing victim. Alexander the Great was pleased to fancy that in ravaging the countries of the Great King he was still avenging the ancient quarrel for the rape of Helen. But Helen was not more fatal to Greeks and Easterns than Devorgilla, Erin's Helen, proved to the neighboring islands that lie along the Irish Sea. Through ages of bloodshed and slaughter her country has indeed bled for her shame. There is a grim ironic mockery in the thought that two nations have been set for centuries in the bitterest hatred by the loves of a lustful savage and an unfaithful wife. One might well paraphrase the words of Shakespeare's Diomed in "Troilus and Cressida," and say that "for every false drop in her bawdy veins an English life hath sunk; for every scruple of her contaminated carrion weight an Irishman been slain." The Lord of Brefny made war upon his betrayer; Rory O'Connor, the last king of Ireland, espoused O'Rorke's cause, and Dermot fled the country. He hastened to Aquitaine, where Henry II. was then staying, and did him homage. Pope Adrian IV., known to England as Nicholas Breakspere, the only Englishman who ever sat in the seat of St. Peter, had given Henry II. a bull of authority over Ireland some years before, authority

which Henry had not yet seen fit to exercise. Dermot's quarrel was Henry's opportunity. He allowed the treacherous fugitive to shark up a list of lawless resolutes from among the Norman barons in Wales, headed by Richard de Clare, Earl Pembroke, called "Strongbow." Ireland was invaded, Wexford seized, Waterford taken and sacked, and Eva, Dermot's daughter, married to Strongbow, as a further bond between the lord of Leinster and the Norman adventurer. The superiority of the Norman arms and armor impressed the Irish chiefs and soldiery as the iron of Charlemagne's legions impressed the Huns. The Normans made a brave show, lapped in steel, with their pointed helms and shields, their surcoats gleaming with the *or* and *argent*, *gules* and *azure* of their heraldic bearings, their powerful weapons, and their huge war-horses. Beneath their floating pennons came their well-trained, well-armed soldiers, skilled to shoot with long-bow and cross-bow, well supplied with all the implements fit for the taking of cities that Roman ingenuity had devised and Norman craft perfected. The Irish galloglasses and kerns opposed to them, if not wholly unfamiliar with the use of mail, seldom, indeed, used it, and fought their fiercest, protected alone by the shirts of saffron-dye in which they delighted, while their weapons were in every respect inferior to those of the invaders. Naturally, the Normans were at first triumphant everywhere. They swarmed over the country, pushing their strange names and strange ways into the homes of the time-honored septs. De Burgo in Connaught, FitzMaurice and FitzGerald in Kerry, in the land of the MacCarthy More; De Cogan, FitzStephen, and De la Poer along the southern coast; De Lacy in the north; all the cloud of De Grandisons, and De Montmorencies, and De Courcies, and Mandevilles, and FitzEustaces, who settled along the eastern coasts, and pushed their way inland—these were to be the new masters of men whose hearts were given in allegiance to the lords of the O and of the Mac.

But though the first flush of victory rested with the Normans, their hold over the country was for some time uncertain. Dermot, whose alliance was of great importance to the invaders, died suddenly a loathsome

death. Henry seemed little inclined to lend his strength to the bold barons, whose successes made him jealous for his own authority over the island. He even ordered Strongbow to leave Ireland, a command that it was difficult to obey, for the Irish had plucked up heart of grace to turn upon their invaders, and were harassing them very effectually. They were reinforced, too, by their old enemies the Danes, whose seaport settlements the Normans had seized upon with scant courtesy, and between the two the adventurers were in a bad way. Strongbow took the opportunity of a momentary triumph of the Norman arms to return to England and make his peace with his jealous monarch. Henry pardoned him his delayed submission, and immediately secured the Norman grasp on Ireland by leading a large army across the Irish Sea on a "Veni, vidi, vici" visit, as Sir John Davies called it, writing of it some centuries later.

The armament overawed many of the Irish chieftains, who seem to have thought resistance to the master of such legions vain, and most of the Munster chieftains came in and swore allegiance. Rory O'Connor held out against the king; so did the Ulster chiefs; but Henry, content with what he gained, for the time let them alone, and proceeded to organize his new territory. He divided it into counties, and set up the royal law courts of Bench, Pleas, and Exchequer in Dublin, to afford the Norman settlers the privileges of English law. The natives were allowed to keep to their old Brehon laws, which dated from the earliest times, and were as unlike the English processes of jurisprudence as the Irish land system was unlike the feudal system now introduced.

Henry's stay in Ireland was abruptly cut short by a summons to appear before the papal legates in Normandy who were inquiring into the murder of Becket. He left the island never to come back to it again. But he had done much to Normanize the country by making large and wholly illegal grants of septal territory to his followers, leaving it to them to win and keep these gifts as best they could. With the sword the barons advanced their claims, and with the sword the Irish chieftains met them.

The story of Ireland from the first to the second Richard is one monotonous record of constant warfare between the Irish and the Normans, and of incessant strife between the rival Irish houses. The barons built great castles, and lived in them a life of rough self-reliance, very like that of the robber lords of the Rhine provinces in later centuries. Many of these domains were counties palatinate, that is to say, their lords had the privilege of making their own laws with very little regard to the jurisdiction of the crown, and with absolute power of life and death. They ruled the tenants accordingly, with a queer mixture of Brehon and Norman law, after their own fashion. In the Norman towns, which were gradually established in the country under the protection of some one or other of the great barons, the language for a long time was only Norman-French, and the customs as well. It was as if some town of pleasant Normandy had been taken bodily up and transported to Ireland, with its well-wardered ramparts, on which the citizens' wives and daughters walked of quiet evenings in times of peace, its busy, crowded streets, thronged with citizens of all trades and crafts, marching sometimes gayly in their guilds, and ready at all times to drop awl or hammer, net or knife, and rush to arms to attack or to repel the Irish enemy. For outside the ramparts of these Norman towns on Irish earth, outside the last bastion of the baron's stronghold, lay the Irish, a separate and a hostile nation, ever attacked, and ever ready to attack. The return of the swallow was not surer in summer than the renewed outbreak of strife between Norman baron and Irish chief when once the winter had faded into spring. The baron took to the road like a last-century highwayman: he swooped down upon the fields of the Irish; he seized upon the stores that they had placed in their churches and churchyards, as was their custom before they took to building castles themselves. The Irish retaliated whenever and wherever they could. For long there was no sort of alliance between them. Only those who belonged to the "five bloods" of the O'Neils of Ulster, the O'Connors of Connaught, the O'Briens of Thomond, the O'Melachlins of Meath, and the Macmurroughs of Leinster, could have audience in an English court. The kill-

ing of an Irishman or the violation of an Irishwoman by an English colonist was no crime.

Yet, with the slow advance of time the Norman settlers began to succumb to Irish influences. The hostilities lessened, the hatreds waned. The Norman barons began to find peace better than war, and love fairer than feud. They took to themselves wives from among the daughters of the Irish chiefs. By degrees they abandoned their knightly trappings, their Norman names, and their foreign speech, to adopt instead the Irish dress, names, language, and law. A Burke became a M'William, a FitzMaurice became a M'Morice, and a Bermingham became a M'Yoris. The transformed barons aspired to be independent Irish chieftains like their new allies; in time they came to be known as "more Irish than the Irish themselves."

The English government witnessed with jealous anger this curious process of assimilation, and strove at intervals to stay its course. A statute passed in 1295 prohibited in vain the adoption of the Irish garb by Norman settlers. The English had not the power to enforce such restrictive laws; they had not even the strength to protect such of the settlers as were willing to abide by their own Norman ways and words. These were forced in self-defence into association and alliance with the Irish chiefs, who were gradually regaining their control over the country.

After the English defeat at Bannockburn, the Irish chiefs at once rose in revolt against England. Edward Bruce, brother of the victorious Scottish king, came over to Ireland in 1315, and was heartily welcomed, not by the native Irish alone, but by many of the Anglo-Irish nobles. Edward Bruce was crowned as king at Dundalk, and for a short time the insurrection carried all before it, and the Anglo-Irish lords who had not joined the rebellion were put to great straits to defend themselves. The English government made a desperate effort, raised a large army under Sir John de Bermingham, which completely defeated the allied Scotch, Irish, and Anglo-Irish forces in a battle near Dundalk, in which Edward Bruce himself was killed. But the victory was dearly bought. The loyal Anglo-Irish had learned to their cost that they could not

count for safety on the protection of the home government, and that security was more easily attained by amalgamation with the Irish. The Irishizing process went on more vigorously than ever. The conversion of Norman barons into Irish chiefs with Irish names waxed day by day. The condition of the English settlers who remained unchanged in the midst of such changes became desperate indeed.

Something had to be done. In 1356 it was proclaimed that no one born in Ireland should hold any of the king's towns or castles. This proved ineffectual, and sterner measures were resorted to eleven years later, at the Parliament held in Kilkenny, in 1367. The Norman Parliament in Ireland was originally a council of the barons, prelates, and the "faithful;" but it had grown with time into greater importance. The Upper House consisted of lay peers, abbots, priors, and bishops; the Lower House of the knights of the shires and burgesses. Many of the lay peers claimed and received exemption from attendance, and the abbots, priors, and bishops generally sent their proctors in their places, till the practice grew up of summoning two proctors from each diocese, who sat with the knights and burgesses in the Lower House, and claimed to be members of the legislature. Most of the shires were in the hands of the Irish, and returned no members. Burgesses were summoned from a few towns, many not being elected by the freemen of the city, but receiving the royal writ personally, by name. It met at irregular intervals, sometimes at Dublin, sometimes at Kilkenny, and sometimes at Drogheda, at the summons of the king's lieutenant, or his deputy.

The Parliament of Kilkenny inflicted heavy penalties on all English who adopted Irish names, speech, or customs. The Norman who dared to marry an Irish wife was to be half-hanged, shamefully mutilated, disembowelled alive, and forfeit his estate. The fostering of Norman with Irish children, and the maintenance of Irish bards, were alike sternly prohibited. But at the time the English Government had not the power to enforce these statutes, which only served to further exasperate the Irish and the Anglo-Irish.

Richard II. was in Ireland with a large army, deter-

mined to reduce the country to obedience, when the news of Bolingbroke's landing at Ravenspurgh called him back to his death. The struggles of the Houses of the White and the Red Rose occupied Ireland as well as England. Anglo-Irish lords crossed the sea to fight for York and Lancaster by the side of the King-maker or Clifford of Cumberland. In Ireland the two greatest houses took opposite sides. The Butlers of East Munster, the Lords of Ormonde, who swayed Tipperary and Kilkenny, plucked a sanguine rose with young Somerset; while the Geraldines of both the Desmond and Kildare branches loved no colors, and cropped a pale and angry rose with Plantagenet.

The story of the House of Geraldine is one of the most romantic in all Irish history. The Geraldines were descended from the two brothers, Maurice and William Fitzgerald, who came to Ireland at the heels of Strongbow. Through varying fortunes—at one time the whole house was nearly exterminated by MacCarthy More—they had risen to a proud position of rule in Ireland. They owned all the broad lands from Maynooth to Lixnaw; their followers swarmed everywhere, bearing a "G" on their breast in token that they owed their hearts to the Geraldines.

Moore has made famous the story of Thomas, the sixth earl, who, "by the Fial's wave benighted, no star in the sky," was lighted by love to the door of a retainer's cottage. The poet fancies that as the chieftain crossed the threshold, some ominous voice whispered that there was ruin before him. If he loved he was lost. Love and ruin did, indeed, await the Geraldine across the threshold. The retainer had a beautiful daughter, and "love came and brought sorrow too soon in his train" for Thomas of Kildare. He married the peasant girl, and was outlawed by his stately family, and went to France with his humble love, and died, a poor but a happy man, at Rouen, many years later.

After Bosworth battle had placed Henry VII. on the throne of Richard of Gloucester, the new king was too busy with his new kingdom to give much thought to Ireland. The English colony was in a bad way there. It was reduced to the County of Dublin and parts of

Meath, Louth, and Kildare. The greater part of the island was entirely in the hands of Irish chieftains, who exacted tribute from the English, and scornfully set at naught the continued and meaningless renewals of the statutes of Kilkenny. Henry at first left Ireland alone. He was ever content to leave the Geraldine control of the country unquestioned, although the Geraldines had been so defiantly Yorkist, and though not a few followers of the house had painted their own white roses red with their own blood on many an English field. They were Yorkists still. When Lambert Simnel came over to Ireland, pretending to be the son of false, fleeting, perjured Clarence, the Geraldines rallied round him with warm support and sympathy. When this image of a king was swept from the throne to the kitchen, Perkin Warbeck took his place, claimed to be the Duke of York whom Gloucester had murdered in the tower, and he, too, found Geraldine aid and maintenance. Henry had now learned something of the strength of Irish disaffection in the hands of the Irish chiefs, and prepared to crush it out more subtly than by the sword. We have seen what the Irish Parliament was like : a poor thing enough in itself, but at worst containing the principles of a representative system. This system Henry resolved to destroy. Three centuries had passed since the Norman banners had first floated over the Irish fields, and in all that time no attempt had been made to force the English laws upon the Irish septs, or to interfere with the self-government of the Norman settlers. Now, in 1494, Henry sent over Sir Edward Poynings, as Lord Deputy, with an army at his back, to change altogether the relationship between the two islands. Poynings summoned a Parliament at Drogheda, at which the famous measure known as Poyning's Act was passed. This act established that all English laws should operate in Ireland, and that the consent of the Privy Council of England was necessary for all acts of the Irish Parliament. These measures at once deprived Ireland of all claim to independent government. Henceforward she was to be the helpless dependent of the conquering country. But the loss of liberty did not destroy the Irish desire for freedom ; it rather gave it an additional incentive to action.

Ireland being thus soldered close to England, Henry was content to leave the government of the country in the hands of its most powerful man. "All Ireland," men said, "was not a match for the Earl of Kildare." "Then let the Earl of Kildare govern all Ireland," said Henry VII., and gave the rule of Ireland into his hands. He had been the most potent spirit in Ireland under the old system ; to confirm his power under the new seemed to the astute Henry the surest means of securing his allegiance and the quiet dependence of Ireland.

His successor, the eighth Henry, looked on the Geraldine power with grave jealousy. The control of the island was practically in the hands of the Earls of Kildare and their followers, and was drifting day by day further from the control and supremacy of England. What use were statutes of Kilkenny and Poyning's Acts if the country was under the command of an Anglo-Irish house who defied the authotity of England? His jealousy of the Geraldines was fostered by Wolsey, who was considerably under the influence of the House of Ormonde, the bitter enemies of the Geraldines. Gerald, the ninth earl, son of Henry VII.'s deputy, was summoned to England. He was at once thrown into the Tower, and false news of his execution was sent to Dublin. His son, Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, "Silken Thomas," as he was commonly called by his people, from the splendor of his dress, displayed no silken spirit. He raised at once a desperate revolt against the king, but his forces were shattered by the English artillery, brought thus into Irish warfare for the first time. He and his five uncles were compelled to surrender. They were sent to London, to the Tower, where the Earl of Kildare had died of a broken heart, and they were all hanged at Tyburn. Only one of their kin, a boy of twelve, a son of the Earl of Kildare by his second wife, escaped from the slaughter of his race to Rome, to found again the fortunes of his house. "The dying Gracchus," said Mirabeau, "flung dust to heaven, and from that dust sprang Marius." From the blood of the Geraldines arose the great house of Desmond and Tyrone, which at one time seemed likely to establish the independence of Ireland.

Henry's next act was to confiscate the Church lands in Ireland as he had done in England. How this was done we may learn in the melanoholy words of the Four Masters: "They broke down the monasteries, and sold their roofs and bells from Arran of the Saints to the Iccian Sea. . . . They burned the images, shrines, and relics, . . . the staff of Jesus, which had been in the hand of St. Patrick." A Parliament was summoned at Dublin, at which for the first time some Irish chieftains were to be seen sitting by the English lords at the national assembly. These chiefs agreed to hold their land of the king by English law, to come to the king's court for justice, to attend Parliament, to send their sons to be educated at the English court, and to renounce the authority of the Pope. The Parliament conferred on Henry and his successors the title of King instead of Lord Paramount of Ireland.

Under Edward, the chiefs who dwelt in Leix, Offaly, Fercal, and Ely, in the central plain of Ireland, of whom the O'Moores and O'Connors were chief, showed signs of revolt. They were formidable and warlike, and Henry VIII. had thought it well worth his while to keep them quiet by subsidy. With the news of his death they may have thought that an opportunity of some kind had come ; but whether they intended rebellion or not, the government acted on the assumption that they did, and crushed them before they had time to move, captured their chiefs, laid waste their settlements, and finally confiscated their lands, and planted them with English settlers. The dispossessed Irish drove the settlers out after nine years of ceaseless warfare. Then the government put forth its strength, shot down the obnoxious natives wherever they could get at them, hunted them as outlaws, and at last practically exterminated them. Mary was by this time on the throne. A part of Offaly, Fercal, and Ely was converted into King's County ; Leix, another portion of Offal, and Upper Ossory, became Queen's County. In the settlement of these two counties we may see the beginnings of those plantation schemes, which were to be carried on, on so large a scale, by the succeeding English rulers, whether Tudor, Stuart, or Puritan,

CHAPTER IV.

ELIZABETH.

The Reformation begun under Henry VIII. was carried out with pitiless determination under Edward VI., and was met by the Catholics with unflinching opposition. Under Mary there was a period of respite, but the strife was renewed with greater fierceness in the succeeding reign. As authentic Irish history begins with St. Patrick, so with Elizabeth modern Irish history may be said to begin. The principles of the Reformation had only served to deepen the hostility, already deep enough, between the Irish chiefs and the English crown. It had also served to unite the Catholic Anglo-Irish with the Catholic native Irish as they had never been united before. The English Act of Uniformity had not yet been registered by a Parliament.* Elizabeth, in January, 1560, summoned a carefully chosen and obedient Parliament, which repealed the Catholic Acts passed by Mary, and passed the Act of Uniformity, which made the new liturgy compulsory. Many of the bishops accepted the situation; those who refused, and were within Elizabeth's power, were deprived; those outside the Pale and its power trusted in their isolation and defied the new measures. The seizures of Henry and Edward had impoverished the Irish Church, but the spirit of the Church was unbroken. On hillsides and by hedges the mendicant friars still preached the faith of their fathers in their fathers' native tongue, and wherever they went they found a people eager to hear and to honor them, resolute to oppose the changes that came in the name of Henry, of Edward, and of Elizabeth from across the sea.

At her accession, Elizabeth was too much occupied with foreign complications to pay much heed to Ireland. Trouble first began in a conflict between the feudal laws and the old Irish law of Tanistry. Con O'Neil, Earl of Tyrone, had taken his title from Henry VIII., subject to the English law of succession; but when

Con died, the clan O'Neil, disregarding the English principle of hereditary succession, chose Shane O'Neil, an illegitimate son of Con, and the hero of his sept, to be The O'Neil. Shane O'Neil at once put himself forward as the champion of Irish liberty, the supporter of the Irish right to rule themselves in their own way and pay no heed to England. Under the pretence of governing the country, Elizabeth overran it with a soldiery who, as even Mr. Froude acknowledges, lived almost universally on plunder, and were litlle better than bandits. The time was an appropriate one for a champion of Irish rights. Shane O'Neil boldly stood out as sovereign of Ulster, and pitted himself against Elizabeth. She tried to have him removed by assassination. When this failed she tried to temporize. Shane was invited to England, where the courtly gentlemen who hovered about Elizabeth stared over their spreading ruffs in wonder at Shane the Proud and his wild followers in their saffron-stained shirts and rough cloaks, with great battle-axes in their hands. They sharpened their wits upon his haughty bearing, his scornful speech, and his strange garb. But his size and strength made great impression on the queen, and for the moment an amicable arrangement seemed to be arrived at. For many years there had been a steady immigration of Scots from Argyleshire into Antrim, who had often served Shane O'Neil as mercenaries. These Scotch settlers seem to have been regarded with dislike by the crown ; at all events, it was part of the compact with Shane that he should reduce them, and reduce them he did, with no light or sparing hand. But the fierce King of Ulster was by far too powerful to please Elizabeth long. Her agents induced other tribes to rise against him. Shane fought bravely against his fate, but he was defeated, put to flight, and murdered by his enemies, the Scots of Antrim, in whose strongholds he madly sought refuge. His head was struck off, and sent to adorn the walls of Dublin Castle. His lands were declared forfeit, and his vassals vassals of the crown. English soldiers of fortune were given grants from Shane's escheated territory, but when they attempted to settle they were killed by the O'Neils. Others came in their place, under Walter Devereux,

Earl of Essex, and did their best to simplify the process of colonization by exterminating the O'Neils, men, women, and children, wherever they could be got at. After two years of struggle Essex was compelled to abandon his settlement. But other colonizers were not disheartened. Some West of England gentlemen under Peter Carew, seized on Cork, Limerick, and Kerry, and sought to hold them by extirpating the obnoxious natives.

Against these English inroads the great Geraldine League was formed. In the reign of Mary, that boy of twelve whom Henry VIII. had not been able to include in the general doom of his house, had been allowed to return to Ireland, and to resume his ancestral honors. Once more the Geraldines were a great and powerful family in Ireland. But their strength had again awakened the alarm of the English government. The Earl of Desmond and his brother had been summoned to England and cast into the Tower. Their cousin, James Fitzmaurice of Desmond, now began to unite the Geraldines against Carew and his companions, and fought them and those sent to help them for two years. They were, of course, defeated ; not, however, so badly but that Elizabeth was willing not only to receive their submission, but to release Desmond and his brother from the Tower and send them back to Ireland. James Fitzmaurice Fitzgerald went into voluntary exile, wandering from capital to capital of the Catholic continental powers, seeking aid and assistance for his cherished Geraldine League. The Geraldines and their companion chiefs got encouragement in Rome and pledges from Spain, and they rose again under the Earl of Desmond and Sir James Fitzmaurice Fitzgerald. At first they had some successes. They had many wrongs to avenge. Sir Nicholas Maltby had just crushed out, with the most pitiless cruelty, a rising of the Bourkes of Connaught. Sir Francis Cosby, the queen's representative in Leix and Offaly, had conceived and executed the idea of preventing any further possible rising of the chiefs in those districts by summoning them and their kinsmen to a great banquet in the fort of Mullaghmast, and there massacring them all. Out of four hundred guests only one man, a Lalor, escaped from that

feast of blood. Of the clan O'Moore no less than one hundred and eighty chief men were slaughtered. One of the Moores had not come to that fatal banquet. Ruari Oge O'Moore, better known as "Rory O'Moore," devoted himself to avenging his murdered kinsmen, and the cry of "Remember Mullaghmast!" sounded dismally in the ears of the settlers of King's and Queen's Counties for many a long year after, whenever Rory O'Moore made one of his swoops upon them with that shout for his battle-cry. With such memories in their minds, the tribes rose in all directions to the Desmond call. Early in the rising Fitzmaurice was killed in a scuffle. This was a heavy blow to the rebels; so was a defeat of the Geraldines by Sir Nicholas Maltby at Monaster. Elizabeth sent over more troops to Ireland under the new Lord Deputy, Sir William Pelham, who had with him as ally Ormonde, the head of the house of Butler, hereditary foes of the Geraldines, and easily induced to act against them. Pelham and Ormonde cut their way over Munster, reducing the province by unexampled ferocity. Ormonde boasted that he had put to death nearly six thousand disaffected persons. Just at this moment some of the chiefs of the Pale rose, and rose too late. They gained one victory over Lord Grey de Wilton in the pass of Glenmalure, where the troops were completely routed by the chief of Glenmalure, Feach MacHugh, whom the English called "the Firebrand of the Mountains." Grey immediately abandoned the Pale to the insurgents, and turned to Smerwick, where some eight hundred Spanish and Italian soldiers had just landed, too late to be of any service to the rebellion, and had occupied the dismantled fort. It was at once blockaded by sea and by land. In Grey's army Sir Walter Raleigh and Edmund Spenser both held commands. Smerwick surrendered at discretion, and the prisoners were killed by Raleigh and his men in cold blood. Flushed by this success, Grey returned to the Pale and carried all before him. The Geraldines were disheartened, and were defeated wherever they made a stand. Lord Kildare was arrested on suspicion of treason, and sent to London to die in the Tower. Martial law was proclaimed in Dublin, and every one, gentle or simple, suspected

of disaffection was promptly hanged. Munster was pacified by an unstinted use of sword and gallows. The Desmond held out for a time, but he was caught at last and killed in the Slievemish Mountains, and his head sent to London to adorn the Tower. Munster was so vigorously laid waste that Mr. Froude declares that "the lowing of a cow or the sound of a plough-boy's whistle was not to be heard from Valentia to the Rock of Cashel."

Holinshed declares the traveller would not meet any man, woman, or child, saving in towns or cities, and would not see any beast ; and Spenser gives a melancholy picture of the misery of the inhabitants, "as that any stony heart would rue the same." They were driven by misery to eat dead bodies scraped out of the grave ; and Sir William Pelham proudly tells the queen how he has reduced the inhabitants to prefer being slaughtered to dying of starvation. Being thus pacified, Munster was now divided into seigniories of from four thousand to twelve thousand acres, to be held in fee of the crown at a quit-rent of from 2*d.* to 3*d.* per acre, by such adventurers as cared to struggle with the dispossessed Irish.

The next step was to confiscate the estates of the rebellious chieftains. Sir John Perrot succeeded Lord Grey as Deputy. He summoned a Parliament at which many of the Irish chiefs, persuaded, no doubt, by the strength of England's recent arguments, attended in English dress. The Parliament was perfectly manageable. It attainted any one whom the Lord Deputy wished attainted. The estates of Desmond and some hundred and forty of his followers came to the crown. The land was then distributed at the cheapest rate in large tracts to English nobles and gentlemen adventurers, who were pledged to colonize it with English laborers and tradesmen. But of these laborers and tradesmen not many came over, and those who did soon returned, tired of struggling for their foothold with the dispossesssed Irish. In default of other tenants, the new owners of the soil were practically forced to take on the natives as tenants-at-will, and thus the desired change of population was not effected.

Perrot was a stern but not a merciless man, with a

fierce temper, which made him many enemies among his own colleagues. He disliked the policy of Bingham in Connaught, and challenged him. He had a difference of opinion with Sir Henry Bagnal, and thought he had settled it when he had knocked Bagnal down. Nor was he more popular with the Irish. He treacherously captured Hugh Roe, or Red Hugh O'Donnel, son of Hugh O'Donnel, of Tyrconnel, and kept him in Dublin Castle as a hostage for his father's good behavior, and thus made young Red Hugh a bitter and dangerous enemy to the crown. In the end Perrot was recalled, and Sir William Fitzwilliam sent in his stead.

After six years of an exasperating rule, Fitzwilliam gave place in 1594 to Sir William Russell, who found the country hopelessly disorganized. Red Hugh had escaped from Dublin Castle to his sept in Donegal, and his father had resigned the chieftainship to him. The dragoonings of Sir Richard Bingham had driven Connaught to desperation. The northern tribes were disturbed; some were in rebellion. Ulster, which had kept quiet all through the Desmond rebellion, was stirrred by the spirit of sedition, and its great chief, Hugh O'Neil of Tyrone, was thought to be discontented and dangerous.

Hugh O'Neil, the grandson of that Con O'Neil whom Henry VIII. had made Earl of Tyrone, had been brought up at the English court and confirmed in the lordship of Tyrone by the English government. In the brilliant court of Elizabeth the young Irish chief was distinguished for his gifts of mind and body. When he came of age he was allowed to return to Ireland to his earldom. Once within his own country he assumed his ancestral title of The O'Neil, and revived all the customs of independent Irish chieftains. For long enough he took no part in any plots or movements against the crown; but many things, the ties of friendship and of love, combined to drive him into rebellion. He had been deeply angered by the imprisonment of his kinsman, Red Hugh; and when Red Hugh escaped, burning with a sense of his wrongs and a desire for revenge, he brought all his influence to bear upon O'Neil to draw him into a confederation against the gov-

ernment. Another and more romantic cause helped to drive Tyrone into revolt. After the death of his first wife he had fallen in love with the beautiful sister of Sir Henry Bagnal, the Lord Marshal, and the lady had returned his love. In defiance of the fierce opposition of her brother, she eloped with the Irish chief, and made Bagnal the remorseless enemy of Tyrone.

Bagnal used all his influence to discredit Tyrone in the eyes of the English government, and he succeeded. Urged by Red Hugh and the rebellious chiefs on the one side, and by the enmity of Bagnal and the growing distrust of the English government on the other, Tyrone in the end consented to give the powerful support of his name and his arms to a skilfully planned confederation of the tribes. On all sides the Irish chiefs entered into the insurrection. O'Neil was certainly the most formidable Irish leader the English had yet encountered. He was a brilliant general and a skilled politician, and even Mr. Froude admits that "his career is unstained with personal crimes." He defeated an English army under Bagnal at the Blackwater, after a fierce battle, inflamed by more than mere national animosity. Each leader was animated by a bitter hatred of his opponent, which lends something of an Homeric character to the struggle by the Blackwater. But Tyrone was fortunate in war as in love. Bagnal's forces were completely defeated, and Bagnal himself killed. Fortune seemed to smile on Tyrone's arms. Victory followed victory. In a little while all Ireland, with the exception of Dublin and a few garrison towns, was in the hands of the rebels. Essex, and the largest army ever sent to Ireland, crossed the Channel to cope with him ; but Essex made no serious move, and after an interview with Tyrone, in which he promised more than he could perform, he returned to England to his death. His place was taken by Lord Mountjoy, who, for all his love of angling and of Elizabethan "play-books," was a stronger man. Tyrone met him ; was defeated. From that hour the rebellion was over. A Spanish army that had come to aid the rebels hurriedly re-embarked ; many of the chiefs began to surrender ; wild Red Hugh O'Donnel, flying to Spain to rouse allies, was poisoned and died. The sufferings

of the Irish were terrible. Moryson, Mountjoy's secretary, a great traveller for his time, a Ulysses of ten years' wanderings, tells much the same stories of the after-consequences of this revolution which were told by Spenser of the former. The carcasses of people lay in ditches, their dead mouths open, green with the docks and nettles on which they had endeavored to support life. Young children were trapped and eaten by the starving women who were hiding in the woods on the Newry. He and Sir Arthur Chichester witnessed the horrible spectacle of three young children devouring the entrails of their dead mother.

At last Tyrone was compelled to come to terms. He surrendered his estates, renounced all claim to the title of The O'Neil, abjured alliance with all foreign powers, and promised to introduce English laws and customs into Tyrone. In return he received a free pardon and a re-grant of his title and lands by letters patent. Rory O'Donnel, Red Hugh's brother, also submitted, and was allowed to retain the title of Earl of Tyrconnel. Elizabeth was already dead, and the son of Mary Stuart was King of England when these terms were made; but they were not destined to do much good.

Tyrone was brought to London to meet King James. He stayed at Wanstead as Mountjoy's guest, where, four-and-twenty years before, he had been present at Leicester's entertainment of Queen Elizabeth. Those four-and-twenty years had brought many changes: they had carried away many gallant gentlemen and wise statesmen and brave soldiers; they had changed Tyrone from the brilliant young man dreaming after liberty into the "new man" of Elizabeth's successor.

Tyrone returned to Ireland, but not to peace. King James was determined to reform the country after his own fashion, and in King James's mind reform meant supporting the Protestant religion everywhere, enforcing all laws against the Catholics, crushing out whatever remains of the old Brehon laws still lingered in the country, and definitely establishing the English law, which only the English settlers liked, in its stead. Sir George Carew had been Deputy, and had come back to England with a store of money, and Chichester

was in his place making himself hateful to the Irish by his ingenious methods of wresting their land from its rightful owners, and by his pitiless intolerance of the Catholic religion. The Irish Catholics had hoped for toleration from James—James, indeed, promised them on his accession the privilege of exercising their religion in private; but he soon revoked his promise, and the state of the Irish Catholics was worse than before. Tyrconnel himself was called upon to conform to the English faith. Lest these and kindred exasperations might arouse once more the dangerous wrath of the chiefs, Chichester enforced a rigorous disarmament of the kernes. It is hardly to be wondered at if the reforming spirit of James did not greatly commend itself to two such national leaders as Tyrone and Tyrconnel; it would not be very surprising if they had thoughts of striving against it. Whether they had such thoughts or not, they were accused of entertaining them. They were seen to be dangerous enemies to the king's policy, whom it would be convenient to have out of the way, and they were proclaimed as traitors. They seem to have been convinced of the impossibility of resistance just then; they saw that it was death to remain, and they fled into exile. "It is certain," say the Four Masters, "that the sea never carried, and the winds never wafted, from the Irish shores individuals more illustrious or noble in genealogy, or more renowned for deeds of valor, prowess, and high achievements." Tyrone with his wife, Tyrconnel with his sister and friends and followers, ninety-nine in all, set sail in one small vessel on the 14th of September, 1607, and tossed for twenty-one days upon the raging waves of the sea. We hear of O'Neil trailing his golden crucifix at the vessel's wake to bring about a calm; of two storm-worn merlins who took shelter in the rigging and were kindly cared for by the Irish ladies. On the 4th of October they landed at Quillebœuf, on the coast of France, and made their way to Rouen, receiving kind treatment at all hands. James demanded their surrender, but Henri Quatre refused to comply, though he advised the exiles to go into Flanders.

Into Flanders they went, their ladies giving the Marshal of Normandy those two storm-worn merlins

they had cherished, as a token of their gratitude for his kindness. From Flanders, in time, they made their way to Rome, and there they lived in exile, and died long years after. Tyrconnel died first, in 1608, and the Four Masters weep over his early eclipse. Clad in the simple robe of a Franciscan friar, he was buried in the Franciscan church of St. Pietro in Montorio, where the Janiculum overlooks the glory of Rome, the yellow Tiber, and the Alban Hills, the deathless Coliseum and the stretching Campagna. Raphael had painted the Transfiguration for the grand altar; the hand of Sebastiano del Piombo had colored its walls with the scourging of the Redeemer. Close at hand tradition marks the spot where Peter was crucified. In such a spot, made sacred by all that art and religion could lend of sanctity, the spirit of Tyrconnel rested in peace at last. His companion in arms and in misfortune survived him some eight years. We have a melancholy picture of old Tyrone wandering about in Rome, and wishing in vain to be back in his own land and able to strike a good blow for her. He died at last, on July 20, 1616, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, a brave, sad, blind old man. He was buried in the little church on the Janiculum, by the side of Tyrconnel.

CHAPTER V.

THE CROMWELLIAN SETTLEMENT.

After the flight of the earls, Ireland was entirely in James's hands. The very few who opposed his authority were sternly and summarily dealt with. His writ ran in every part of the island; there was a sheriff for every shire; the old Irish law was everywhere superseded; there was nothing to interfere with James's schemes for confiscating Irish lands and planting Irish provinces. The English had already made strong settlements in Leinster, Connaught, and Munster. Ulster had hitherto been practically untouched, but now at

last it too was to come under the control of the crown. The alleged treason of the two earls served as an excuse for confiscating the counties of Donegal, Derry, Tyrone, Fermanagh, Cavan, and Armagh. A sort of commission sat at Limavaddy to parcel out the lands of men who had committed no other offence than that of serving under the exiled chieftains. Ulster was planted with a thoroughly Protestant and anti-Irish colony of English and Scotch adventurers, and the Irish were driven away from the fertile lands like Red Indians, to contracted and miserable reservations, while the fighting men were shipped off to swell the armies of Gustavus Adolphus. Twelve City of London companies bought great tracts of land in Derry at very cheap rates. Six of these companies—the Mercers, Salters, Skinners, Ironmongers, Fishmongers, and Drapers—still retain much of the property thus acquired. The disinheriting process was carried on not by force alone, but by fraud. Men called "discoverers" made it their business to spy out flaws in titles of land, in order that they might be confiscated by the crown.

Conspicuous among the English adventurers, a very mirror of the merits of his kind, is Richard Boyle, who afterwards became the first Earl of Cork. He was a man of very low beginnings. He has been happily described as a forger, a horse-thief, and a conniver at murder, who made Providence his inheritance and prospered by it. Boyle landed in Dublin on Midsummer Eve, June 23, 1588, with some twenty-seven pounds in his pocket, a couple of suits of clothes, a diamond ring and a gold bracelet, and, of course, his rapier and dagger. After seven years' stay, the adventurer was lucky enough, aided, perhaps, by the diamond ring and the gold bracelet, to win the heart and hand of a lady of Limerick with five hundred pounds a year. This was the beginning of his fortunes. From that hour lands and money accumulated about him. As long as he got it he little cared how it came. No man was more ready to lay his hands upon any property of the Church, or otherwise, that he could securely close them over. He swindled Sir Walter Raleigh, then in prison and near his death, out of his Irish land, for a

sum shamelessly below its value, and throve upon the swindle. He is a fair type of the men with whom James planted Ulster and Leinster, and with whom he would have planted Connaught, but that he died before he was able to carry that scheme into effect. But Charles inherited the scheme. Ingenious court lawyers investigated and invalidated the titles of the Connaught landlords, and Charles soon found himself the owner of all Connaught, in the same sense that a burglar is the owner of the watches, the plate, and jewels that are the results of a successful "plant." But land was not enough for Charles; he wanted money. He was always wanting money, and he found a means of raising it in Ireland by promising grants of civil and religious liberty to the Catholics in exchange for so much down. The money was soon forthcoming, but the promised liberties never came. Charles's great ally in the management of Ireland was Thomas Wentworth, to whom the government of the country was given. Strafford devoted the great abilities, of which Lord Digby truly said "that God had given him the use and the devil the application," to supporting Charles's fraudulent schemes for extorting money, until his malign influence was removed by the summons to England which ended in his death. But when the revolution began in England, which ended with the fall of the king's head, many of the Irish thought their time had come.

In 1641 the remnant of native Irish in Ulster rose, under Sir Phelim O'Neil, against the oppression of the Scotch settlers. This rising of 1641 has been written about often enough by English historians, as if it were an act of unparalleled wickedness and ferocity. It is written of with horror and hatred as the "massacre of 1641." Mr. Froude, in especial, has lent all the weight of his name and his eloquence to this theory of a gigantic and well-organized massacre; but Mr. Froude's statements are too curiously in advance of his evidence, and his evidence too untrustworthy to claim much historical importance. The business of 1641 was bad enough without Mr. Froude doing his best to make it worse. In one part of Ireland a certain body of men for a short time rose in successful insurrection, and they killed their oppressors as their oppressors had

always killed their kin, wherever they could get at them. Undoubtedly there were a great many people killed. That, of course, no one attempts, no one desires, to justify; but it must be remembered that it was no worse than any one of the many massacres of the Irish by the English, which had taken place again and again, any time within the memory of the men then living, to go no further back. Far be it from me, far be it from any one, to defend the cruelties that accompanied the rising of 1641; but it is only fair to remember that most nations that have been treated cruelly are cruel in their revenge when they get it, and the followers of Sir Phelim O'Neil believed they had as bitter wrongs to avenge as men can have. They had been taught lessons of massacre by their masters, and this was their first essay. The massacre of Mullaghmast, Essex's treacherous massacre of the clan O'Neil, the dragooning of Connaught by Bingham, the desolation of Munster, all these atrocities are slurred over in order to lend an uncontrasted horror to Irish crimes. Mr. Prendergast and Mr. John Mitchel have both written to show the terrible exaggerations that have attended upon all representations of the rising of 1641. These are Irish historians; but an English historian, Mr. Goldwin Smith, is fairer than Mr. Froude. To him the early part of the rising presents a "picture of the vengeance which a people, brutalized by oppression, wreaks in the moment of its brief triumph on its oppressor." He considers it "to have been unpremeditated, and opposed to the policy of the leaders;" and when the struggle had begun, "the English and Scotch settlers perhaps exceeded the Irish in atrocity, especially when we consider their comparative civilization. The Irish population of Island Magee, though innocent of the rebellion, were massacred, man, woman, and child, by the Scotch garrison of Carrickfergus."

The historian Borlase, kinsman to the chief-justice of that name, rejoicing over the exploit of the soldiers against the rebels, mentions as one item how Sir W. Cole's regiment "starved and famished of the vulgar sort, whose goods were seized on by this regiment, 7,000." No cruelties on the one side can ever justify retaliation on the other, but to mention them will at

least serve to dispel the idea which Mr. Froude would willingly foster, that at a sudden point in the history of a blameless and bloodless rule, some wicked Irish rose up and slew some of their just and merciful masters. The masters were neither just nor merciful, bloodless nor blameless. It was hardly to be expected that a people, treated as they had been, would act very mercifully when their turn came. Yet in many cases they did act mercifully. The followers of Sir Phelim spared some lives they might have taken ; pitied some who were in their power. There has been monstrous exaggeration about the stories of wholesale massacre. Most of the evidence given before the commission sent to inquire into the thing is given on hearsay, and it is on this evidence that the accounts of the massacre depend. Old women who were ill in bed, and saw nothing of the struggle, gave as evidence the statements of friends, who told them that in many places thousands of persons were massacred. Others, again, were assured of such slaughterings of hundreds and thousands of persons in different parts of the country by the rebels themselves, who display throughout the evidence a most remarkable taste for self-accusation. Equally valuable and veracious evidence testifies that the ghosts of the murdered were seen stalking abroad —that in the river near Portadown, where the worst of the killing was said to have been, the body of a man stood erect for three days in the middle of the water, and that corpses floated against the stream several days after they had been drowned, in order to meet one of their murderers who was crossing the bridge!

However it began, Sir Phelim O'Neil's rising soon flamed up into a general rebellion. One of the most prominent of its leaders was Roger Moore, the last of a stately, ruined family, one of whose ancestors had died in the Tower under Edward VI. He was a brave and honorable gentleman, whose handsome face and graceful bearing commended him closely to the men from whom he sought help, whom his eloquence was well calculated to persuade, and his statesman-like prudence and foresight to encourage. His daring and gallantry endeared him to his followers, who were always ready to fight their best for the war-cry of "For

God, our Lady, and Roger Moore." At his instance Colonel Owen O'Neil—better known as Owen Roe—came over from Spain to consolidate and command the insurrection. He was a nephew of the great Tyrone, who had died in Rome; he was a brave and gallant gentleman, of high and honorable position in the Spanish army; he was the natural leader of the Irish people. Success, at first, was strewn before his feet. A National Convention met at Kilkenny in October, 1642, to establish the independence of Ireland. It took upon itself all the powers of a provisional government: appointed the officers of its army; organized provincial councils; issued proclamations; ordered its own seal to be cut; established a mint for coining its own money, and in every way showed itself ready to carry out the work of national administration. Frequent help came from abroad. In O'Neil's hands the army acquired new strength, and the struggle was carried on with marked humanity. The insurrection seemed in a fair way to become a successful revolution. There were altogether four parties in Ireland, three of whom it was to the king's advantage to conciliate. The fourth and least important was that of the Puritans and the English Parliament, headed by the Lords-justices Parsons and Borlase, whom Mr. Goldwin Smith describes as a pair of scoundrels who had done their best to foment the rebellion for their own advantage, and Generals Munroe and Coote the cruel. The three other parties were—first, the native Irish, under Owen Roe, guided by the Papal Nuncio Rinuccini, who had come over from Rome to lend his support and counsels to the movement; second, the Anglo-Irish, chiefly composed of Catholic nobles, who supported the king, but stood out for their own rights and religion; and, thirdly, the king's party, with his Lord-deputy, Lord Ormonde, at its head. Lord Ormonde was a Protestant, entirely devoted to his king, and compelled to play a very difficult game in trying to keep together the rebellious Irish who were willing to support Charles, and yet at the same time avoid giving offence to Charles's English followers, who wished for no terms with the Irish.

Like most of the Irish leaders of his time, Ormonde had had a strangely checkered career. He was the grand-

son of the eleventh Earl of Ormonde, whose estates had been unjustly filched from him by his son-in-law, Sir Richard Preston, who had obtained the favor of James, and with it the patent of the earldom of Desmond. Young James Butler seemed thus quite cut off from his inheritance, but he was lucky enough to meet and win the affections of Preston's daughter, his cousin. He married her, and so in time came into not only the title of Earl of Ormonde, but into the possession of the good broad lands of the family. Ormonde had managed his own affairs skilfully enough, but he was not the man to fill a position of great and responsible statesmanship. His mediocre abilities and temporizing spirit were quite unsuited to the desperate circumstances in which he was placed. Charles himself, harassed by English revolutionists at home, made many and any pledges to the Irish revolutionists, in the hope of winning them to his side. He never had the chance of breaking these pledges. The execution at Whitehall left Cromwell free to deal with Ireland. He entered Ireland with 8,000 foot and 4,000 horse, and marched from victory to victory. Everything was in his favor: his own military genius, the laurels of Worcester and Nasseby, the disorganization of the Irish parties; and the contentions that had sprung up among them, especially the removal of the only man really capable of doing anything against the Lord-general in the field. Owen Roe O'Neil died suddenly, it was said, of course, by poison, though there seems little reason to believe this, and with his death all chance of the independence dreamed of by the Kilkenny Convention was over for that time. Roger Moore, the gallant and heroic, was already dead; killed, it was said, by bitter disappointment at the gradual failure of the cause he had so much at heart. Sir Phelim O'Neil was captured soon after. However he had lived, he died like a brave man; he was offered a pardon if he would only say that he took up arms by the king's command, but he preferred to die. One after another the Irish leaders surrendered or were defeated. The king's party was practically nowhere. Ormonde had fled to France for his life. After Cromwell had captured Drogheda and put all its people to the sword, after he had conquered Wexford and slaugh-

tered no less pitilessly its inhabitants, the revolution was at an end. Ireland was at Cromwell's mercy, and, like all his predecessors, he resolved to make a new settlement.

The government of Ireland was now vested in a deputy Commander-in-chief and four commissioners, with a High Court of Justice, which dealt out death, exile, and slavery in liberal measure. The Parliament had soothed the claims of its army by giving its officers and men debentures for Irish land; and similar debentures were held by a vast number of adventurers, who had speculated thus in Irish land, while the struggle was going on, to the amount of some 2,500,000 acres. These claims had now to be settled; but the adventurers were not willing to settle until all possible danger was removed. There were disbanded soldiers in Ireland who might interfere with the peaceful settlements of Cromwellian would-be landlords; and these must be got rid of before any serious plantation could be effected. Word was sent throughout Europe that nations friendly to the Commonwealth would not beat their drums in vain in the market-places of Irish garrison towns. The valor of Irish soldiers was well enough known abroad. It had been praised by William the Silent and Henri Quatre; and the redeemer of Holland and the victor of Ivry were good judges of tall soldiers. So the drums of Spain, Poland, and France were set rattling all over Ireland, and to their tuck the disbanded soldiery marched away to the number of 44,000, between 1651 and 1654, to die beneath foreign banners on foreign fields. Women and girls who were in the way of the adventurers could be got rid of no less profitably to West Indian planters weary of maroon and negro women. Into such shameful slavery thousands of unhappy Irishwomen were sent, and it was only when, the Irish supply being exhausted, the dealers in human flesh began to seize upon English women to swell their lists, that the practice was prohibited. Sir William Petty states that 6,000 boys and girls were sent to the West Indies; and the total number transported there and to Virginia was estimated at 10,000. Henry Cromwell not only approved of the exportation by force of some thousand "Irish wenches" for the

consolation of the soldiers in the newly acquired colony of Jamaica, but of his own motion suggested the shipment, also, of from 1,500 to 2,000 boys of from twelve to fourteen years of age. "We could well spare them," he says, "and who knows but it might be a means to make them English—I mean Christians?"

Now came the turn of the adventurers. The government reserved for itself all the towns, Church land, and tithes, and the counties Kildare, Dublin, Carlow, and Cork, to satisfy friends and favorites who were not army men. The portion of each adventurer in Ulster, Leinster, or Munster was decided by lot, at a lottery held in Grocers' Hall, London, in July, 1653. To make the condition of the adventurers comfortable, each of the planted counties was divided in half, and the adventurers were quartered, for their greater encouragement and protection, in alternate baronies with soldier settlers. The rest of Ireland, except Connaught, was apportioned to satisfy the arrears of officers and soldiers. To keep the new settlers free from all Irish influences, Connaught was appointed as a reservation for the Irish, and all English holding lands in Connaught were allowed to exchange them for estates of equal value in other parts of Ireland. The Irish were then driven and cooped into Connaught. They were not allowed to appear within two miles of the river or four miles of the sea, and a rigorous passport system was established, to evade which was death without form of trial. Irish noblemen, who were pardoned for being Irish, were compelled to wear a distinctive mark upon their dress, under pain of death; and persons of inferior rank bore a black spot on the right cheek, under pain of branding or the gallows. It is curious to reflect that all these precautions were not able to secure the Ironsides from the dreaded Irish influence, and that forty years later many of the children of Cromwell's troopers could not speak a word of English.

The plantation of the unhappy Irish in Connaught was slowly and sternly accomplished. Land-owners had the choice of becoming the tenants-at-will of the new settlers, or of dying on the road-side. The commissioners were much harassed in the execution of their task by the unreasonable clamor of the dispossessed

Irish, who objected to being reserved in Connaught, and who complained that the whole of the province was waste from famine. There were parts of Connaught where it was truly said that there was not wood enough to hang, water enough to drown, or earth enough to bury a man. The commissioners, anxious, no doubt, that the Irish should know the worst at once, had sent the earliest transplanted to this inhospitable place, and their dismay communicated itself to the as yet untransplanted. The hunted and harassed Irish nobles would not transplant themselves. It needed some punishments by death to quicken the general desire to seek the appointed haven west of the Shannon. But death not proving convenient, as executions would have had to be ordered wholesale, it was decided to ship off the restive Irish, who would not go to Connaught, to the West Indies. But the unhappy wretches who got to Connaught were not at the end of their misery. The officers employed to settle them in their new homes had to be bribed by money or by portion of the reserved land to carry out the law, and the greedy officers were easily able to force the unhappy transplanters to sell the rest of their reduced lots at miserably small rates. The transplanted, rich and poor, were wretchedly lodged in smoky cabins or under the open air, and lay down and measured out their graves in common confusion and misery, peer with peasant, starved to death.

The towns were cleared as well. The inhabitants of Limerick, Galway, Waterford, and Wexford were ejected with scant compensation and scanter ceremony, to make room for English merchants from Liverpool and Gloucester. The dispossessed Irish merchants fled across the seas to carry their skill and thrift to other lands, and in the new hands the commercial prosperity of the towns dwindled away. Galway, that had been a flourishing seaport, never recovered her resettlement. The Irish who were dispossessed, and who would not transplant or go into exile, took to the woods and mountains, the clefts of the rocks and the caves of the earth, and lived a life of wild brigandage, like the Greek Klephts dispossessed by the Turk. The government put a price upon the heads alike of these Tories, of priests, and of wolves.

CHAPTER VI.

THE RESTORATION.—WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

When Cromwell and the Cromwellian rule had passed away and the Stuart king came over to "enjoy his own again," most of the dispossessed Irish gentlemen, whose loyalty to his cause and creed had cost them their estates, and driven them to exile abroad, or worse than exile in the Connaught reservations, thought not unreasonably that they might be allowed to "enjoy their own again," too, as well as their merry monarch. They were grievously disappointed. The Cromwellian landholders were quite prepared to secure their estates by loyal recognition of the new rule, and their adhesion was far more serviceable to the second Charles than the allegiance of the ruined Irish gentlemen.

Men like Broghill were not prepared to let the lands they had got during the Cromwellian settlement slip between their fingers. Broghill, the infamous Broghill, as he has been justly called, was a worthy son of the adventurer Richard Boyle, who has passed into history as the "great Earl of Cork." Boyle was a great robber, but Broghill was a greater, and a traitor as well. He had served every ruling government in turn, and had always contrived to make his subservience profitable to himself. He got into the good graces of Cromwell by the signal services he rendered to his cause in Ireland, but he was not prepared to sacrifice the rewards of these services, the fair acres he had laid hold of, to any sentimental adherence to the Cromwellian principle. His treachery secured the Restoration as far as Ireland was concerned; he played Monk's part upon the Irish stage. The breath once out of Cromwell's body, he prepared to intrigue for the return of Charles. He found an able assistant in Coote, the cruel president of Connaught. Charles rewarded the faithful Broghill with the confirmation in all his estates, and the title of Earl of Orrery. Coote was confirmed

in his estates and made Earl of Mountrath. This worthy pair of brothers were made Lords-justices of Ireland, and in their hands the settlement of the land question was practically left. It is easy to see that it was to the interest of neither that there should be a general redistribution of land. They arranged an ingenious scheme by which only those who proved themselves "innocent" of a certain series of offences should be reinstated. No man was to be held "innocent" who had not belonged to the royal party before 1643, or who had been engaged in the confederacy before 1648, or who had adhered to the party of the papal nuncio. Lest this might not sufficiently limit the list of the "innocent," it was decided that no one deriving his title from such offenders, and no one who played a merely passive part, living, that is to say, on his estate, and leaning neither to the one side nor the other, should be allowed to regain the lands he had lost. This system was so well worked that except in the rarest cases the plundered Irish were unable to get back an acre of land from the new men. Ormonde and a few others were restored at once to their estates and honors without any difficulty, and the rest were left as they were.

Ormonde was made Lord-Lieutenant, and once again showed that he was not strong enough for his stormy times. He opposed, but could not prevent, the efforts of the English Cabal to prohibit the importation of Irish cattle as a nuisance. The Cabal found no difficulty in carrying their point; their only difficulty was whether they should describe the obnoxious importation as a "detriment" or a "nuisance," a difficulty which Clarendon satirically proposed to meet by suggesting that it might as fittingly be called "adultery." When the cattle trade was put down, Ormonde (he was now duke of that name) did his best to advance the Irish woollen and linen trades, but these efforts rendered him hateful to the Cabal, and he was removed from office. For long enough he lingered in disgrace, attending at Charles's court in London, and quietly enduring the insults that Charles and his favorites put upon him, and the dangers of assassination to which his enemies exposed him. At length he was restored to the Irish Lord-lieutenantship, and the record of his

last administration is chiefly a record of measures against the Roman Catholics. Charles, indeed, was anxious to allow the Catholics as much toleration as possible, but the fury of the Titus Oates Plot found its echo across the Irish Sea. Ormonde's nature was not one which lent itself to excesses of any kind, but he was strongly anti-Catholic, and to him is due the dishonor of sending Plunket, the Archbishop of Armagh, to his trial and death in England, a "murder" which, as Mr. Goldwin Smith says, "has left a deep stain on the ermine of English justice."

With James's accession the treatment of the Catholics changed considerably. Ormonde was recalled to end his days in peaceful retirement, and his place was taken by a new and remarkable figure, the bearer of an historic name. This new man was James Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnel. He was, while a boy, in Drogheda during the Cromwellian sack, and the memory of that fearful hour was always with him. He had followed the Stuarts into exile; he was the first Roman Catholic Governor of Ireland appointed since the introduction of the Protestant religion. He did his best to undo the severe anti-Catholic legislation which marked Ormonde's last administration. That he, a Catholic and an Irishman, should wish to see justice and religious liberty allowed to his countrymen and the companions of his faith, has made his name too often the object of the obloquy and the scorn of historians who are unwilling to see liberty, either political or religious, enjoyed by any but themselves and their own peole or party. The war between James and William of Orange found the Catholics in Ireland entirely on the Stuart side, though more for the sake of Talbot of Tyrconnel than of the English monarch. Talbot might have said of himself, like Shakespeare's English Talbot, that he was "but shadow of himself," and that "his substance, sinews, arms, and strength" lay in the Irish Catholics who rallied round him as they had before rallied round an earlier wearer of the name of Tyrconnel. For a time it seemed as if this Irish support might shoulder James into his throne again, and the king made many concessions to encourage such allegiance. Poynings's Act was formally repealed, and a measure passed re-

storing the dispossessed Irish to their property. A large army came over from France to Ireland to fight for the Stuart, under command of one of the bravest and vainest soldiers that ever fought a field, St. Ruth. But the battle of the Boyne ruined alike the Stuart cause and the hopes of its Irish adherents. Ginckel, William's ablest general, took Athlone, defeated the French and Irish at Aughrim, where the glorious and vainglorious St. Ruth was slain, and invested Limerick. In Limerick Tyrconnel died, and at Limerick the last struggle was made. The city was held by Patrick Sarsfield, a brave Catholic gentleman and gifted soldier. He defended Limerick so well against hopeless odds that he was able to wring from his enemies a treaty providing that the Roman Catholics of Ireland should enjoy the privilege of religious freedom, and giving King James's followers the right of their estates. When the treaty was signed, Sarsfield surrendered the city and marched out with all the honors of war. Outside the city the flags of England and France were set up, and the defenders of Limerick were offered their choice of service under either standard. Ginckel had the mortification of seeing the flower of the army rally beneath the lilies of Gaul, only a few regiments ranging themselves beneath the English standard.

These Irish soldiers did splendid service in the land to which they gave their swords. Their names became famous in France, in Spain, in Austria, and in Russia, and on many a field from Fontenoy to Ramilies and Laufeldt the Irish brigades fought out for an alien cause, and beneath a foreign flag, the old quarrel of their race. Sarsfield himself died bravely at Landen, three years after the surrender of Limerick. It is said that the dying man looked at his hand, red with his own blood, and said, "Would God that this were shed for Ireland." All that he had done for his country had been done in vain. The treaty that he had secured by his gallant defence of Limerick, the treaty that had been confirmed and even amplified by William himself, was broken and set aside. Mr. Froude seems to think that the Irish ought to have been aware that the English could not be expected to keep faith with them over such a treaty. To such sorry justification for such a

breach of faith there is nothing to say. The treason shows worse when it is remembered that after the treaty was signed an army of reinforcements arrived in the Shannon. Had these come some days earlier, the siege of Limerick must inevitably have been raised. Even as it was, Ginckel greatly feared that Sarsfield might seize the opportunity to renew the war. But Sarsfield honorably abided by his word. The treaty was violated; all the forfeited lands were reconfiscated and sold by auction as before, for the benefit of the state, to English corporations and Dublin merchants.

At William's death the Catholics were the owners of less than one-seventh of the whole area of Ireland. William determined to make Ireland Protestant by penal laws. Under these laws Catholics could not sit in the Irish Parliament, or vote members to it. They were excluded from the army and navy, the corporations, the magistracy, the bar, the bench, the grand juries, and the vestries. They could not be sheriffs or soldiers, gamekeepers or constables. They were forbidden to own any arms, and any two justices or sheriffs might at any time issue a search warrant for arms. The discovery of any kind of weapon rendered its Catholic owner liable to fines, imprisonment, whipping, or the pillory. They could not own a horse worth more than five pounds, and any Protestant tendering that sum could compel his Catholic neighbor to sell his steed. No education whatever was allowed to Catholics. A Catholic could not go to the university; he might not be the guardian of a child; he might not keep a school, or send his children to be educated abroad, or teach himself. No Catholic might buy land, or inherit, or receive it as a gift from Protestants, or hold life annuities or leases for more than thirty-one years, or any lease on such terms as that the profits of the land exceeded one-third the value of the land. If a Catholic purchased an estate, the first Protestant who informed against him became its proprietor. The eldest son of a Catholic, upon apostatizing, became heir at law to the whole estate of his father, and reduced his father to the position of a mere life tenant.

A wife who apostatized was immediately freed from her husband's control, and assigned a certain propor-

tion of her husband's property. Any child, however young, who professed to be a Protestant, was at once taken from his father's care, and a certain proportion of his father's property assigned to him. In fact, the Catholics were excluded, in their own country, from every profession, from every government office from the highest to the lowest, and from almost every duty or privilege of a citizen. It was laid down from the bench by Lord-chancellor Bowes and Chief-justice Robinson that "the law does not suppose any such person to exist as an Irish Roman Catholic," and proclaimed from the pulpit by Dopping, Bishop of Meath, that Protestants were not bound to keep faith with Papists. We are reminded, as we read, of Judge Taney's famous decision in the American Dred Scott case, that a black man had no rights which a white man was bound to respect. Happily, humanity and civilization are in the end too much for the Doppings and Taneys. It is hard for a more enlightened age to believe that such laws as these were ever passed, or, being passed, were ever practised. It was well said that the penal code could not have been practised in hell, or it would have over turned the kingdom of Beelzebub. But these laws, by which the child was taught to behave himself proudly against the ancient, and the base against the honorable, were rigorously enforced in Ireland. The records of the House of Lords are full of the vain appeals of Catholic gentlemen against their dispossession by some claimant, perhaps an unworthy member of their family, perhaps a bitter enemy, and perhaps a hitherto unknown "discoverer," who had put on the guise of ostentatious Protestantism as a cloak for plunder. In often-quoted, often-to-be-quoted words, Burke, in later years, denounced the penal code for its "vicious perfection." "For," said he, "I must do it justice: it was a complete system, full of coherence and consistency, well digested and well composed in all its parts. It was a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man."

It is encouraging to think that even under such laws

the spirit of the people was not wholly annihilated. The country clung to its proscribed faith ; the ministers of that faith braved shame and persecution and death in their unswerving allegiance to their scattered flocks. They fought bravely against the oppression which would have enforced ignorance and all its attendant evils upon an unhappy people. When no Catholic might open a school, the priests established what was known as hedge schools. By the roadside and on the hillside, in ditches and behind hedges, the children of the people cowered about their pastors, fearfully and eagerly striving to attain that knowledge which the harsh laws denied them. In one other instance the penal laws failed. They could take away the Catholic's land, his horse, his life ; they could hang his priests and burn his place of worship ; they could refuse him all education ; they could deny him all rights before the law except the right to be robbed and hanged ; but they could not compel him to change his faith, and they could not succeed in making every Protestant in Ireland a willing creature of the new code. By the code, any marriage between a Catholic and a Protestant was, by the fact of the husband and wife being of opposite faiths, null and void, without any process of law whatever. A man might leave his wife, or a woman her husband, after twenty years of marriage, in such a case, and bring a legal bastardy on all their offspring. But, for the sake of human honor, it is consolatory to remember that the instances in which this ever occurred were very rare. The law might sanction the basest treachery, but it is not able to make its subjects treacherous.

The evils of the penal code were further supplemented by the statutory destruction of Irish trade. Under Charles I., Strafford had done his best to ruin the Irish woollen manufacturers in order to benefit the English clothiers. Under Charles II., the importation of Irish cattle or sheep or swine was prohibited. In 1663 Ireland was left out of the act for the encouragement of trade, so that all the carrying trade in Irish-built ships with any part of his majesty's dominions was prevented. But it was left to William to do the worst. In 1696 all direct trade from Ireland with the British colonies was forbidden, and a revival of the

woollen trade was crushed out by an act which prohibited the export of Irish wool or woollen goods from any Irish port except Cork, Drogheda, Dublin, Kinsale, Waterford, and Youghal, to any port in the world except Milford, Chester, Liverpool, and certain ports in the British Channel, under a penaly of £500 and the forfeiture of both ship and cargo.

CHAPTER VII.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

It has been happily said that Ireland has no history during the greater part of the eighteenth century. What Burke called "the ferocious legislation of Queen Anne" had done its work of humiliation to the full. For a hundred years the country was crushed into quiescent misery. Against the tyranny which made war at once upon their creed, their intellect, and their trade, the Irish had no strength to struggle; neither in 1715, nor in 1745, did the Irish Catholics raise a hand for the Pretenders. The evidence of Arthur Young shows how terribly the condition of the peasantry had sunk when he is able to state that "Landlords of consequence have assured me that many of their cotters would think themselves honored by having their wives and daughters sent for to the bed of their masters; a mark of slavery which proves the oppression under which such people must live." To add to the wretchedness of the people, a terrible famine ravaged the country in 1741, the horrors of which almost rival, in ghastliness, those of the famine of 1847. Great numbers died; great numbers fled from the seemingly accursed country to recruit the armies of the Continent, and found death less dreadful on many well-fought fields than in the shape of plague or famine in their own land. Such elements of degradation and despair naturally begot all sorts of secret societies among the peasantry from north to south. White-boys, Oak-boys, and

Hearts of Steel banded against the land tyranny, and held together for long enough in spite of the strenuous efforts of the government to put them down. If the military force, said Lord Chesterfield, "had killed half as many landlords as it had White-boys, it would have contributed more effectually to restore quiet; for the poor people in Ireland are worse used than negroes by their masters, and deputies of deputies."

Bad as the condition of Ireland was, the English in Ireland proposed to make it worse by depriving it of what poor remains of legislative independence it still possessed. So early as 1703, a petition in favor of union with England, and the abolition of the Irish Parliament, was presented to Queen Anne; its prayer was rejected for the time, but the idea was working in the minds of those—and they were many—who wished to see Ireland stripped of all pretence at independence afforded by the existence of a separate Parliament, even though that Parliament were entirely Protestant. Seventeen years later, in the sixth year of George I., a vigorous blow was dealt at the independence of the Irish Parliament by an act which not only deprived the Irish House of Lords of any appellate jurisdiction, but declared that the English Parliament had the right to make laws to bind the people of the kindom of Ireland. The "heads of a bill" might indeed be brought in in either house. If agreed to, they were carried to the Viceroy, who gave them to his Privy Council to alter if they chose, and send to England. They were subject to alteration by the English Attorney-general, and, when approved by the English Privy Council, sent back to Ireland, where the Irish Houses could either accept or reject them *in toto*, but had no power to change them.

The condition of the Irish Parliament all through the eighteenth century is truly pitiable. Its existence as a legislative body is a huge sham, a ghastly simulacrum. It slowly drifted into the custom of sitting but once in every two years, to vote the money bills for the next two twelvemonths. The Irish exchequer derived half its receipts from the Restoration grant of the excise and customs; and the greater part of this money was wasted upon royal mistresses, upon royal bastards, and upon royal nominees. The Parliament was torn

by factions, which the English government ingeniously played off against each other ; it was crowded with the supple placemen of the government, who were well rewarded for their obedient votes ; the bulk of the House was made up of nominees of the Protestant landlords. The Opposition could never turn out the Administration, for the Administration was composed of the irremovable and irresponsible Lords-justices of the Privy Council and certain officers of state. The Opposition, such as it was, was composed of Jacobites, who dreamed of a Stuart restoration, and of a few men animated by a patriotic belief in their country's rights. These men were imbued with the principles which had been set forth in the end of the seventeenth century by William Molyneux, the friend of Locke, who, in his "Case of Ireland," was the first to formulate Ireland's constitutional claim to independent existence. His book was burned by the English Parliament, but the doctrines it set forth were not to be so destroyed. During the reigns of the first two Georges, the Patriot Party had the support of the gloomy genius and the fierce indignation of the man whose name is coupled with that of Molyneux in the opening sentences of Grattan's famous speech on the triumph of Irish independence. Swift, weary of English parties, full of melancholy memories of St. John and Harley and the scattered Tory chiefs, had come back to Ireland to try his fighting soul in the troublous confusion of Irish politics. It has been asserted over and over again that Swift had very little real love for the country of his birth. Whether he loved Ireland or not is little to the purpose, for he did her very sterling service. He was the first to exhort Ireland to use her own manufactures, and he was unsuccessfully prosecuted by the State for the pamphlet in which he gave this advice. When Wood received the authority of the English Parliament to deluge Ireland with copper money of his own making it was Swift's "Drapier's Letters" which made Wood and his friends the laughing-stock of the world, and averted the evil. In Swift's "Modest Proposal" we have the most valuable evidence of the misery of the country. He suggests, with savage earnestness, that the children of the Irish peasant should be reared

for food; and urges that the best of these should be reserved for the landlords, who, as they had already devoured the substance of the people, had the best right to devour the flesh of their children.

Even as the most conspicuous supporter of the Irish interest during the first half of the century was the Dean of St. Patrick's, the two most remarkable supporters of the English "interest" in Ireland in the eighteenth century were both Churchmen, the Primate Boulter and the Primate Stone. Compared to Stone, Boulter appears an honest and honorable man. He was only shallow, arrogant, and capricious, quite incapable of the slightest sympathy with any people or party but his own—a man of some statesmanship, which was entirely at the service of the government, and which never allowed him to make any consideration for the wants, the wishes or the sufferings of the Irish people. Perhaps the best that can be said of him is, that while belonging to the English Church he did not wholly neglect its teachings and its duties, or live a life in direct defiance of its commands, which is saying a good deal for such a man in such a time. So much cannot be said of his successor in the headship of the Irish ecclesiastical system, Primate Stone. The grandson of a jailer, he might have deserved admiration for his rise if he had not carried with him into the high places of the Church a spirit stained by most of the crimes over which his ancestor was appointed warder. In an age of corrupt politics, he was conspicuous as a corrupt politician; in a profligate epoch, he was eminent for profligacy. In the basest days of the Roman Empire he would have been remarkable for the variety of his sins; and the grace of his person, which caused him to be styled in savage mockery the "Beauty of Holiness," coupled with his ingenuity in pandering to the passions of his friends, would have made him a serious rival to Petronius at the court of Nero.

The year that Swift died, 1745, was the first year of the viceroyalty of Lord Chesterfield, one of the few bright spots in the dark account of Ireland in the eighteenth century. If all viceroys had been as calm, as reasonable, and as considerate as the author of the famous "Letters" showed himself to be in his dealings

with the people over whom he was placed, the history of the succeeding century and a half might have been very different. But when Chesterfield's viceroyalty passed away, the temperate policy he pursued passed away as well, and has seldom been resumed by the long succession of viceroys who have governed and misgoverned the country since.

In the meanwhile, a new spirit was gradually coming over the country. Lucas, the first Irishman, in the words of the younger Grattan, "who, after Swift, dared to write freedom," had founded the *Freeman's Journal*, a journal which ventured in dangerous times to advocate the cause of the Irish people, and to defy the anger of the English "interest." In the first number, which appeared on Saturday, September 10, 1763, and which bore an engraving of Hibernia with a wreath in her right hand and a rod in her left, Lucas boldly advocated the duty and dignity of a free press, and denounced under the guise of "Turkish Tyranny," "The Tyranny of French Despotism," and "The Ten Tyrants of Rome," the ministries and the creature whom his unsparing eloquence assailed. The Patriot Party, too, was rapidly increasing its following and its influence in the country. The patriotic party in Parliament had found a brilliant leader in Henry Flood, a gifted politician, who thought himself a poet, and who was certainly an orator. Flood was the son of the Irish Chief-justice of the King's Bench. He had been educated at Trinity College and at Oxford, and much of his youth was devoted to the study of oratory and the pursuit of poetry. He wrote an ode to Fame, which was perhaps as unlucky in reaching its address as that poem to Posterity of which poor Jean Baptiste Rousseau was so proud. But his oratory was a genuine gift, which he carefully cultivated. We hear of his learning speeches of Cicero by heart, and writing out long passages of Demosthenes and Æschines. His character was kindly, sweet-tempered, and truthful. He was ambitious because he was a man of genius, but his ambition was for his country rather than for himself, and he served her with a daring spirit, which only the profound statesmanlike qualities of his intellect prevented from becoming reckless. In 1759, then in his twenty-seventh

year, a married man with a large fortune, he entered public life, never to leave it till the end of his career. He came into Parliament as member for Kilkenny, and almost immediately became a prominent member of the Opposition. His maiden speech was a vigorous attack upon the corrupt and profligate Primate Stone.

In the hands of Flood, ably seconded by Charles Lucas, the Opposition began to take shape, and to become a serious political power. Under his brilliant and skilful chieftainship, the "Patriots," as the party who followed him were called in scorn by their enemies, and in admiration by their allies, made repeated assaults upon the hated pension list. After they had been defeated again and again, Flood found a more successful means of harassing the Administration by turning the attention of his party to parliamentary reform. The time was well chosen. The English government was beginning to be troubled by its own greedy placemen, who were always ready to go with light hearts into the Opposition lobby if they could not squeeze all they wanted out of the government. By taking advantage of the discontent of placemen, the Patriots were able to induce the House to declare that they alone had the right to initiate a money bill, and to refuse to accept a money bill brought in by the English or Irish Privy Council. It is bitterly to be regretted that Flood allowed himself to be led away from the Patriot Party, and to accept a government sinecure. There is no need to doubt that when Flood accepted the office of vice-treasurer he believed that he was acting on the whole in the interests of the cause he represented. He had just made a great political triumph. He had driven out of office a most obnoxious and unpopular lord-lieutenant, Lord Townsend, and Townsend's place had been taken by Lord Harcourt, a reasonable and able man, who seemed likely to be in sympathy with Flood's views as to the independence of Parliament. Flood may well be assumed to have reasoned that a place under government would offer him greater opportunities for urging his cause. But, whatever his reasons, the step was fatally ill-advised; he lost the confidence of the country, and ruined his position as leader. But this was the less to be re-

gretted that it gave his place as leader of the Patriot Party to a greater orator and a nobler man—to Henry Grattan.

Grattan was born in 1750, in Dublin. His years of early manhood were passed in London, studying for the bar. Like Flood, he believed himself destined to be a poet; but when, in 1775, he was nominated to represent Charlemont in the Irish Parliament by the owner of the borough, Lord Charlemont, he discovered where his real genius lay. He and Flood had been close friends and political allies until Flood's acceptance of the vice-treasurership. This seemed to Grattan the basest political apostasy. The alliance between the two orators was definitely broke off; the friendship was finally severed in the fierce discussion that took place between them in the House of Commons some years later, when Flood tauntingly described Grattan as a "mendicant patriot," and Grattan painted Flood as a traitor in one of the most crushing and pitiless pieces of invective that have ever belonged to oratory. Such a quarrel between such men was the more to be regretted because each had the same end in view, and each had special qualifications for furthering that end which were not possessed by the other.

Grattan was now leader of the Patriots. It was his ambition to secure legislative independence for the Irish Parliament. The war with the American colonies gave him the opportunity of realizing his ambition. A large force of Volunteers had been organized in Ireland to defend the island from the attacks of the terrible Paul Jones, and the Volunteers and their leaders were all in sympathy with the Patriot Party. For the first time since the surrender of Limerick there was an armed force in Ireland able and willing to sustain the national cause. There were 60,000 men under arms, under the leadership of the gifted and patriotic Lord Charlemont. Among their leaders were Flood himself and Henry Grattan. The Volunteers formed themselves into an organized convention for the purpose of agitating the national grievances. Grattan was not, indeed, a member of this convention, but he saw that with the existence of the Volunteers had come the hour to declare the independence of the Irish Parliament,

and he seized upon the opportunity. He had an army at his back; the English government was still striving with "Mr. Washington" and his rebels, and it had to give way. All that Grattan asked for was granted; the hateful Act of the 6th George I. was repealed, and Grattan was able to address a free people and wish Ireland as a nation a perpetual existence.

But now that the desires of the Patriot Party had been apparently fulfilled, by a curious example of the law of historical reaction the popularity of Grattan began to wane, and that of Flood to wax anew. The English hold over the Irish Parliament had been based first upon Poynings's Act, and then upon a Declaratory Act asserting the dependence of the Irish Parliament. It was this Declaratory Act that Grattan, aided by the Volunteers, had caused to be repealed, and he and his party contended that by this repeal England resigned her right over the Irish Parliament. Flood and his friends maintained that the repeal of the Declaratory Act was not enough, and they would not rest until they had obtained a fuller and more formal Renunciation Act. There were other differences between Flood and Grattan. Grattan was all in favor of the disbandment and dispersal of the Volunteers. Flood was for still keeping them in armed existence. Grattan had urged that their work had been done, and that their presence was a prætorian menace to the newly acquired liberties. Flood believed that their co-operation was still needful for the further securing of Irish liberty. Yet it is curious to remember that Grattan was the advocate of Catholic Emancipation, and that Flood was strenuously opposed to it. Grattan carried his point, and the Volunteers disbanded and dispersed, very much to the disappointment of Flood and the indignation of one of the most curious political figures of the time, and one of the most remarkable of the many remarkable ecclesiastics who played a part in this period of Irish history. This was the Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry, a son of the Lord Hervey whom Pope strove to make eternally infamous by his nickname of Sporus, and who had left such living pictures of the court of the second George in the brilliant malignancy of his unrivalled memoirs. The bishop was a cul-

tured, desperate dandy, a combination of the typical French abbé of the last century with the conventional soldier of fortune. He loved gorgeous dresses; he loved to be prominent in all things. The Volunteers delighted his wild imagination. He fancied himself the leader of a great rebellion, and he babbled to every one of his scheme with ostentatious folly. But though he could command popularity among the Volunteers, he could not command the Volunteers themselves. They remained under the guidance of Charlemont and Flood, and when Flood failed in carrying the Volunteer Reform Bill for enlarging the franchise, the Volunteers peaceably dissolved. The bishop drifted out of Dublin, drifted into Naples, lived a wild life there for many years, became a lover of Lady Hamilton's, and died in Rome in 1803.

While it lasted the free Irish Parliament was worthy of its creator. It gave the Catholics the elective franchise of which they had been so long deprived; up to this time no Catholic had been able to record a vote in favor of the men who were laboring for the liberty of their country. There is no doubt that it would in time have allowed Catholics to enter Parliament. But the efforts of Grattan after Catholic Emancipation failed, and their failure strengthened the hands of the United Irishmen.

The name "United Irishmen" designated a number of men all over the country, who had formed themselves into clubs for the purpose of promoting a union of friendship between Irishmen of every religious persuasion, and of forwarding a full, fair, and adequate representation of all the people in Parliament. It was in the beginning a perfectly loyal body, with a Protestant gentleman, Mr. Hamilton Rowan, for its president. James Napper Tandy, a Protestant Dublin trader, was secretary. The men who created it were well pleased with the success of Grattan's efforts at the independence of the Irish Parliament, but they were deeply discontented at the subsequent disbandment of the Volunteers and Grattan's comparative inaction. The simple repeal of the 6th George I. did not answer their aspirations for liberty, which were encouraged and excited by the outbreak of the French Revolution. They

found a leader in Theobald Wolfe Tone, a young barrister, brave, adventurous, and eloquent. Allied with him was Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the chivalrous, the heroic, who had lived long in France and travelled in America, who was devoted to two loves, his country and his beautiful wife Pamela, the daughter of Philippe Égalité and Madame de Genlis. A third leader was Arthur O'Connor, Lord Longueville's nephew, and member for Philipstown. They were all young; they were all Protestants; they were all dazzled by the successes of the French Revolution, and believed that the House of Hanover might be as easily overturned in Ireland as the House of Capet had been in France. Wolfe Tone went over to Paris and pleaded the cause of Ireland with the heads of the French Directory. His eloquence convinced them, and a formidable fleet was sent over to Ireland under victorious Hoche. But the winds which had destroyed the Armada dispersed the French squadron, and no landing was effected. The government was aroused and alarmed; the plans of the United Irishmen were betrayed; martial law was proclaimed. Arthur O'Connor was at once arrested. Edward Fitzgerald lay in hiding in Dublin for some days in a house in Thomas Street, but his hiding-place was betrayed. He defended himself desperately against the soldiers who came to take him, was severely wounded, and died of his wounds in prison. The room is still shown in which the "gallant and seditious Geraldine" met his death; it is very small, and the struggle must have been doubly desperate in the narrow space. It is a dismal little theatre for the tragedy that was played in it.

Before the rebellion broke out, soldiers and yeomen, who were generally Orangemen of the most bitter kind, were sent to live at free quarters among the peasants in every place where any possible disaffection was suspected, and the licentiousness and brutal cruelty of these men did much to force hundreds of peasants into the rising, and to prompt the fierce retaliation which afterwards characterized some episodes of the rebellion. The troops and yeomen flogged, picketed, and tortured with pitch-caps the unhappy men, and violated the unhappy women, who were at their mercy. The Irish

historian would indeed be fortunate who could write that on the Irish side the struggle was disgraced by no such crimes. Unhappily this cannot be said. Here it cannot be better than to speak in Mr. Lecky's words: "Of the atrocities committed by the rebels during the bloody month when the rebellion was at its height, it is difficult to speak too strongly," but he goes on to say—he is criticizing Mr. Froude—"an impartial historian would not have forgotten that they were perpetrated by undisciplined men, driven to madness by a long course of savage cruelties, and in most cases without the knowledge or approval of their leaders; that from the beginning of the struggle the yeomen rarely gave quarter to the rebels; that with the one horrible exception of Scullabogue the rebels in their treatment of women contrasted most favorably and most remarkably with the troops, and that one of the earliest episodes of the struggle was the butchery near Kildare of 350 insurgents who had surrendered on the express promise that their lives should be spared."

It should be borne in mind, in considering the rebellion of 1798, that the struggle is not to be considered as a struggle of creed against creed. Protestants began and organized the movement, and it is estimated by Madden that among the leaders of the United Irishmen Catholics were only in the proportion of one to four throughout the rebellion. On the other hand, a large number of Catholics were strongly opposed to the rebellion, and in many cases took active measures against it. In Wexford, unhappily, the efforts of the Orangemen succeeded in giving the struggle there much of the character of a religious war, but this the revolution, looked at as a whole, never was. It was a national movement, an uprising against intolerable grievances, and it was sympathized with and supported by Irishmen of all religious denominations, bound together by common injuries and a common desire to redress them.

The great insurrection which was to have shattered the power of England was converted into a series of untimely, abortive, local risings, of which the most successful took place in Wexford. The rebels fought bravely, but the cause was now hopeless. The Catho

lic clergy came fearlessly to the front; many of the little bands of rebels were led into action by priests of the Church. Father John Murphy, Father Philip Roche, and Father Michael Murphy were among the bravest and ablest of the revolutionary leaders. Father Michael Murphy was long believed by his men to be invulnerable, but he was killed by a cannon-ball in the fight by Arklow. Father Philip Roche also died on the field. Father John Murphy, less happy, was captured and died on the gallows; so died Bagenal Harvey, of Barry Castle, and Anthony Perry, both Protestant gentlemen of fortune who had been forced into the rebellion, the one by government suspicion, the other by imprisonment, cruelty, and torture. The revolution was crushed out with pitiless severity, until the deeds of the English soldiers and yeomanry became hateful in the eyes of the viceroy himself, Lord Cornwallis. "The conversation," he writes in a letter to General Ross, "of the principal persons of the country all tends to encourage the system of blood; and the conversation, even at my table, where you will suppose I do all I can to prevent it, always turns on hanging, shooting, burning, etc., and if a priest has been put to death the greatest joy is expressed by the whole company. So much for Ireland and my wretched situation."

Cornwallis acted mercifully. He proclaimed pardon to all insurgents guilty of rebellion only who should surrender their arms and take the oath of allegiance. Of the state prisoners, the two brothers Sheares were hanged; McCann was hanged; Oliver Bond died in Newgate; O'Connor, Thomas Addis Emmet and McNevin were banished.

The insurrection was not quite over when a small French force, under General Humbert, landed in Killala Bay and entered Longford. But Humbert was surrounded by the Engish under Cornwallis and General Lake at Ballinamuck, and surrendered at discretion. The French were treated as prisoners of war, but the insurgent peasantry were slaughtered without quarter.

There was still one more scene in the drama of '98. A French squadron, under General Hardi, sailed for

Ireland, but was attacked by an English squadron, and hopelessly defeated. Wolfe Tone, who was on board the principal vessel, the *Hoche*, was captured with the rest, and entertained with the French officers at Lord Cavan's house at Lough Swilly. Here a treacherous friend recognized him and addressed him by his name. Tone was too proud to affect concealment. He was at once sent in irons to Dublin, and tried by court-martial; he asked in vain for a soldier's death; he was condemned to be hanged, but he cut his throat in prison. The wound was not mortal, and he would have been hanged, had not Curran moved in the King's Bench for a writ of habeas corpus, on the ground that a court-martial had no jurisdiction while the Law Courts were still sitting in Dublin. The writ was granted, and Tone died a lingering death in prison.

Wolfe Tone was buried in Bodenstown, not far from the little village of Sallins, some eighteen miles from Dublin. Thomas Davis has devoted one of his finest lyrics to the green grave in Bodenstown churchyard, with the winter wind raving about it and the storm sweeping down on the plains of Kildare. The melancholy music of Davis's verse is well suited to the desolate and deserted grass-grown graveyard and the little lonely church, ruined and roofless, and thickly grown with ivy, with the grave on the side away from the road. When Davis wrote his poem there was no stone upon the grave; now it is railed in with iron rails wrought at the top into the shape of shamrocks, and marked by a winter-worn headstone, and a stone slab with an inscription setting forth the name and deeds of the man who lies beneath, and ending "God save Ireland!"

The leaders of constitutional agitation had taken no part in the rebellion of the United Irishmen. Neither Grattan nor Flood had belonged to the body, and neither of them had any sympathy with its efforts. They stood aside while the struggle was going on, and the most prominent place in the public mind was taken by a man not less gifted than either of them, John Curran. Like Grattan and like Flood, Curran began his career by trying to play on the double pipes of poetry and oratory, and, like his great compeers, he

soon abandoned verse for prose. He rose from a very humble origin, by the sheer force of his ability, to a commanding position at the bar, and an honorable position in Parliament, and his patriotism was never stained by the slightest political subservience. Before the rebellion of 1798 he had been conspicuous for his courage in advocating the causes of men unpopular with the government and the English "interest," and after the rebellion broke out he rendered himself honorably eminent by the eloquence and the daring which he offered in turn to the cause of all the leading political prisoners. In his speech for Hamilton Rowan—a defence for which he was threatened like a new Cicero, but, unlike Cicero, remained undismayed—he made that defence of the principle of universal emancipation which has been so often, yet cannot be too often, quoted: "I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with, and inseparable from, the British soil which proclaims even to the stranger and the sojourner, the moment he sets his foot on British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of universal emancipation. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced; no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom an African or an Indian sun may have burned upon him; no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down; no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery—the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in its own majesty, his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, that burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation."

Appeals to the "irresistible genius of universal emancipation" were not likely to have much effect just then. Martial and civil law vied with each other in severity towards the leaders of the United Irishmen. But these, at least, had striven for the cause of emancipation with arms in their hands. There was no such excuse to justify the measures now taken by the government to insure that the "genius of universal eman-

cipation," however "commensurate with, and inseparable from," British soil, should have very little recognition on Irish earth.

Having destroyed the revolution, the government now determined to destroy the Parliament. The liberty which Grattan had hoped might be perpetual endured exactly eighteen years. Grattan had traced the career of Ireland from injuries to arms, and from arms to liberty. He was now to witness the reverse of the process, to watch the progress from liberty to arms, and from arms to injuries. The sword crushed out the rebellion, gold destroyed the Parliament. The ruin of the Irish Parliament is one of the most shameful stories of corruption and treachery of which history holds witness. It was necessary to obtain a government majority in the Irish Parliament, and the majority was manufactured by the most unblushing bribery. The letters of Cornwallis confess the shame of a brave soldier at the unworthy means he had to employ in obeying the determination of the government to steal from Ireland her newly obtained liberties. Place and office were lavishly distributed. Peerages won the highest, and secret service money the lowest, of those who were to be bought. The English ministry had decided that Ireland was to be joined to England in an indissoluble union, and as Ireland was hostile to the scheme the union was effected by force and by fraud. The Bill of Union was introduced and passed by a well-paid majority of sixty, in 1800. The eloquence of Grattan was raised to the last in immortal accents against the unholy pact. But the speech of angels would have been addressed in vain to the base and venal majority. It is something to remember that a hundred men could be found even in that degraded assembly whom the ministry could not corrupt, who struggled to the last for the constitutional liberties of their country, and who did not abandon her in her agony.

It would not be well to leave this part of the story without a reference to the volumes which Mr. Froude has devoted to the "English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century." There is perhaps no instance among the writings of history in which commanding talents have been put to a worse use. The deliberate and well-

calculated intention of rousing up all the old animosities of race and religion, the carefully planned exaggeration of everything that tells against Ireland, and subordination or omission of all to be alleged in her favor, are evidence of a purpose to injure which happily defeats itself. The grotesque malignity with which Mr. Froude regards Ireland and everything Irish is so absurdly overdone, that, as Mr. Lecky says, "his book has no more claim to impartiality than an election squib." "A writer of English history," the words are Mr. Lecky's again, "who took the 'Newgate Calendar' as the most faithful expression of English ideas, and English murderers as the typical representatives of their nation, would not be regarded with unqualified respect." Yet this is literally what Mr. Froude has done in his determined effort to envenom old wounds and rekindle the embers of old hatreds.

CHAPTER VIII.

EMMET.—O'CONNELL.

THOUGH the Union was accomplished with the opening of the century, the exchequers of the two countries were not consolidated for a score of years longer, during which Ireland suffered much, and England gained much, by the new contract. England's superior command of capital rendered it impossible for Irish trade and enterprise to compete successfully with her while both were chained together under the same system, and, as a natural consequence, Irish trade and enterprise dwindled, diminished, and practically disappeared. The Union, like too many compacts that have ever been made with the willing or unwilling Irish people, was immediately followed by a breach of faith. One of the most important factors in the securing of the Union was the pledge entered into by Pitt, and promulgated all over Ireland by print, that legislation on Catholic Emancipation and the Tithe Question

would be introduced at once. It is not to be questioned that such a promise must have had great effect, if not in winning actual support to the scheme of Union, at least in preventing in many cases energetic opposition to it. To many the question of Catholic Emancipation was so immediately important, on many the grievous burden of the Tithe Question pressed so heavily, that they were almost ready to welcome any measure which offered to grant the one and relieve the other. But the pledge which Pitt had made Pitt could not fulfil. The bigoted and incapable monarch, who had opposed more reforms and brought more misfortune upon his own country than any other of all England's kings, stubbornly refused to give his consent to any measure for the relief of the Roman Catholics. Pitt immediately resigned, just eleven days after the Union had become law. The obstinate folly of the third George does not excuse the minister, who had done his best to delude Ireland by arousing hopes which he was not certain of gratifying, and making pledges that he was unable to fulfil.

While the pledges to the Irish people were thus broken, the principles which had obtained before the Union remained unaltered. The system of corruption which is perhaps inseparable from the government of a viceroy and a Castle clique was in nowise diminished, and all the important offices of the Irish executive were filled solely by Englishmen. But the deceived people could do nothing. The country was under martial law; and the experiences of '98 had left behind them a memorable lesson of what martial law meant. There was no means, as there would have been no use, in bringing forward their claims to considertion in any constitutional manner. But the strength of the national feeling of anger and despair may be estimated by the fact that, in spite of the horrors of the recent revolution, there were dangerous riots in several parts of Ireland, and that one actual rising took place, a last act of the rebellion of '98 surviving the Union. A young, brave, and gifted man, Robert Emmet, the youngest brother of Thomas Addis Emmet, planned the seizure of Dublin Castle. The rising failed. Emmet might have escaped, but he was in love with Sarah,

Curran's daughter, and he was captured while awaiting an opportunity for an interview with her. Curran was bitterly opposed to the love affair; he refused to defend Emmet, and he has sometimes been accused in consequence of being indirectly the cause of Emmet's death. But we may safely assume that no counsel and no defence could have saved Emmet then. The trial was hurried through. Emmet was found guilty late at night. He was hanged the next morning, the 20th of September, 1803, in Thomas Street, on the spot where the gloomy church of St. Catherine looks down Bridgefoot Street, where his principal stores of arms had been found. Just before his death he wrote a letter to Richard, Curran's son, full of melancholy tenderness, regret for his lost love, and resignation for his untimely death:

"If there was any one in the world in whose breast my death might be supposed not to stifle every spark of resentment, it might be you; I have deeply injured you—I have injured the happiness of a sister that you love, and who was formed to give happiness to every one about her, instead of having her own mind a prey to affliction. Oh, Richard! I have no excuse to offer, but that I meant the reverse; I intended as much happiness for Sarah as the most ardent love could have given her. I never did tell you how much I idolized her; it was not with a wild or unfounded passion, but it was an attachment increasing every hour, from an admiration of the purity of her mind and respect for her talents. I did dwell in secret upon the prospect of our union. I did hope that success, while it afforded the opportunity of our union, might be the means of confirming an attachment which misfortune had called forth. I did not look to honors for myself—praise I would have asked from the lips of no man—but I would have wished to read in the glow of Sarah's countenance that her husband was respected. My love! Sarah! it was not thus that I thought to have requited your affection. I had hoped to be a prop, round which your affections might have clung, and which would never have been shaken; but a rude blast has snapped it, and they have fallen over a grave."

The government acted against all the persons con-

cerned in Emmet's rising with a rigor such as only panic could inspire. The fear of a French invasion was incessantly before the eyes of the English government, and for several years the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, and an Insurrection Act in full force. But it took no steps whatever to allay the discontent which alone could inspire and animate such insurrections. Pitt returned to office in 1804 on the distinct understanding that he would no longer weary the king with suggestions of relief for the Irish Catholics, and the minister kept his word. The helplessness of the Irish Catholics and the obvious indifference of the government to their condition now fostered the formation of a powerful anti-Catholic association, the Orange Society, a body organized to support the crown so long as it supported Protestant ascendency in Ireland, and which at one time, in later years in England, seems to have gone near to shifting the succession of the crown altogether.

For years the government of Ireland drifted along on its old course of corruption and indifference. Pitt died, and Fox took his place. But the genius of the great statesman, "on whose burning tongue truth, peace, and freedom hung," was quenched within the year, and with it the only spirit of statesmanship which understood and sympathized with the struggles of the Irish people. These struggles were carried on in straggling continuity, in the form of vain petitions for redress from the Catholics of the better class, and of frequent disturbances of a more or less desperate kind on the part of the peasantry. In 1807 the tithe and land difficulties created two bodies, known as Shanavests and Caravats, who seem to have agitated for a time very fiercely before they disappeared under the pressure of the law. But once again, after a decade of despair, a new leader of the Irish people, a new champion of the Catholic demands for freedom and the rights of citizenship, came upon the scene.

Daniel O'Connell was the first Irish leader for many years who was himself a Roman Catholic. In 1807 he had made his first political appearance as a member of the committee appointed to present the petitions setting forth the Catholic claims to Parliament. In 1810

his name came more prominently before the public, as a speaker at a meeting called by the Protestant Corporation of Dublin to petition for the repeal of the Union. He at once began to take a prominent part in the Emancipation Movement, which grew in strength and determination year by year. Catholic meetings were held, and were dispersed by the government time after time, but still the agitation went on. Its chief supporters in Parliament were Henry Grattan, now an old man, and Sir Henry Parnell. In 1820 Grattan died, but the cause to which he devoted his life was rapidly striding towards success. O'Connell and Richard Lalor Sheil, an advocate as enthusiastic, an orator only less powerful, than O'Connell himself, were bringing the cause nearer to its goal. Three bills, embracing emancipation, disfranchisement of the forty-shilling householder freeholders, and the payment of the Roman Catholic clergy, were introduced and advanced in the House of Commons; but the House of Lords, urged by the Duke of York's "So help me God" speech against the bills, was resolutely opposed to them. The triumph was only postponed. The agitators discovered that the act which prohibited Roman Catholics from sitting in Parliament said nothing against their being elected, and O'Connell prepared to carry the war into Westminster. In 1828 he was returned to the House of Commons for Clare County. He refused to take the oath, which was expressly framed to exclude Catholics from the House. His refusal caused great agitation in both countries, and resulted in the passing of the bill for Catholic Emancipation in 1829, after which O'Connell took his seat. To O'Connell what may be considered as the parliamentary phase of the Irish Movement is due. He first brought the forces of constitutional agitation in England to bear upon the Irish question, and showed what great results might be obtained thereby.

The act for the relief of his majesty's Roman Catholic subjects abolished all oaths and declarations against transubstantiation, the invocation of saints, and the sacrifice of the mass; it allowed all Roman Catholics, except priests, to sit and vote in the House of Commons, and made no such exception for the House of

Lords. A special form of oath was devised for Roman Catholic members of Parliament, the chief provision of which called upon them to maintain the Protestant succession of the House of Hanover, and to make no effort to weaken the Protestant religion.

Though O'Connell had been the means of calling the act into existence, he was not yet able to take his seat. The act had been passed since his election for Clare ; its action was not retrospective. When he presented himself to be sworn, the old oath, which it was impossible for him to take, was presented to him. He refused it, and was called upon to withdraw. After some debate he was heard at the bar of the House. There was a division, and his right to take the new oath was negatived by 190 to 116. A new writ was issued for Clare. O'Connell was, of course, re-elected without opposition, and took his seat and the new oath on the 4th of February, 1830. But between O'Connell's first and second election a change had been made in the composition of the electors. By an act of Henry VIII., which had been confirmed in 1795, freeholders to the value of forty shillings over and above all charges were entitled to vote, a system which naturally created an immense number of small land-owners, who were expected to vote in obedience to the landlords who created them. O'Connell's election showed that the landlords could not always command the forty-shilling voters. It was clear that they might be won over to any popular movement, and it was decided to abolish them ; which was accordingly done by an act passed on the same day with the Catholic Emancipation Act. The new act raised the county franchise to ten pounds, and freeholders of ten pounds, but under twenty pounds, were subjected to a complicated system of registration, well calculated to bewilder the unhappy tenant, and render his chance of voting more difficult. But all these precautions did not prevent the triumphant return of O'Connell the second time he appealed to the electors of Clare, nor did it ever prove of much service in repressing the tenants from voting for the leaders of popular movements.

The disenfranchisement produced intense discontent throughout the country, and disorder followed close on

discontent. O'Connell now began to remind Ireland of his promise that Catholic Emancipation was a means towards an end, and that end the Repeal of the Union. He started a society called the "Friend of Ireland," which the government at once put down He started another, "The Anti-Union Association." It was put down too, and O'Connell was arrested for sedition, tried, and found guilty. Judgment was deferred and never pronounced, and O'Connell was released to carry on his agitation more vigorously than ever. With Ireland torn by disorders against which even the Insurrection Acts in force found it hard to cope, with the country aflame with anger at the extinction of the forty-shilling vote, the government judged it wise and prudent to bring in a bill for Ireland in January, 1832, effecting still further disfranchisement. The new bill abolished the forty-shilling vote in boroughs as well as in counties, and the lowest rate for boroughs and counties was ten pounds.

But for the next few years all recollection of emancipation on the one hand, and disenfranchisement on the other, was to be swallowed up in a struggle which has passed into history as the Irish Tithe War. The English Church was established in Ireland against the will of the enormous majority of the Irish people, and they were compelled to pay tithes to maintain the obnoxious establishment. Sydney Smith declared that there was no abuse like this in Timbuctoo, and he estimated that probably a million of lives had been sacrificed in Ireland to the collection of tithes. They had to be wrung from the reluctant people at the point of the bayonet, and often enough by musket volleys. There were, naturally, incessant riots. The clergymen of the Established Church had to call in the services of an army, and appeal to the strategies and menaces of miniature war to obtain their tithes from the harassed followers of another faith. Such a state of things could not last long. In the end a general strike against the payment of tithes was organized, and then not all the king's horses nor all the king's men could have enforced their payment. In 1833 the arrears of tithes exceeded a million and a quarter of money. There was in Ireland an army almost as great as that which held

India. In 1833 it had cost more than a million to maintain this army, with £300,000 more for the police force, and the government had spent £26,000 to collect £12,000 of tithes. For many years successive English ministers and statesmen made efforts to deal with the Tithe Question; but it was not until 1838, a year after Queen Victoria came to the throne, that a bill was passed by Lord John Russell, which converted tithes into a rent charge, recoverable from the landlord instead of from the tenant. The tenant had practically still to pay the tithes in increased rent to his landlord, but it was no longer levied from him directly as tithes, and by the ministers of the Established Church; that was the only difference. It only exasperated the existing discontent. The agitation turned against rent, now that the rent meant tithes as well. Secret societies increased. A landlord, Lord Norbury, was assassinated, and the assassins were never discovered, though the country was under severe Coercion Acts.

In the year 1845 there was fierce discussion in England over the Maynooth grant. Some time before the Union a government grant had been made to the Roman Catholic college at Maynooth, where young men who wished to become priests were educated. But the old grant was insufficient, and Sir Robert Peel increased it in the teeth of the most violent opposition, not merely from his political opponents, but from many who were on other matters his political partisans. Mr. Gladstone resigned his place in the ministry rather than countenance the increased Maynooth grant. For years and years after, annual motions were made in the House of Commons for the withdrawal of the grant, and wearily debated, until the abolition of the State Church in Ireland abolished the grant, too, and ended the matter. Peel also established the Queen's Colleges of Cork, Belfast, and Galway, for purely secular teaching, which came to be known in consequence as the Godless Colleges. These colleges pleased neither Catholics nor Protestants. The Catholics argued that there were universities which gave Protestants religious as well as secular education, and that the Catholics should be allowed something of the same kind. Still, the new scheme, at least, allowed Catholics an opportunity of

obtaining a university education and winning university degrees. Up to that time no Irishman of the religion of his race could win any of the honors that the universities of Ireland offered which were worth winning. He might, indeed, enter their gates and sit at the feet of their teachers, but so long as he was a Catholic he could practically reap no rewards for his scholarship.

O'Connell's success in winning Catholic Emancipation inspired him with the desire to bring about the repeal of the Union, and it did not seem to him and his followers that the difficulties in the way were any greater than those which had showed so terrible when Catholic Emancipation was first demanded, and which had been triumphantly overcome.

There was a great deal against the agitation. To begin with, the country was very poor. "Every class of the community," says Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, "were poorer than the corresponding class in any country in Europe." The merchants, who had played a prominent part in political life since the Union, were now wearied and despairing of all agitation, and held aloof; the Protestant gentry were, for the most part, devoted to the Union; many of the Catholic gentry disliked O'Connell himself and his rough, wild ways; many of O'Connell's old associates in the Catholic Emancipation movement had withdrawn from him to join the Whigs. In England the most active dislike of O'Connell prevailed. The Pericles or the Socrates of Aristophanes, the royalists drawn by Camille Desmoulins, were not grotesquer caricatures than the representation of O'Connell by English opinion and the English press.

But, on the other hand, there was much for O'Connell. It might be said of him as of Wordsworth's Toussaint l'Ouverture, that "his friends were exultations, agonies, and love, and man's unconquerable mind." The people were with him, the people to whose sufferings he appealed, the people for whom he had secured the Catholic Emancipation, and who regarded him as almost invincible. He was a great orator, endowed with a wonderful voice, which he could send in all its strength and sweetness to the furthest limits of the

vastest crowd that ever came together to hear him speak. Lord Lytton declared that he first learned

> "what spells of infinite choice
> To rouse or lull has the sweet human voice,"

when he heard O'Connell speak, and that in watching him governing with his genius and his eloquence one of his great meetings, he learned

> "to seize the sudden clue
> To the grand troublous life antique, to view
> Under the rock stand of Demosthenes
> Unstable Athens heave her stormy seas."

It was not unnatural that O'Connell should have been carried away by his triumph and the homage his country gave him everywhere into the belief that the Repeal of the Union was to be as easily accomplished by the strong man and the determined nation as the emancipation of the Catholics.

During the years of disturbance and repression, O'Connell had let the demand for Repeal lie comparatively quiet, but it was gradually gaining strength and popularity throughout the country. It was supported at first by the *Nation* newspaper. In 1843 the Repeal Association was founded; O'Connell contrived to enlist in its ranks Father Mathew, and the large number of followers Father Mathew was daily winning over to the cause of total abstinence.

"The year 1843," said O'Connell, "is and shall be the great Repeal year." The prediction was vain; forty years have gone by, and still the Union holds. O'Connell had Ireland at his back; he convened gigantic meetings where every word of his wonderful voice was treasured as the utterance of a prophet; but when the agitation had reached a height which seemed dangerous to the government, and made them decide to put it down, his power was over. He would sanction no sort of physical force, no opposition other than constitutional opposition to the government. The government proclaimed his meetings and put him into prison; he was soon set free, but his reign was over. Fierce spirits had risen in his place, men who scornfully re-

pudiated the abnegation of physical force. Broken in health, O'Connell turned to Rome, and died on the way, at Genoa, on May 15, 1847. Many recent political writers have been at the pains to glorify O'Connell at the expense of later leaders. It is instructive to remember that in O'Connell's lifetime, and for long after, he was the object of political hatred and abuse no less unsparing than any that has assailed his successors in Irish popularity.

The condition of Ireland at the time of O'Connell's death was truly desperate. From 1845 to 1847 a terrible famine had been literally laying the country waste. The chief, indeed, practically, the only food of the Irish peasantry then, as now, was the potato, and a failure of the potato crop meant starvation. "But what," says Carlyle in his "French Revolution," "if history somewhere on this planet were to hear of a nation, the third soul of whom had not for thirty weeks each year as many third-rate potatoes as would sustain him? History, in that case, feels bound to consider that starvation is starvation; that starvation from age to age presupposes much; history ventures to assert that the French Sansculotte of '93, who, roused from long death-sleep, could rush at once to the frontiers, and die fighting for an immortal hope and faith and deliverance for him and his, was but the second miserablest of men! The Irish Sans-potato, had he not senses then, nay, a soul? In his frozen darkness it was bitter for him to die famishing, bitter to see his children famish."

In 1845, 1846, and in 1847 the potato crop had failed, and for the time the country seemed almost given over to hunger and to death. Thousands died miserably from starvation; thousands fled across the seas, seeking refuge in America, to hand down to their children and their children's children, born in the American republic, a bitter recollection of the misery they had endured, and the wrongs that had been inflicted upon them. When the famine was at an end it was found that Ireland had lost two millions of population. Before the famine she had eight millions, now she had six. All through the famine the government had done nothing; private charity in England, in America, even

in Turkey, had done something, and done it nobly, to stay the desolation and the dissolution that the famine was causing. But the government, if it could not appease the famine, showed itself active in devising Coercion Bills to put down any spirit of violence which misery and starvation might haply have engendered in the Irish people.

Such was the condition of the country when O'Connell and the Repeal Movement died together, and when the Young Ireland Movement, with its dream of armed rebellion, came into existence.

CHAPTER IX.

YOUNG IRELAND.—FENIANISM.

THE *Nation* newspaper was first published on the 13th of October, 1842; it was founded by Gavan Duffy, John Blake Dillon, and Thomas Davis. Gavan Duffy was the editor, but he says himself, in his history of the movement, that Davis was their true leader. They were all young men; Davis was twenty-eight, Dillon twenty-seven, and Duffy twenty-six. Davis, says Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, "was a man of middle stature, strongly but not coarsely built; . . . a broad brow and strong jaw stamped his face with a character of power; but except when it was lighted by thought or feeling, it was plain and even rugged." In his boyhood he was "shy, retiring, unready, and self-absorbed," was even described as a "dull child" by unappreciative kinsfolk. At Trinity College he was a wide and steady reader, who was chiefly noted by his fellow-students for his indifference to rhetorical display. He was auditor of the Dublin Historical Society, had made some name for himself by his contributions to a magazine called the *Citizen*, and was a member of the Repeal Association. When Duffy made John Dillon's acquaintance, Dillon was "tall, and strikingly handsome, with eyes like a thoughtful woman's, and the clear olive complexion

and stately bearing of a Spanish nobleman." He had been designed for the priesthood, but had decided to adopt the bar. Like Davis, he loved intellectual pursuits, and was a man of wide and varied learning. "Under a stately and somewhat reserved demeanor lay latent the simplicity and joyfulness of a boy; no one was readier to laugh with frank cordiality, or to give and take the pleasant banter which lends a relish to the friendship of young men." Long years after, Thackeray said of him to Gavan Duffy, that the modesty and wholesome sweetness of John Dillon gave him a foremost place among the half dozen men in the United States whom he loved to remember.

The success of the *Nation* was extraordinary. Its political teachings, its inspiring and vigorous songs and ballads, the new lessons of courage and hope which it taught, the wide knowledge of history possessed by its writers—all combined to make it welcome to thousands. The tradesmen in town and the country peasants read it, and were animated by the story of their old historic island into the belief that she had a future, and that the future was close at hand, and that they were to help to make it. It was denounced by the Tory press as the organ of a hidden "French party." From France itself came words of praise worth having, from two Irish officers in the French service. One was Arthur O'Connor, the Arthur O'Connor of '98; the other was Miles Byrne, who had fought at Wexford. O'Connell became alarmed at the growing popularity of the *Nation*. At first it had strongly supported him: he had even written a Repeal Catechism in its pages; but its young men had the courage to think for themselves, and to criticise even the deeds and words of the Liberator. More and more young men clustered around the writers of the *Nation;* brilliant young essayists, politicians, poets. Gifted women wrote for the *Nation*, too—Lady Wilde, "Speranza," chief among them. The songs published in a volume called "The Spirit of the Nation" became immediately very popular. As the agitation grew, Peel's government became more threatening. O'Connell, in most of his defiant declarations, evidently thought that Peel did not dare to put down the organization for Repeal, or he would never

have challenged him as he did; for O'Connell never really meant to resort to force at any time. But the few young men who wrote for the *Nation*, and the many young men who read the *Nation*, were really prepared to fight, if need be, for their liberties. Nor did they want foreign sympathy to encourage them. In the United States vast meetings, organized and directed by men like Seward and Horace Greeley, threatened England with "the assured loss of Canada by American arms" if she suppressed the Repeal agitation by force; and later Horace Greeley was one of a Directory in New York for sending officers and arms to Ireland. In France, the Republican Party were loud in their expressions of sympathy for the Irish, and Ledru-Rollin had declared that France was ready to lend her strength to the support of an oppressed nation. No wonder the leaders of the National Party were encouraged in the belief that their cause was pleasing to the Fates.

A new man now began to come forward as a prominent figure in Irish politics, Mr. William Smith O'Brien, Member of Parliament for Limerick County. He was a country gentleman of stately descent, a direct descendant of Brian Boroihme, a brother of Lord Inchiquin. He was a high-minded and honorable gentleman, with his country's cause deeply at heart. Davis described him as the "most extravagant admirer of the *Nation* I have ever met." Another prominent man was John Mitchel, the son of an Ulster Unitarian minister. When O'Connell's vast agitation fell to pieces after the suppression of the meeting of Clontarf, and the subsequent imprisonment of O'Connell showed that the Liberator did not mean ever to appeal to the physical force he had talked about, these two men became the leaders of different sections of the Young Ireland Party, as the men of the *Nation* were now called. Thomas Davis, the sweet chief singer of the movement, died suddenly before the movement which he had done so much for had taken direct revolutionary shape. Mitchel came on the *Nation* in his place, and advocated revolution and republicanism. He followed the traditions of Emmet and the men of '98; he was in favor of independence. His doctrines attracted the more ardent

of the Young Irelanders, and what was known as a War Party was formed. There were now three sections of Irish agitation. There were the Repealers, who were opposed to all physical force; there were the moderate Young Irelanders, only recognizing physical force when all else had failed in the last instance; and there were now this new party, who saw in revolution the only remedy for Ireland. Smith O'Brien was bitterly opposed to Mitchel's doctrines. Mitchel withdrew from the *Nation* and started a paper of his own, the *United Irishman*, in which he advocated them more fiercely than ever. But though most of the Young Irelanders were not so extreme as Mitchel, the great majority of them talked, wrote, and thought revolution. In passionate poems and eloquent speeches they expressed their hatred of tyranny and their stern resolve to free their country by brave deeds rather than by arguments.

They had now a brilliant orator among them, Thomas Francis Meagher, "a young man," says Mr. Lechy, "whose eloquence was beyond comparison superior to that of any other rising speaker in the country, and who, had he been placed in circumstances favorable to the development of his talent, might perhaps, at length, have taken his place among the great orators of Ireland." Meagher had early endeared himself to the impetuous and gifted young men with whom he was allied, by a brilliant speech against O'Connell's doctrine of passive resistance. "I am not one of those tame moralists," the young man explained, "who say that liberty is not worth one drop of blood. . . . Against this miserable maxim the noble virtue that has saved and sanctified humanity appears in judgment. From the blue waters of the Bay of Salamis; from the valley over which the sun stood still and lit the Israelites to victory; from the cathedral in which the sword of Poland has been sheathed in the shroud of Kosciusko; from the Convent of St. Isidore, where the fiery hand that rent the ensign of St. George upon the plains of Ulster has mouldered into dust; from the sands of the desert, where the wild genius of the Algerine so long has scared the eagle of the Pyrenees; from the ducal palace in this kingdom, where the memory of the gallant and seditious Geraldine enhances more than

royal favor the splendor of his race ; from the solitary grave within this mute city, which a dying bequest has left without an epitaph—oh ! from every spot where heroism has had a sacrifice or a triumph, a voice breaks in upon the cringing crowd that cherishes this maxim, crying, 'Away with it—away with it !' "

The year 1848, the year of unfulfilled revolutions, when crowns were falling and kings flying about in all directions, might well have seemed a year of happy omen for a new Irish rebellion. But the Young Irelanders were not ready for rebellion when their plans were made known to the government, and the government struck at them before they could do anything. Mitchel was arrested, tried, and transported to Bermuda. That was the turning-point of the revolution. The Mitchelites wished to rise in rescue. They urged, and rightly urged, that if revolution was meant at all, then was the time. But the less extreme men held back. An autumnal rising had been decided upon, and they were unwilling to anticipate the struggle. They carried their point. Mitchell was sentenced to fourteen years' transportation. When the verdict was delivered he declared that, like the Roman Scævola, he could promise hundreds who would follow his example, and as he spoke he pointed to John Martin, Meagher, and others of the associates who were thronging the galleries of the court. A wild cry came up from all his friends, "Promise for me, Mitchel—promise for me !" With that cry ringing in his ears he was hurried from the court, heavily ironed and encircled by a little army of dragoons, to the war-sloop *Shearwater*, that had been waiting for the verdict and the man. As the war-sloop steamed out of Dublin harbor the hopes of the Young Irelanders went with her, vain and evanescent, from that hour forth, as the smoke that floated in the steamer's wake. Mitchel had himself discountenanced, to his undying honor, any attempt at rescue. There is a pathetic little story which records his looking out of the prison-van that drove him from the court, and seeing a great crowd and asking where they were going, and being told that they were going to a flower-show.

There were plenty of men in the movement who would have gladly risked everything to try and rescue

Mitchel. But nothing could have been done without unanimity, and the too great caution of the leaders prevented the effort at the only moment when it could have had the faintest hope of success. From that hour the movement was doomed. Men who had gone into the revolution heart and soul might then have said of Smith O'Brien, as Menas in "Antony and Cleopatra" says to Pompey, "For this I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more. Who seeks and will not take when once 'tis offered, shall never find it more." The supreme moment of danger thus passed over, the government lost no time in crushing out all that was left of the insurrection. Smith O'Brien, Meagher, and Dillon went down into the country, and tried to raise an armed rebellion. There was a small scuffle with the police in a cabbage-garden at Ballingarry, in Tipperary; the rebels were dispersed, and the rebellion was over. Smith O'Brien, Meagher, and others were arrested and condemned to death. Meagher's speech from the dock was worthy of his rhetorical genius. "I am not here to crave with faltering lip the life I have consecrated to the independence of my country. . . . I offer to my country, as some proof of the sincerity with which I have thought and spoken and struggled for her, the life of a young heart. . . . The history of Ireland explains my crime and justifies it. . . . Even here, where the shadows of death surround me, and from which I see my early grave opening for me in no consecrated soil, the hope which beckoned me forth on that perilous sea whereon I have been wrecked, animates, consoles, enraptures me. No, I don't despair of my poor old country, her peace, her liberty, her glory!"

The death sentence was commuted to transportation for life, and some years after Mitchel and Meagher succeeded in escaping from Australia, and later on Smith O'Brien was pardoned, and died in Wales in 1854. Mitchel was elected to the House of Commons years after, but was not allowed to sit, and died while the question was still pending. Meagher fought bravely for the cause of the North in the American Civil War, and died ingloriously, drowned in the muddy waters of the Missouri. Gavan Duffy was tried three

times, but could not be convicted. He afterwards sat for some time in Parliament, and then went into voluntary exile, to find fame and fortune in Victoria. For sixteen years the country was politically quiet. A vain attempt was made in 1849, after all the Young Ireland leaders had fled or been sent into exile, to revive the agitation and recreate the insurrection. A few abortive local risings there were, and nothing more. Starvation and misery forced the people into steady and incessant emigration. Eviction was in full swing, and between eviction and emigration it is estimated that almost a million of people left Ireland between 1847 and 1857. "In a few years more," says the *Times* exultingly, "a Celtic Irishman will be as rare in Connemara as is the Red Indian on the shores of Manhattan." That the *Times* was not a true prophet was no fault of the majority of the Irish landlords. Evictions took place by the hundred, by the thousand, by the ten thousand. Winter or summer, day or night, fair or foul weather, the tenants were ejected. Sick or well, bedridden or dying, the tenants, men, women, or children, were turned out for the rents they had not paid, for the rents which in those evil days of famine and failure they could not pay. They might go to America if they could; they might die on the roadstead if so it pleased them. They were out of the hut, and the hut was unroofed that they might not seek its shelter again, and that was all the landlord cared about. The expiring, evicted tenant might, said Mitchel, raise his dying eyes to heaven and bless his God that he perished under the finest constitution in the world. It is hardly a matter of surprise, however much of regret and reprobation, that the lives of the evicting landlords should often be in peril, and often be taken. The English farmer, the English cottier, have happily no idea of the horror of evictions in Ireland as they prevailed in the years that followed the famine of 1847, as they had always prevailed, as they prevail still.

Many of the landlords themselves were in no enviable condition. Mortgages and settlements of all kinds, the results of their own or their ancestors' profuseness, hung on their estates, and made many a stately showing rent-roll the merest simulacrum of ter-

ritorial wealth. Even rack-rents could not enable many of the landlords to keep their heads above water. At length the English Government made an effort to relieve their condition by passing the Encumbered Estates Act, by means of which a landlord or his creditors might petition to have an estate sold in the court established for that purpose under the act. In 1858, by a supplementary Irish Landed Estates Act, the powers of the court were increased to allow the sale of properties that were not encumbered.

The tenant wanted legislation as well as the landlord, and in August, 1850, those who sympathized with the tenant's cause began to agitate for legislation. A conference was called by Dr. (afterwards Sir) John Gray, the Protestant owner of the *Freeman's Journal*, by the Prebyterian barrister Mr. Greer, who later represented Derry in Parliament, and by Frederick Lucas, the Catholic owner of the *Tablet*. A conference of men of all classes and creeds was held in Dublin—a conference, Mr. Bright then called it in the House of Commons, "of earnest men from all parts of Ireland," and a tenant league was started. Everything was against the league. The indifference of England, the prostration of the country after the famine and the rebellion, the apathy, even the hostility, of the Irish Liberal members, were all combined against it. Then came the reorganization of the Catholic Church in England, and Lord John Russell's "Durham Letter," which for the time made any political alliance between Catholic and Protestant impossible. But when, in 1852, the Whig ministry went out, and Lord Derby, coming in with the Tories, dissolved Parliament, the chance of the tenant leaguers came. Some fifty tenant-right members were elected. There was a Tenant-right Party in the House of Commons, "the Irish Brigade" it came to be called, but it did little good to the cause of tenant-right. Its leader was the once famous John Sadleir; his lieutenants were his brother James, Mr. William Keogh, and Mr. Edmond O'Flaherty; these men were all adventurers and most of them swindlers. For a time they deceived the Irish people by their professions and protestations. The Sadleirs owned the Tipperary Bank, one of the most popular

banks in Ireland; they had plenty of money, and spent it lavishly; they started a paper, the *Telegraph*, to keep them before the public; they were good speakers, and they led good speakers; they were demonstratively Catholic, and for a time a good many people believed in them, though they were, of course, distrusted by most intelligent Irishmen.

In November Lord Derby went out of office and Whig Lord Aberdeen came in, and the leaders of the noisy, blatant, brass band took office under him. John Sadlier became a Lord of the Treasury; Keogh was made Irish Solicitor-general; O'Flaherty Commissioner of Income Tax. There was fierce indignation, but they kept their places and their course for a time. Then they broke up. John Sadlier had embezzled, swindled, forged; he ruined half Ireland with his fraudulent bank; he made use of his position under government to embezzle public money; he committed suicide. His brother was expelled from the House of Commons; he fled the country and was heard of no more. O'Flaherty hurried to Denmark, where there was no extradition treaty, and then to New York. Keogh, the fourth of this famous quadrilateral, their ally, their intimate, their faithful friend, contrived to keep himself clear of the crash. He was immediately made a judge, and was conspicuous for the rest of his life for his unfailing and unaltering hostility to any and every Irish national party.

Once again there was a period of political apathy, as far as constitutional agitation was concerned; but the '48 rebellion had left rebellious seed behind it. Even as the United Irishmen had generated Repeal, and Repeal Young Ireland, so Young Ireland generated the Phœnix Conspiracy, and the Phœnix Conspiracy soon grew into the Fenian Brotherhood, a vast organization, with members in all parts of the world, with money at its disposal, and, more than money, with soldiers trained by the American Civil War. Irish-Americans steadily promulgated the cause in Ireland, and prepared for the rising. The Fenians in America invaded Canada on the 31st of May, 1866, occupied Fort Erie, defeated the Canadian volunteers, and captured some flags. But the United States interfered to enforce the neutrality of its frontier, arrested most of the

leaders, and extinguished the invasion. The Fenians in England planned the capture of Chester Castle. The scheme was to seize the arms in the castle, to hasten on to Holyhead, to take possession of such steamers as might be there, and invade Ireland before the authorities in Ireland could be prepared for the blow; but the plan was betrayed, and failed. Then in March, 1867, an attempt at a general rising was made in Ireland, and failed completely; the very elements fought against it. Snow, rare in Ireland, fell incessantly, and practically buried the rising in its white shroud. Large numbers of prisoners were taken in England and Ireland, and sentenced to penal servitude. In Manchester two Fenian prisoners were released from the prison-van by some armed Fenians, and in the scuffle a policeman was killed. For this, three of the rescuers—Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien—were hanged. Mr. John Stuart Mill and Mr. Bright strove hard to save their lives, with all the eloquence and all the influence they could bring to bear. Mr. Swinburne addressed a noble and equally unsuccessful poetic "Appeal" to England to "put forth her strength, and release," for which his name should be held in eternal honor by the people of Ireland.

A little later all England was shocked by an attempt in its very heart to blow up Clerkenwell Prison, wherein certain Fenian prisoners were confined.

But the succession of these events had convinced a statesman, who came into power shortly after, that the condition of Ireland urgently called for remedial legislation. The Parliament which met at the close of 1868, under Mr. Gladstone's leadership in the House of Commons, was known to be prepared to deal with some of the most pressing of Irish questions; of these the foremost was the Irish State Church. It is not necessary to enter at any length into the history of the manner in which Mr. Gladstone accomplished the disestablishment and the disendowment of the State Church of Ireland. It is sufficient here to record the fact that it was disestablished and disendowed. For centuries it had been one of the bitterest emblems of oppression in

Ireland. In a country of which the vast majority were Catholic, it had been, in the words of Lord Sherbrooke, then Mr. Lowe, "kept alive with the greatest difficulty and at the greatest expense." It was an exotic with the curse of barrenness upon it, and Mr. Lowe called upon the government to "cut it down: why cumbereth it the ground?" The government replied to the appeal, and the State Church in Ireland ceased to exist. This done, Mr. Gladstone turned his attention to the Irish Land Question—a very pressing question indeed.

CHAPTER X.

THE LAND QUESTION.

In all the melancholy chronicles of Irish misery and disaffection, and of unsuccessful English measures to remedy the misery and to coerce the disaffection, the land plays an important part.

After the incessant confiscations and settlements of Irish soil, the vast majority of the Irish people were reduced to the condition of mere tenants at will of landlords who were either foreigners in fact or in sympathy. The majority of the landlords were actuated only by the desire to get as high a price as they could for their land; and the need of land was so imperative to the Irish peasant, who had nothing but the land to live upon, that he was ready to take any terms, no matter how terrible. Of course, he could not often pay the terms exacted. The rack-rent begot the eviction, and the eviction begot the secret societies—the Ribbon lodges—which the Irish peasant began to look upon as his sole protection against landlord tyranny. What, exactly, were these Ribbon lodges, which are so often named in all accounts of the Irish Land Question? For more than half a century the Ribbon Society has existed in Ireland, and even yet it is impossible to say for certain how it began, how it is organized, and what are its exact purposes. Its aim seems

to have been chiefly to defend the land-serf from the landlord, but it often had a strong political purpose as well. Mr. A. M. Sullivan, in his "New Ireland," states that he long ago satisfied himself that the Ribbonism of one period was not the Ribbonism of another, and that the version of its aims and character prevalent among its members in one part of Ireland often differed widely from those professed in some other part of the country. "In Ulster it professed to be a defensive or retaliatory league against Orangeism; in Munster it was at first a combination against tithe-proctors; in Connaught it was an organization against rack-renting and evictions; in Leinster it was often mere trade-unionism, dictating by its mandates and enforcing by its vengeance the employment or dismissal of workmen, stewards, and even domestics." All sorts of evidence and information of the most confused kind has been from time to time given with respect to Ribbonism, much of it the merest fiction. All that is certain is, that it and many other formidable defensive organizations existed among the peasantry of different parts of Ireland.

Perhaps Ireland was the only country in the world in which a man had nothing to gain by improving the land he lived upon. If he improved it, he was certain in nine cases out of ten to have his rent raised upon him as a reward of his labor. He was absolutely at the mercy, or rather the want of mercy, of his landlord, whom he perhaps had never seen; for many of the landlords were absentees, living out of Ireland on the money they took from the country. The Irish peasant's misery did not pass altogether unnoticed. Ever since the Union, select committees had again and again reported the distress in the fullest manner. Too often the report was left to lie in bulky oblivion upon the dusty shelves of state libraries, or was answered by a coercive measure. No attempt was made for many years to feed the famished peasant or to relieve the evicted tenant. Legislation only sought to make sure that while their complaints were unheeded their hands should be stayed from successful revenge. The greatest concession that government made for many generations to the misery of the Irish tenant was to pass an

act prohibiting evictions on Christmas Day and Good Friday, and enacting that the roof of a tenant's house should not be pulled off until the inmates had left.

A select committee was appointed in 1819, under the presidency of Sir John Newton, which reported on the great misery of the laboring poor, and unavailingly urged agricultural reform, especially advising the reclamation of waste lands. Another committee reported in 1823 that the condition of the people was miserable ; and, also, unsuccessfully urged the importance of some form of agricultural relief. Two years later, in 1825, a fresh select committee gave fresh evidence as to the misery of the country, and made fresh suggestions that something should be done for the Irish tenant ; and, as before, nothing was done. The act of 1793, giving every forty-shilling freeholder a vote, had indirectly injured the people, as the landlords leased small patches of land to increase their political power. The Emancipation Act of 1829, abolishing the vote of the forty-shilling freeholder, removed with it the landlords' interest in small holdings, and so again caused misery to the people by its introduction of the system of clearances. In 1829 the condition of the tenant farmers and laboring classes of Ireland was brought forcibly under the notice of the government by Mr. Brownlow, who went so far as to ask leave to bring in a bill to facilitate the reclamation of waste lands. The bill passed the Commons, and was read a second time in the Lords. It was then referred to a select committee, and heard of no more. But, on the other hand, an Arms Bill, which an English peer was found to denounce as vexatious and aggressive, was successfully carried. In 1830 Mr. Henry Grattan, son of Ireland's great orator, and Mr. Spring Rice, afterwards Lord Monteagle, urged the sufferings of Ireland upon the government, and strongly advocated the reclamation of waste lands. But nothing whatever was done beyond the appointment of a select committee. This select committee of 1830 had the same story to tell that all its unfortunate predecessors told. It appealed in vain.

The valuation of Ireland was undertaken in 1830, on the recommendation of a select committee of the House of Commons in 1824. To insure uniform valuation, an

act was passed in 1836. requiring all valuations of land to be based on a fixed scale of agricultural produce, contained in the act. The valuators were instructed to act in the same manner as if employed by a principal landlord dealing with a solvent tenant. The average valuation proved to be about twenty-five per cent. under the gross rental of the country. In 1844 a select committee of the House of Commons was appointed to reconsider the question ; and an act passed in 1846 changed the principle of valuation from a relative valuation of town lands based on a fixed scale of agricultural produce to a tenement valuation for poor-law rating, to be made "upon an estimate of the net annual value . . . of the rent, for which, one year with another, the same might in its actual state be reasonably expected to let from year to year." The two valuations gave substantially the same results. In 1852 another Valuation Act was passed, returning to the former principle of valuation by a fixed scale of agricultural produce ; but Sir Richard Griffith's evidence in 1869 shows the valuation employed was a "live-and-let-live valuation, according to the state of prices, for five years previous to" the time of valuation.

In 1830 famine and riot held hideous carnival. We learn from the speech from the throne that the king was determined to crush out sedition and disaffection by all the means which the law and the constitution placed at his disposal, but had no remedy to suggest for the poverty and distress of the disaffected people. In February 1831, Mr. Smith O'Brien asked leave to bring in a bill for the relief of the poor, but got no hope or encouragement from the government. At this time Mr. Hume attacked the ministry for introducing a coercive Irish policy, which was in direct opposition to the promises of conciliation they had made while they were in opposition. On the 30th of March, 1831, Lord Althorpe proposed a vote of £50,000, to be advanced to commissioners for expenditure on public works in Ireland ; but its effect was counterbalanced four months later by the introduction of Mr. Stanley's Arms Bill, which Lord Althorpe himself described as one of the most tyrannical measures he ever heard proposed. A Sub-letting Act, which was now under dis-

cussion, prohibited the letting of property by a lessee, unless with the express consent of the proprietor. According to Dr. Boyle, who attacked the bill, so long as the rural population had no better employment or sure chance of subsistence than the possession of a potato field, it was idle to expect them to submit to eviction from their miserable holdings. By this time the condition of Ireland was truly desperate. Catholic Emancipation had, indeed, allowed Irish Catholic members to sit in the House of Commons, but it disfranchised the forty-shilling freeholders, and it gave the landlords greater opportunity for clearance.

Government answered the discontent in 1831 by another Coercion Bill. In 1834 Mr. Poulett Scrope made an unsuccessful effort to do something for the Irish tenant. In 1835 Mr. Sharman Crawford, then member for Dundalk, moved for leave to bring in a bill to amend the law of landlord and tenant, and he reintroduced his measure on the 10th of March, 1836; he obtained leave to bring in a bill, and that was the end of it. In 1837 Mr. Lynch asked leave to bring in a bill on waste lands, and was as unsuccessful as Mr. Sharman Crawford.

In 1842 the Irish Artificial Drainage Act did something towards the reclamation of waste lands, which, however, was of little use until amended by the Summary Proceedings Act of 1843. 1843 is a memorable epoch in the history of the Irish land agitation. It was the year of the Devon Commission, which Sir Robert Peel appointed in answer to the repeated entreaties of Mr. Sharman Crawford. The evidence of the Devon Commission, in its two years' labors, showed, as all other commissions had shown, that the condition of the Irish peasant was miserable in the extreme; that the fatal system of land tenure was the cause of the misery; and urged that the tenant should be secured fair remuneration for his outlay of capital and labor. Lord Devon was determined that, if he could help it, the commission should not prove valueless. On the 6th of May, 1845, he presented a number of petitions, urging Parliament to secure to industrious tenants the benefits of their improvements. Lord Stanley replied by introducing a Compensation

for Disturbance Bill in June, but he had to abandon it in July through the opposition of the Lords, the Commons, and the select committee to whom it had been intrusted. Mr. Sharman Crawford then introduced the Tenant-right Bill, which he had kept back in 1843 in order to await the result of the Devon Commission. In 1846 Lord Lincoln, urged by Mr. Sharman Crawford, brought in a Compensation for Disturbance Bill, but the ministry resigned before it came to a second reading, and so it was forgotten. On the 10th of June, 1847, Mr. Sharman Crawford's Tenant-right Bill was rejected by a majority of eighty-seven. He brought it forward again in 1848, and it was defeated on the 5th of April by a majority of twenty-three. In 1848 Sir William Somerville, as Irish Secretary, brought in a bill which was practically the same as Lord Lincoln's measure of 1846. The Irish members supported it. The report upon the bill was not ready until too near the end of the session to make any further progress with it, but the government determined that Ireland should not want some legislation during the session, and so they suspended the Habeas Corpus Act. In 1849 Mr. Horsman urged unsuccessfully the presentation of an address pointing out to her majesty the condition of Ireland. Early in 1850 Sir William Somerville reintroduced his bill, which was read a second time, given a committee, and suffered to disappear. Mr. Sharman Crawford again unsuccessfully endeavored to push forward his Tenant-right Bill. In 1851 Sir H. W. Barron's motion for a Committee of the whole House to inquire into the state of Ireland was negatived by a majority of nine.

Nothing, therefore, had been done for the Irish tenant since the report of the Devon Commission. The Encumbered Estates Act had been passed for the Irish landlord. On the 10th of February, 1852, Mr. Sharman Crawford obtained leave to bring in a bill to regulate the Ulster custom. Then the ministry went out of office, and the bill, on its second reading, was rejected by a majority of one hundred and ten, under Lord Derby's Conservative government. The government showed a disposition to do something in the Irish question. Mr. Napier, the Irish Attorney-General,

drafted four bills for regulating the relations of landlord and tenant in Ireland, a Land Improvement Bill, a Landlord and Tenant Law Consolidation Bill, a Leasing Powers Bill, and a Tenants' Improvements Compensation Bill. In 1853 the committee appointed to consider Mr. Napier's bills and Mr. Sharman Crawford's bill rejected the latter measure, and considerably amended, to the disadvantage of the tenant, the fourth of Mr. Napier's measures. Since Mr. Napier had introduced them the liberal party had come into power. Mr. Napier, though in opposition, still did all he could to assist the passing of his own measures, but his party fought bitterly against them. In 1854 the bills were referred to a select committee of the House of Lords. The Tenants' Compensation Bill was condemned, and the other bills sent down to the House of Commons without it. In 1855 Mr. Sergeant Shee endeavored to bring in a bill that was practically the same as this rejected measure, and the government took charge of it, only to abandon it before the opposition of the landlords. Mr. Sharman Crawford's Tenant Bill was in consequence introduced again by Mr. George Henry Moore, the leader of the Irish party, in 1856, but it had to be dropped in consequence of the opposition of the government. It was again brought forward by Mr. Moore in 1857, and again withdrawn. In 1858 Mr. Sergeant Shee's Tenant Compensation Bill was reintroduced by Mr. John Francis Maguire, then leader of the Irish party, and defeated by a majority of forty-five. The indifference of the government at this time to the Irish question was made the more marked by the fact that the land question of Bengal had been settled in accordance with ancient principles of Indian law, which granted to the Indian subject much that was denied the Irish subject. In 1860, however, the famous Land Act was passed, which proved so unsatisfactory. The framers of the Act of 1860 tried to simplify the relations of landlord and tenant by sweeping away all remains of the feudal connection, and by establishing an absolute principle of free trade and freedom of contract as opposed to tenure.

But the Act of 1860 was a failure, in so far as it was based upon that principle of freedom of contract which

is wholly unsuited to the Irish Land Question. "The Irish circumstances and Irish ideas as to social and agricultural economy," said John Stuart Mill, "are the general ideas and circumstances of the human race. It is the English ideas and circumstances that are peculiar. Ireland is in the mid-stream of human existence and human feeling and opinion. It is England that is in one of the lateral channels."

To those who ask why the tenants take the land when they cannot fulfil their contract, the answer is, They cannot help themselves in what they do. The Irish cling to their land because all their other means of livelihood have been destroyed. They make the best terms they can, which in truth, means bowing to whatever the master of the situation imposes. The freedom-of-contract argument has been very fairly disposed of by asking, "Why does Parliament regulate, or fix and limit, the price which a railway company charges for a travelling ticket? Why are not the contracting parties, the railway company and the traveller, left to settle between them how much the price in every particular case shall be?" It is because the law says they are not free contracting parties; the railway company has a monopoly of that which is in a sense a necessity to the traveller and others. Also, if the matter were left to contract, travellers would practically have to give five shillings a mile if the company demanded it. The immediate effect of the act was to produce an immense flood of emigration, and to create the Fenian Conspiracy. Mr. Chichester Fortescue's bill of 1866, to amend that of 1860, of course fell through. In 1867 the Tories brought in a fresh bill, which was practically Lord Stanley's bill of 1845, which had to be abandoned. In 1869 Mr. Gladstone came in, and on the 15th of February, 1870, he brought in his famous Bill to Amend the Law of Landlord and Tenant in Ireland, the first bill that really did anything to carry out the recommendation of the Devon Commission. But it did not really place the tenant beyond the vicious control of the landlord. It allowed him the privilege of going to law with the landlord; and going to law in such a case generally meant the success of the man who was longest able to fight it out. The three objects of the Land

Act of 1870 were—first, to obtain for the tenants in Ireland security of tenure ; second, to encourage the making of improvements throughout the country ; and, third, to get a peasant proprietorship in Ireland. It made no alteration in the tenancies held under the Ulster tenant-right custom, which it merely sanctioned and enforced against the landlords of estates subject to it. The Ulster custom consists of two chief features—permissive fixity of tenure, and the tenant's right to sell the good-will of his farm. For a long time the hope of getting the Ulster custom transferred to the other provinces was almost the highest ambition of the Irish peasant.

The framers of the act of 1870 dared not state openly, and it was constantly denied, that the object of the new measure was to give the tenant any estate in the land, or to transfer to him any portion of the absolute ownership. Its principle of arrangement between landlord and tenant was described as a process by which bad landlords were obliged to act as the good landlords did ; but it might have been more justly styled an enactment by which the amusement of evicting tenants was made a monopoly of the wealthier proprietors. The principle of compensation for disturbance which it introduced was clumsy and imperfect, and the eight clauses which attempted to create a peasant proprietorship in Ireland were no more successful than the rest of the bill. "The cause of their failure is obvious," says Mr. Richey, "to any one acquainted with the nature of the landed estates title which it was considered desirable for the tenant to obtain. A Landed-estates-Court conveyance affects not only the rights of the parties to the proceedings, but binds persons, whether parties or not, and extinguishes all rights which are inconsistent with the terms of the grant by the court. If by any mistake more lands than should properly be sold are included in the grant, or the most indisputable rights of third parties are not noticed in the body of the grant or the annexed schedule, irreparable injustice is done and the injured parties have no redress." The fact that the court was not made the instrument for the perpetuation of the grossest frauds

is due solely to the stringency of its rules and the intelligence of its officers.

Interwoven with all these abortive land schemes and land measures was incessant uninterrupted coercive legislation. From 1796 to 1802 an Insurrection Act was in force, and from 1797 to 1802 the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended. From 1803 to 1805 the country was under martial law, and from the same year to 1806 Habeas Corpus was suspended. Insurrection Acts were in force from 1807 to 1810, from 1814 to 1818, from 1822 to 1825. Habeas Corpus was again suspended in 1822 to 1823. In 1829, in the debate on Catholic Emancipation, Sir Robert Peel was able to say that "for scarcely a year during the period that has elapsed since the Union has Ireland been governed by the ordinary course of law." From the date of that utterance to the present day the country has not been governed by the ordinary law for scarcely a single year. Arms Acts, suspensions of Habeas Corpus, changes of venue, Peace Preservation Acts, and coercive measures of all kinds, succeed, accompany, and overlap each other with melancholy persistence. Roughly speaking, Ireland from the Union to 1880 was never governed by the ordinary law. The Union, according to its advocates, was to be the bond of lasting peace and affection between the two countries; it was followed by eighty years of coercive legislation. It was grimly fitting that the Union so unlawfully accomplished could only be sustained by the complete abandonment of all ordinary processes of law thereafter.

CHAPTER XI.

HOME RULE.—THE LAND LEAGUE.

For some years after the failure of the Fenian insurrection there was no political agitation in Ireland; but in 1873 a new national movement began to make itself felt; this was the Home Rule movement. It had been gradually formed since 1870 by one or two leading

Irishmen, who thonght the time was ripe for a new constitutional effort; chief among them was Mr. Isaac Butt, a Protestant, an eminent lawyer, and an earnest politician. The movement spread rapidly, and took a firm hold of the popular mind. After the general election of 1874, some sixty Irish members were returned, who had stood before their constitutencies as Home Rulers. The Home Rule demand is clear and simple enough; it asks for Ireland a separate government, still allied with the imperial government, on the principles which regulate the alliance between the United States of America. The proposed Irish Parliament in College Green would bear just the same relation to the Parliament at Westminster that the Legislature and Senate of every American state bear to the head authority of the Congress in the Capitol at Washington. All that relates to local business it was proposed to delegate to the Irish Assembly; all questions of imperial policy were still to be left to the imperial government. There was nothing very startling, very daringly innovating, in the scheme. In most of the dependencies of Great Britain, Home Rule systems of some kind were already established. In Canada, in the Australasian colonies, the principle might be seen at work upon a large scale; upon a small scale it was to pe studied nearer home in the neighboring Island of Man. One of the chief objections raised to the new proposal by those who thought it really worth while to raise any objections at all, was that it would be practically impossible to decide the border line between local affairs and imperial affairs. The answer to this is, of course, that what has not been found impossible, or indeed exceedingly difficult, in the case of the American republic and its component states, or in the case of England and her American and Australasian colonies, need not be found to present unsurpassable difficulties in the case of Great Britain and Ireland.

"If the Home Rule theory," says Mr. Lecky, "brings with it much embarrassment to English statesmen, it is at least a theory which is within the limits of the constitution, which is supported by means that are perfectly loyal and legitimate, and which, like every other theory, must be discussed and judged upon its merits."

This is exactly what English statesmen and politicians generally have refused to do. They will have none of the Home Rule theory; they will not admit that it comes within the limits of a constitutional question; Home Rule never could and never shall be granted, and so what is the use of discussing it? This was certainly the temper in which Home Rule was at first received in and out of Parliament. Of late days, politicians who have come to concede the possibility, if not the practicability, of some system of local government for Ireland, still fight off the consideration of the question by saying, "What is the use of discussing Home Rule until you who support it present us with a clear and defined plan for our consideration?" This form of argument is no less unreasonable than the other. The supporters of Home Rule very fairly say, "We maintain the necessity for establishing a system of local government in Ireland. That cannot be done without the government; till, therefore, the government is willing to admit that Home Rule is a question to be entertained at all, it is no use bringing forward any particular plan; when it is once admitted that some system of Home Rule must be established in Ireland, then will be the time for bringing forward legislative schemes and plans, and out of the multiplicity of ideas and suggestions creating a complete and cohesive whole." The principle of Home Rule obtains in every state of the American Union, though the plan of Home Rule in each particular state is widely different. The principle of Home Rule obtains in every great colony of the crown, but the plan pursued by each colony is of a very different kind. When the people of the two countries have agreed together to allow Ireland to manage for herself her own local affairs, it will be very easy to bring forward some scheme exactly deciding the form which the conceded Home Rule is to take. But to bring forward the completed scheme before a common basis of negotiation has been established would be more the duty of a new Abbé Sieyès, with a new "theory of irregular verbs," than of a practical and serious politician.

At first the Home Rule party was not very active. Mr. Butt used to have a regular Home Rule debate

once every session, when he and his followers stated their views, and a division was taken and the Home Rulers were, of course, defeated. Yet, while the English House of Commons was thus steadily rejecting, year after year, the demand made for Home Rule by the large majority of the Irish members, it was affording a strong argument in favor of some system of local government, by consistently outvoting every proposition brought forward by the bulk of the Irish members relating to Irish questions. In 1874 it threw out the Irish Municipal Franchise Bill, the Irish Municipal Privileges Bill, and the bill for the purchase of Irish railways. In 1875 it threw out the motion for inquiry into the working of the Land Act, the Grand Jury Reform Bill, the Irish Municipal Corporations Bill, the Municipal Franchise Bill. In 1876 it threw out the Irish Fisheries Bill, the Irish Borough Franchise Bill, the Irish Registration of Voters Bill, and the Irish Land Bill. These were all measures purely relating to Irish affairs, which, had they been left to the decision of the Irish members alone, would have been carried by overwhelming majorities. The Irish vote in favor of these measures was seldom less than twice as great as the opposing vote; in some cases it was three times as great, in some cases it was four, seven, and eight times greater.

Mr. Butt and his followers had proved the force of the desire for some sort of national government in Ireland, but the strength of the movement they had created now called for stronger leaders. A new man was coming into Irish political life, who was destined to be the most remarkable Irish leader since O'Connell.

Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell, who entered the House of Commons in 1875 as a member for Meath, was a descendant of the English poet Parnell, and of the two Parnells, father and son, John and Henry, who stood by Grattan to the last in the struggle against the Union. He was a grand-nephew of Sir Henry Parnell, the first Lord Congleton, the advanced reformer, and friend of Lord Grey and Lord Melbourne. He was Protestant, and a member of the Protestant Synod. Mr. Parnell set himself to form a party of Irishmen in the House of Commons who should be absolutely independent of any

English political party, and who would go their own way, with only the cause of Ireland to influence them. Mr. Parnell had all the qualities that go to make a good political leader, and he succeeded in his purpose. The more advanced men in and out of Parliament began to look up to him as the real representative of the popular voice. In 1878 Mr. Butt died. He had done good service in his life; he had called the Irish Home Rule party into existence, and he had done his best to form a cohesive parliamentary party. If his ways were not the ways most in keeping with the political needs of the hour, he was an honest and able politician, he was a sincere Irishman, and his name deserves grateful recollection in Ireland. The leadership of the Irish parliamentary party was given to Mr. William Shaw, member for Cork county, an able, intelligent man, who proved himself in many ways a good leader. In quieter times his authority might have remained unquestioned, but these were unquiet times. The decorous and demure attitude of the early Home Rule party was to be changed into a more aggressive action, and Mr. Parnell was the champion of the change. It was soon obvious that he was the real leader recognized by the majority of the Irish Home Rule members, and by the country behind them.

Mr. Parnell and his following have been bitterly denounced for pursuing an obstructive policy. They are often written about as if they had invented obstruction; as if obstruction of the most audacious kind had never been practised in the House of Commons before Mr. Parnell entered it. It may, perhaps, be admitted that the Irish members made more use of obstruction than had been done before their time; yet it should be remembered that the early Irish obstruction was on English measures, and was carried on with the active advice and assistance of English members. The Tory party was then in power, and the advanced Liberals were found often enough voting with the Obstructionists in their fiercest obstruction to the existing government. The Irish party fought a good fight on the famous South African Bill, a fight which not a few Englishmen now would heartily wish had proved successful. It should also be remembered that Mr. Par-

nell did some good service to English legislation: he worked hard to reform the Factories and Workshops Bill in 1878, the Prison Code, and the Army and Navy Mutiny Bills. Many of his amendments were admitted to be of value; many, in the end, were accepted. His earnest efforts contributed in no small degree to the abolition of flogging in the army.

The times undoubtedly were unquiet; the policy which was called in England obstructive and in Ireland active was obviously popular with the vast majority of the Irish people. The Land Question, too, was coming up again, and in a stronger form than ever. Mr. Butt, not very long before his death, had warned the House of Commons that the old land war was going to break out anew, and he was laughed at for his vivid fancy by the English press and by English public opinion; but he proved a true prophet. Mr. Parnell had carefully studied the condition of the Irish tenant, and he saw that the Land Act of 1870 was not the last word of legislation on his behalf. Mr. Parnell was at first an ardent advocate of what came to be known as the three F's—fair rent, fixity of tenure, and free sale. But the three F's were soon to be put aside in favor of more advanced ideas. Outside Parliament a strenuous and earnest man was preparing to inaugurate the greatest land agitation ever seen in Ireland. Mr. Michael Davitt was the son of an evicted tenant; his earliest youthful impressions had been of the misery of the Irish peasant and the tyranny of the Irish landlord. The evicted tenant and his family came to England, to Lancashire. The boy Michael was put to work in a mill, where he lost his right arm by a machine accident. When he grew to be a young man he joined the Fenians, and in 1870, on the evidence of an informer, he was arrested and sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude; seven years later he was let out on ticket-of-leave. In his long imprisonment he had thought deeply upon the political and social condition of Ireland and the best means of improving it. When he came out he had abandoned his dreams of armed rebellion, and he went in for constitutional agitation to reform the Irish land system.

The land system needed reforming; the condition

of the tenant was only humanly endurable in years of good harvest. The three years from 1876 to 1879 were years of successive bad harvests. The failure of the potato crop threatened the bulk of the population of Ireland with starvation. The horrors of the famine of 1847 seemed likely to be seen again in Ireland. The Irish members urged Lord Beaconsfield's government to take some action to relieve the distress ; but nothing was done, and the distress increased. Early in August it was plain that the harvest was gone ; the potato crop, which had fallen in 1877 from £12,400,000 to £5,200,000, had now fallen to £3,300,000 ; famine was close at hand. Mr. Davitt had been in America, planning out a land organization, and had returned to Ireland to carry out his plan. Land meetings were held in many parts of Ireland, and in October Mr. Parnell, Mr. Davitt, Mr. Patrick Egan, and Mr. Thomas Brennan founded the Irish National Land League, the most powerful political organization that had been formed in Ireland since the Union. The objects of the Land League were the abolition of the existing landlord system and the introduction of peasant proprietorship.

The Land League once founded, Mr. Parnell immediately went to America to raise money to meet the distress ; and while in America he was invited to state the case of Ireland before the House of Representatives at Washington. He returned to Ireland with nearly $250,000 for the relief of distress, and many thousands for the political purposes of the Land League. Relief was indeed imperative, famine was abroad, and eviction had kept pace with famine. There were over twelve hundred evictions in 1876, over thirteen hundred in 1877, over seventeen hundred in 1878, and nearly four thousand in 1879—over ten thousand evictions in four years. The government did nothing to stay famine or eviction ; it contented itself with putting Mr. Davitt and some other Land Leaguers on trial for some speeches they had made, but the prosecutions had to be abandoned. The Land League Fund, large as it was, was not nearly enough to cope with the existing distress, and fresh funds were raised by the Lord Mayor of Dublin, Mr. E. D. Gray, M.P., and by the Duchess of Marlborough, wife of the Lord-lieutenant,

whose generous action was in curious contradiction to the repeated assurances of the government that no serious distress existed. The condition of the country was strengthening the Land League and weakening the government. Lord Beaconsfield appealed to the country, denouncing the Liberal party for their sympathy with Irish faction. The Home Rule members of the House of Commons issued a manifesto calling upon Irishmen everywhere to vote against the supporters of Lord Beaconsfield's government. The advice was implicitly followed. The general election returned Mr. Gladstone to power at the head of a large majority. The Home Rule party in the House was largely reinforced, chiefly by men returned under the influence of Mr. Parnell, who was now definitely elected as the leader of the Irish parliamentary party.

Mr. Shaw and a few friends separated themselves from Mr. Parnell's party and sat on the Ministerial side of the House, while Mr. Parnell and his followers sat with the Opposition. The Irish party had great hopes from Mr. Gladstone's government, on account of the strong Radical element in its constitution, and because it expressed the intention of dispensing with exceptional legislation. The government, on its part, undoubtedly expected cordial allies in the members of the advanced Irish party. Both sides were disappointed. Truly says Mr. Sullivan, "When one looks back on the warm sympathies and the bright hopes of that hour, the realities of the situation in 1882 seem like the impossible sorrows and disappointments and disasters of a horrid dream." It was, perhaps, impossible that it should be otherwise. In the excitement of a great general election, the sympathies between the English Liberals and the Irish people were, perhaps, unconsciously exaggerated, and pledges were, if not made, suggested, by men striving to overthrow the Tory government, which were not found easy to immediately satisfy when they became, in their turn, the members and supporters of a government. The Irish party, on the other hand, found that the hopes that they had entertained of speedy settlement of some of the most pressing Irish grievances were not to be realized as rapidly as they had expected. There was thus

a coolness between the government and the new Irish party as soon as the new Parliament began, and this coolness gradually deepened into distinct hostility.

There was soon an open breach. The wretched condition of the Irish tenants, and the terrible number of evictions, led the Irish party to bring forward a bill for the purpose of staying evictions. The government, which up to that time had not seen its way to take any action, then adopted some Irish suggestions in its Compensation for Disturbance Bill, which proposed to extend for a very few months a portion of the Ulster tenant-right custom, which gives a dispossessed tenant compensation for improvements he may have made. It was rejected by the House of Lords, and the government refused to take any steps to force the Lords to accept it. But it promised to bring in a comprehensive measure the next session, and it appointed a commission to inquire into the condition of the agricultural population of Ireland, on which commission they absolutely refused to give any place to any representative of the tenant-farmers' cause. The agitation out of doors increased. The Land League advised the people to co-operate for their own interests, and to form a sort of trade-union of the tenant class, and to stand by each other in passively resisting, not merely evictions, but exactions of what they considered an unjust amount of rent above the rate of Griffith's valuation.

Griffith's valuation was undoubtedly a very rough-and-tumble way of estimating the value of land, but, at least, it was very much more reasonable to go by than the rates of the rack-rents. All rents, therefore, above Griffith's valuation were condemned by the Land League, and a practical strike was organized against the landlords extorting them. The strike was supported by a form of action, or rather inaction, which soon became historical. Boycotting, so called from the name of its first victim, meant the social excommunication of any rack-renting or evicting landlord, any oppressive agent, any land-grabber. No one who held the cause of the League dear was to work for, buy from, sell to, or hold any communication with the obnoxious persons. The process was strictly legal; nothing was to be done to the offender; nothing was to be

done for him. So long as the League and its followers acted strictly within the law, kept simply on the defensive, and avoided all aggression, its position was invulnerable. The famine and the accompanying evictions had left bitter fruit. Men who had been starving, who had seen their families, their friends, dying of hunger, who had been evicted to rot on the roadside for all that their landlord cared—such men were not in the spirit for peaceful counsels. The proud patience which the gods are said to love is not always easy to assume, at least for unpolished peasants, starving, homeless, smarting under a burning sense of wrong, and a wild, helpless desire for revenge. There were many outrages in different parts of the country, as there had been after every Irish famine; men were killed here and there; cattle, too, were killed and mutilated. These outrages were made the most of in England. Scattered murders were spoken of as part of a widely planned organization of massacre. People were eloquent in their sympathy for the sufferings of cattle and horses in Ireland who never were known to feel one throb of pity at the fashionable sin of torturing pigeons at Hurlingham. But Ireland was disturbed, and for the disturbance there was what Mr. Bright had called at an earlier period of his career the ever-poisonous remedy of coercion. Ministerialists argued that within ten months the mutilation of animals in Ireland had increased to forty-seven, therefore the liberties of a nation of five millions should be suspended. They forgot that in the same ten months of the same year there was a total of 3,489 convictions in England for cruelty to animals, many cases of which were of the most horrible kind.

Mr. Parnell, Mr. Dillon, Mr. Sexton, and other Members of Parliament, were prosecuted. At the trial, Mr. Justice Fitzgerald declared that the Land League was an illegal body. The government cannot then have agreed with Judge Fitzgerald, or it would scarcely have allowed the League to increase in strength for the greater part of a year with impunity. The state trials came on at the close of 1880. As the jury could not agree, Mr. Parnell went back to Parliament with greater power than he ever had before. When Parliament met in 1881, it was known that Mr. Gladstone was going to bring in a Land Bill and a Coercion Bill. The

Land League's advocacy of open agitation had done much to decrease the secret conspiracy which Coercion bills have always engendered. The government refused any concession. They would not even bring in the Land Bill first, and the Coercion Bill afterwards. Then the Irish members broke away from the government altogether, and opposed the Coercion Bill with all the means in their power that parliamentary forms allowed. For many days they successfully impeded the measure, and the obstruction was only brought to a close in the end of February by a *coup d'état*, when the Speaker, intervening, declared that the debate must go no further. The next day Mr. Michael Davitt was arrested. The news was received with exultation in the house,* and with indignation by the Irish members, who strove to speak against it, and thirty-six were expelled from the sitting in consequence.

The severance of the extreme Irish party and the government was now complete. Mr. Bright, who had often supported Ireland before, and was looked upon as a true friend by the Irish people, was now one of the bitterest opponents of the whole national movement and of its parliamentary leaders. The Irish national press was fiercely exasperated to find Mr. Bright voting for coercion for Ireland. He had, indeed, voted for coercion before in his younger days, but he had always been eloquent against it, and his utterances were brought up against him by the Irish papers. They reminded him that in 1866 he had described coercion for Ireland as an "ever-failing and ever-poisonous remedy," and they asked him why he recommended the unsuccessful and venomous legislation now. They pointed to his speech of 1849, in which he said, "The treatment of this Irish malady remains ever the same. We have nothing for it still but force and alms." They quoted from his speech of 1847: "I am thoroughly convinced that everything the government or Parliament can do for Ireland will be unavailing unless the foundation of the work be laid deep and well, by clearing away the fetters under which land is now held, so that it may

* "Every English member in the House rose to his feet on the announcement of Mr. Davitt's arrest, and such enthusiastic cheering was never before known in Parliament," says one report.

become the possession of real owners, and be made instrumental to the employment and sustentation of the people. Honorable gentleman opposite may fancy themselves interested in maintaining the present system; but there is surely no interest they can have in it which will weigh against the safety and prosperity of Ireland." Such a passage as this might have served, it was urged, as a motto for the Land League itself. What other doctrine did the Land League uphold but that the land should become the possession of real owners, and be made instrumental to the employment and sustentation of the people? Might not the Land League have fairly asked the government what interest it could have in the present system of land which would weigh against the safety and prosperity of Ireland? Had he not told them, too, in 1866, that "The great evil of Ireland is this: that the Irish people—the Irish nation—are dispossessed of the soil; and what we ought to do is to provide for and aid in their restoration to it by all measures of justice?" He disliked the action of the Irish members now, because they were acting against the Liberal party; but had he not said in 1866 also, "If Irishmen were united, if you one hundred and five members were for the most part agreed, you might do almost anything that you liked;" and further said, "If there were one hundred more members, the representatives of large and free constituencies, then your cry would be heard, and the people would give you that justice which a class has so long denied you." "Exactly," replied his Irish critics. "We have now a united body of Irishmen, the largest and most united the House has ever seen, and you do not seem to look kindly upon it. You do not seem to be acting up to your promise made in Dublin in 1866—'If I have in past times felt an unquenchable sympathy with the sufferings of your people, you may rely upon it that if there be an Irish member to speak for Ireland, he will find me heartily by his side.'" At the same speech in Dublin, Mr. Bright said, "If I could be in all other things the same, but in birth an Irishman, there is not a town in this island I would not visit for the purpose of discussing the great Irish question, and of rousing my countrymen to some great and united action." "This is exactly what we are doing," said his Land League critics; "why do you denounce us now?

Why do you vote for Coercion Acts to prevent the discussion of the great Irish question?"

But all such recriminations were vain and valueless. Mr. Bright had changed his opinions, and there was no more use in reminding him that he had once encouraged Irish agitation than in taunting Mr. Gladstone with having been once a member of the Tory party. That Mr. Bright was no longer a friend to the leaders of Irish public opinion, that he was no longer at the side of those who undoubtedly represented the feeling of the nation, was a matter indeed for regret. A friend the less, an enemy the more, is always to be regretted. But they had to go on and do the best they could without him; they could not turn from the course of their duty, even because a great speaker and a great statesman did not think and act in his old age as he had thought and acted when he was younger.

After the Coercion Act was passed, one or two men were arrested, and then the government arrested Mr. John Dillon. Mr. John Dillon was one of the most extreme of the Irish members. His father was Mr. John B. Dillon, the rebel of 1848, and one of the founders of the *Nation* newspaper. When the rebellion was crushed, John Dillon fled to France, and returned to England years later, under the general amnesty, and was elected for the county Tipperary. He earned honorable distinction in the House of Commons by his efforts to bring about an alliance between the Irish party and the English Radicals, and some of Mr. John Bright's speeches contain the warmest tributes to his honor and his ability. Mr. John Dillon, the son, was a man of much more extreme opinions. He was imbued with the intense detestation of English rule which English politicians find it difficult to understand, and he never seemed to have much sympathy with or belief in parliamentary agitation. Some months after his imprisonment Mr. Dillon was released, on account of ill health. The Coercion Bill proved a hopeless failure. The government did its best by imprisoning members of the Land League, local leaders, priests, and others, in all directions, to give the country over again into the hands of Ribbonmen and other conspirators, and take it out of the hands of the constitutional agitators. The Land Bill was passed, and proved to be utterly inadequate to the purpose it was intended to serve.

With the conclusion of Parliament a Land League Convention was summoned in the Rotunda, Dublin, in the early days of September, 1881. The convention represented the public feeling of Ireland, as far as public opinion ever can be represented by a delegated body. The descendants of the Cromwellian settlers of the north sat side by side with men of the rebel blood of Tipperary, with the impetuous people of the south, with the strong men of the midland hunting counties. The most remarkable feature of the meeting was the vast number of priests who were present.

The attitude of the Catholic clergy of Ireland towards the League was very remarkable. It was said at first, by those who did not understand the Irish clergy, that the Church and the League would never form an alliance. The Land League soon began to gain powerful supporters among the Irish ecclesiastics. Archbishop McCabe had attacked it early in the movement. His attack had raised up a powerful champion of the Land League in Archbishop Croke, of Cashel. The Nationalists welcomed Archbishop Croke as their religious leader, and he travelled through Ireland in a sort of triumph, receiving from the peasantry everywhere the most enthusiastic reception. The priests in general began to accept the Land League programme enthusiastically. The priesthood have always been the warmest supporters of any movement that has really appeared to promise to do good to the Irish people. Clerical sympathy with the Land League was in itself a proof of its law-abiding and constitutional principles, which ought to have counted for much with the government. But the government appeared to be obstinately shut against all impressions. Instead of being impressed by the significance of the ecclesiastical support of the League, the government seemed determined to force the priests and the Leaguers into closer sympathy by arresting, on the 20th of May, a Catholic priest, Father Eugene Sheehy, of Kilmallock. A great number of priests spoke at the Convention, young and old; all were in warm sympathy with the League and its leaders. The meeting was singularly quiet; the speeches were moderate in the extreme; but the country was in a terribly disordered state, and even the strong force of coercion struggled in vain against the general disorganization.

At this crisis the government, for some reason or other, liberated Father Sheehy, who at once commenced a vigorous crusade against the ministry, and his entry into Cork, in company with Mr. Parnell, resembled a Roman triumph. The government was now determined to make a bold stroke. Mr. Gladstone made a bitter attack on Mr. Parnell, to which Mr. Parnell fiercely replied, and a few days after a descent was made upon the leaders of the Land League. Mr. Parnell, Mr. Sexton, Mr. Dillon, and the chief officers of the League were arrested, and conveyed to Kilmainham prison. Mr. Egan, who was in Paris, and some others, escaped arrest. An address * was at once issued to the Irish tenants,

* This address which was known as "the No Rent manifesto," roused the Irish race in America to unprecedented action. A huge convention was called at Chicago and a pledge of financial backing given the "people at home" on the lines of that manifesto. An idea of the enthusiasm manifested over this exhibition of pluck and detremination in the Irish leaders may be had from the fact that the *Irish World* alone commenced to raise and cable funds at the rate of $15,000 a week, going as high as $17,000. The world has never witnessed such a popular money-raising era. The manifesto was clothed in the following language:

"PAY NO RENT!"

THE LAND LEAGUE WILL STAND BY THE EVICTED.

THE MANIFESTO.

FELLOW CITIZENS—The hour to try your souls and to redeem your pledges has arrived. The executive of the National Land League, forced to abandon its policy of testing the Land Act, feels bound to advise the tenant farmers of Ireland from this day forth to pay no rents under any circumstances to their landlords until Government relinquishes the existing system of terrorism and restores the constitutional rights of the people. Do not be daunted by the removal of your leaders. Do not let yourselves be intimidated by threats of military violence. It is as lawful to refuse to pay rents as it is to receive them. Against the passive resistance of the entire population military power has no weapon. Funds will be poured out unstintedly for the support of all who may endure eviction in the course of the struggle. Our exiled brothers in America may be relied upon to contribute if necessary as many millions of money as they have contributed thousands to starve out Landlordism and bring English tyranny to its knees. You have only to show that you are not unworthy of their boundless sacrifices. One more crowning struggle for your land, your homes, your lives—a struggle in which you have all the memories of your race, all the hopes of your kindred and all the sacrifices of your imprisoned brothers.

One more struggle in which you have the hope of happy homes and

signed by the imprisoned Land Leaguers, and calling upon them to pay no rent until their leaders were liberated. The government immediately declared the Land League illegal, and suppressed its branches throughout the country. The result was a great increase in the outrages, and the country became more disturbed than ever. The men who could have kept it quiet, who had restrained the popular feeling, were in prison.

After a while Mr. Sexton was liberated on account of ill-health, and the imprisonment of the other Land League leaders was evidently a great embarrassment to the government. Private overtures of freedom were made to them, if they would consent to leave the country for a time—at least, of freedom, if they would consent to cross the Channel to the Continent, even though they came back the next day. But the prisoners refused any such compromise. They considered that they had been unfairly imprisoned, and they would accept no conditions. Meanwhile the affairs of the country were going from bad to worse. The government was unable to cope with the disaffection, and the Land Act was unavailing to meet the misery of the people. What Mr. Parnell has always predicted has come to pass. The Land Courts were overcrowded with work; there were thousands of cases in hand, which it would take years to dispose of, and in the meantime the people were suffering terribly, and the landlords were taking every advantage of the delay. To meet the difficulty, Mr. Parnell sent out from his prison

national freedom to inspire you, one more heroic effort to destroy Landlordism, and the system which was and is the curse of your race will have disappeared forever. Stand together in face of the brutal, cowardly enemies of your race! Pay no rent under any pretext! Stand passively, firmly, fearlessly by, while the armies of England may be engaged in their hopeless struggle against the spirit which their weapons cannot touch, and the government, with its bayonets, will learn in a single winter how powerless are armed forces against the will of a united, determined and self-reliant nation.

CHARLES S. PARNELL,
A. J. KETTLE,
MICHAEL DAVITT,
JOHN DILLON,
THOMAS BRENNAN,
THOMAS SEXTON,
PATRICK EGAN.

the draft of an Arrears Bill to relieve the tenant from the pressure of past rent, and this measure was practically accepted by the government, who promised, if the Irish party withdrew their measure, to bring in a ministerial bill to the same effect. Fresh surprises were in store. Rumors of a change of policy on the part of the government were suddenly confirmed by the liberation of Mr. Parnell, Mr. Dillon, Mr. O'Kelly, and many other of the Land League prisoners, and, more surprising still, by the release of Mr. Michael Davitt.* Ever since the suppression of the Land League the fiercer spirit of the secret societies had been abroad in Ireland. To them the ministerial concessions pointed at a reconcilement which they detested.

The ministry seemed really to have awakened to the gravity of the situation, and to have suddenly accepted Fox's theory of the necessity of governing Ireland according to Irish ideas. Mr. Forster, the most uncompromising opponent of such a theory, resigned, and Lord Frederick Cavendish, a younger son of the Duke of Devonshire, was appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland in his place. Then came the terrible Phœnix Park tragedy. On Saturday the 6th of May, 1882, Lord Frederick Cavendish landed in Dublin; that same evening he and Mr. Burke, one of the Castle officials, were killed in the Phœnix Park in the clear summer twilight, by persons who escaped at the time.

The government at once brought in a Crimes Bill, one of the most stringent ever passed against Ireland. It then brought in, and carried, after a strong opposition in the House of Lords, its Arrears Bill, a measure to enable the tenant farmers of Ireland, under certain conditions, to wipe out the arrears of rent which had accumulated upon them.

In the August of 1882 a National Exhibition of Irish manufactures was opened in Dublin, the first enterprise of the kind ever conducted by the national party, in complete independence from Castle patronage; it was a great success.

* The negotiations which brought these things about are known in the popular mind as the "Kilmainham Treaty," and have been severely criticised by American nationalists, whose principal objection was that they had been led into unusual efforts to raise money by the issuance of the "No Rent Manifesto," which manifesto was quietly withdrawn by these negotiations.

On the day that the exhibition was opened, a statue of O'Connell was unveiled in Sackville Street, opposite the O'Connell Bridge, and a vast procession of all the guilds and associations of Dublin was organized in its honor. There was a conviction in England, and in the minds of the Castle authorities, that such an event could not pass off without some desperate scenes of disorder, if not of insurrection. But the peace and order of Ireland's capital city was not disturbed, and the spectacle of the vast procession, many miles in length, of the stately statue that had been raised to a national hero, of the beautiful building richly stored with the work of Irish hands, and the creations of Irish intellect, all accomplished entirely by the Irish people themselves, under the guidance of their national leaders, without foreign aid or countenance, afforded one of the strongest arguments in favor of Home Rule ever advanced in Ireland. A people who could carry out so successfully, with such perfect peace and order, so difficult an enterprise, might be admitted, even by the most prejudiced, to have within them all the capacity for successful self-government.

On the day following the O'Connell Centennial, the freedom of the City of Dublin was conferred on Mr. Parnell and Mr. Dillon. The same day another popular Irish member, Mr. E. D. Gray, M.P., was committed to Richmond prison, O'Connell's old prison, on a charge of contempt of court, which was the cause of a parliamentary inquiry into the exercise of that curious judicial privilege. Mr. Gray was the owner of the *Freeman's Journal*, and at the time was High Sheriff of Dublin. He had written in his paper some censures on the conduct of a jury * whose verdict had sentenced a man to death. The judge before whom the case had been tried, Mr. Justice Lawson, immediately sent Mr. Gray to prison for three months for contempt of court, and fined him £500. After two months' imprisonment Mr. Gray was released; the fine was paid by subscription in a few days. When Parliament met in a winter session, the case was brought forward as one of privilege, and submitted to a select committee.

* The *Freeman's Journal* had undertaken to describe the drunken orgies of a packed jury which held the life of an innocent man, Francis Hynes, since admitted to have been innocent by the members of the government that hanged him.

At one time during the autumn of 1882, the Irish executive seemed likely to be much embarrassed by a strike among the Irish Constabulary, a body of men on whom the executive naturally were forced to depend greatly. Some hundreds of police struck; there were some fierce disturbances in Dublin; at one time it seemed as if the police in every town in Ireland were discontented and prepared to combine against the government; but the government made some concessions, and what at one time seemed a very serious danger faded away into nothingness.

In October another National Convention was held in Dublin, and a new and vast organization formed, embracing in one all the Irish demands for Home Rule and for Land Reform. With its inauguration begins a new chapter in Irish history.

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